JUN 17 '58

The Saturday Evening
POST
June 21, 1958 – 15¢

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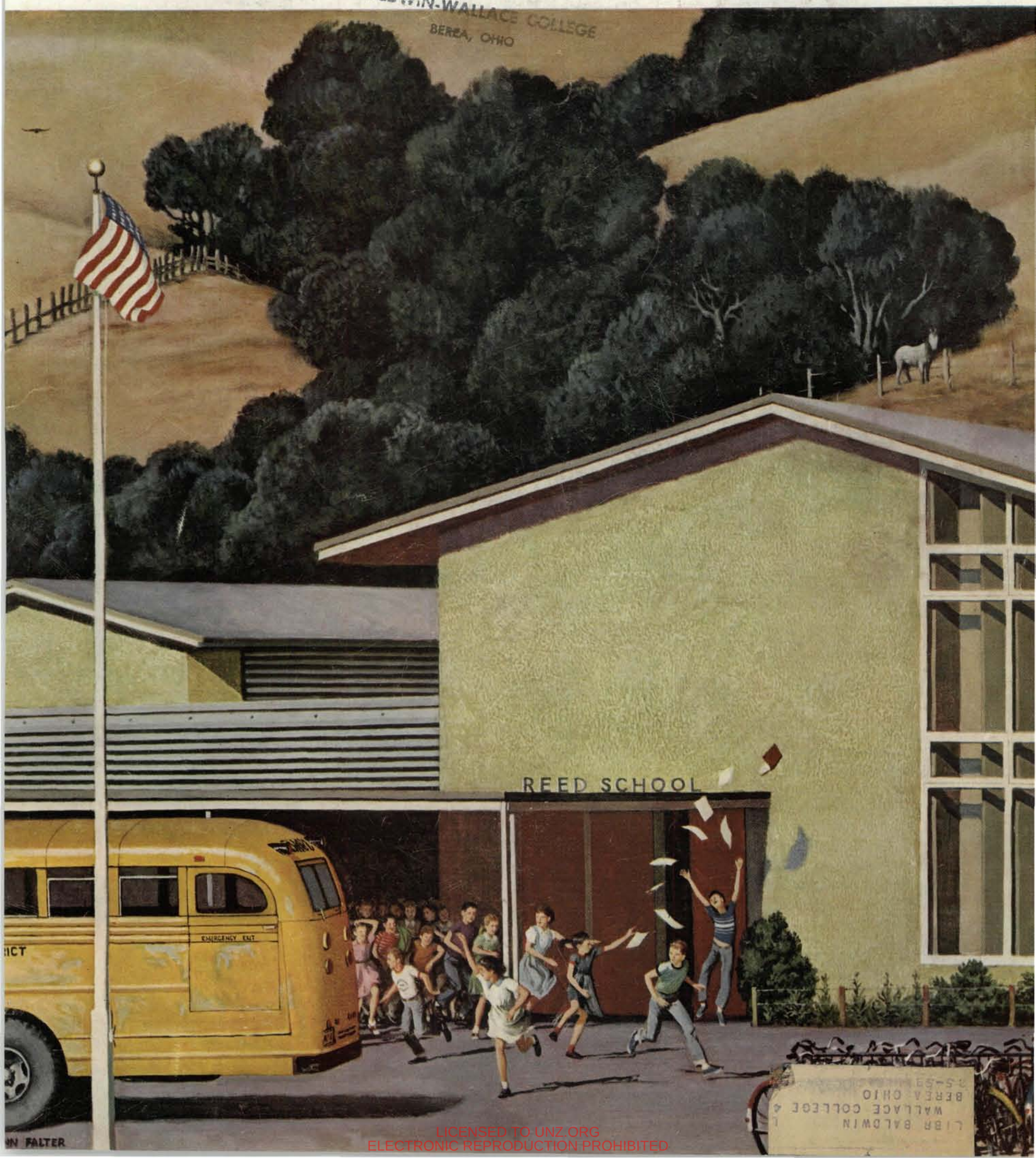
I Call on LAWRENCE WELK

By PETE MARTIN

A NERO WOLFE MYSTERY By REX STOUT



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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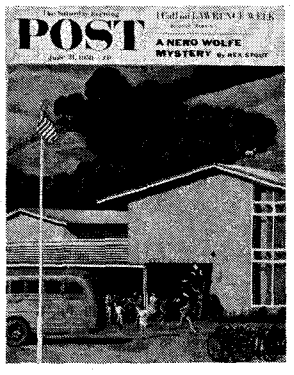

THE COVER

O boy! O girl! Last day of school for forty-eleven weeks! Here is one of childhood's clear glimpses of ethereal bliss. And yet as the summer loafs drowsily along, won't the youngsters get a little bored with nothing to do but play; won't they miss the stimulating companionship of their teachers and feel a nostalgia for the familiar halls of learning? Their answer to these questions is: for gosh sakes, No! So let's change the subject and report that artist John Falter's school-delivery is occurring in Tiburon, whose cliff-hung homes are hard by San Francisco Bay. In summer those arid hills grow sun-tanned, but next winter, when the rain rains, they'll turn pool-table green. That pony actually belongs to one of those boys—"A four-legged vacation," observes brushman Falter.

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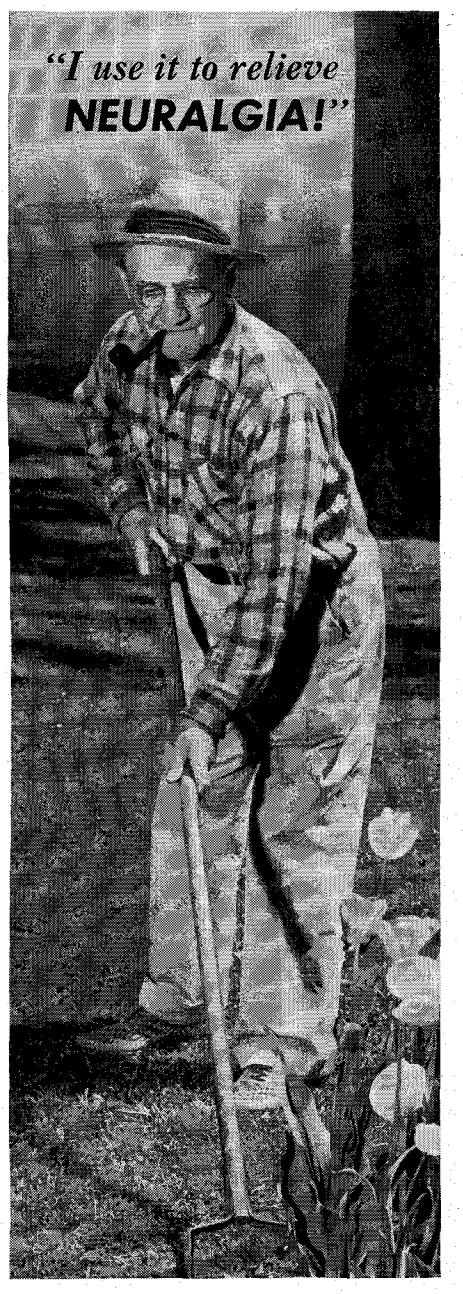

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Letters

Cure for Muddy Memories

Dear Sirs:

How could Peg Bracken, in her article WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER? (May 17), overlook the biggest boon to us poor souls who can't remember our right from our left? My life was a backwards mess until that happy day I got a wedding ring on my left hand, which solved all my problems. Ha!

Perhaps she has never heard of the college student who always remembered poet Bobby Burns by mentally picturing a London policeman on fire, until a classmate confused him with, "Are you sure you don't mean Robert Browning?"

MARSHA HARDEN
Leipsic, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Your collector of mnemonic devices, Peg Bracken, might be reminded of the "Hay foot, straw foot" of our Revolutionary War, when farmer conscripts who did not know left from right were given a wisp of hay to put into their left boot and a wisp of straw for their right boot.

The noncom in charge of the drill would then signify which foot he wanted them to put forward by saying "hay foot" or "straw foot."

A curious variant appeared in the army of the Kingdom of Naples around the same time. There the noncom would tie a thread around the conscript's left leg and then sing out: "*Cu filu e senza u filu!*" ("With the thread and without the thread!")

MARIO PEI
Department of Romance Languages
Columbia University
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Chess players have a mental crutch, too. "White is right" means the board should be turned so that a white square is on the right.

ROY H. DUFF
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Daylight Saving Time—Fall back, Spring forward.

NIKKI GALISCH
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

My mother once helpfully suggested that I could remember the name of Siberia by recalling that it was so cold up there that the natives spent all their time sighing for beer. In my dewey innocence, I reported this to the geography class as a fact. The teacher was not amused.

JOHN VAN DUYN SOUTHWORTH
Syracuse, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

When I was a sophomore taking ocular anatomy at the Pennsylvania State College of Optometry in Philadelphia, we had a mental crutch for remembering the bones of the orbit: "Funny Little People Make Money Every Sunday" meant the frontal, lacrimal, palate, maxilla, malar, ethmoid and sphenoid bones.

One enterprising student, who couldn't remember what the saying stood for, wrote it down in an exam instead of the bones, hoping for at least partial credit. Our professor, Onofrey G. Rybachok, returned his paper with a "flat" zero, commenting that no answer would have rated a "nice, round, neat zero."

It wasn't I (or me). How do you remember that?

S. G. LANGDON, O. D.
Waupaca, Wisc.

Dear Sirs:

In regard to the lady who uses an imaginary Muscovite, "Colonel Upizoff," to remember how to shut off the lights: This is incorrect. According to the National Electrical Code, down is off. I am afraid that this lady is hopelessly mixed up.

CADET RICHARD T. BOWEN
Harlingen AFB
Harlingen, Texas

● *Not so, says author Bracken, who offers to escort all skeptics to an "Upizoff" switch in her Portland, Oregon, home.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

All single-switch circuits I have seen are wired more like a Bowery bum—down and out.

LOUIS K. RUTTKAY
Irvington, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Colonel Upizoff must have stood on his head to read Up is OFF.

STANLEY H. WOODBURN
Drexel Hill, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Out of pure curiosity can you advise how many folks wrote Peg Bracken that "Colonel Upizoff" sure would leave that lady in the dark?

AUSTIN PHELPS
Omaha, Neb.

● *Twenty-six, so far.* —ED.

Arctic Ahoy!

Dear Sirs:

My congratulations to you on the article WE FOUND A NEW NORTHWEST PASSAGE by Captain Thomas C. Pullen, R.C.N., as told to Lee Edson, which appeared in your issue of 10 May.

Of particular interest to me was Captain Pullen's account of his assistance to the U.S.S. Edisto in the Gulf of Boothia. At that time I was commanding officer of the Edisto. Without Captain Pullen's timely and courageous actions there is a possibility (perhaps greater than I care to admit) that Edisto and I might have remained beset in the ice throughout the following winter.

CMDR. J. E. PLUMMER, USN
Arlington, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Captain Pullen's article is very interesting but he omits mention of the fact that the Hudson's Bay Co. vessel Nascopie (since sunk) went to Bellot in 1937

(Continued on Page 6)

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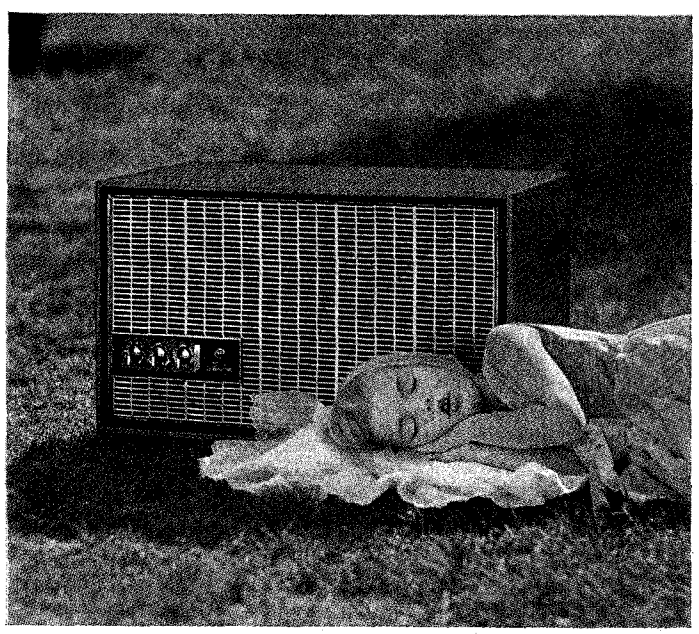


Fits almost anywhere—no unsightly overhang. A scant 15⅝ inches high, the newest General Electric *Thinline* lets you see out, lets light in. A mere 16⅞ inches deep and only 26 inches wide, it fits in almost any window. And *there are no side vents*—so you can install it flush or through the wall. You get all this compact size—yet you get full, big-unit cooling power.

It takes up 20% less space than previous Thinlines—yet it packs the same generous cooling power! And it is quiet! All thanks to a new kind of cooling system from General Electric. So why settle for a small air conditioner that's a puny cooler?

You get all the full, big-unit cooling power of last year's *Thinline* models—only in a thin, low cabinet that takes up ⅕ less space.

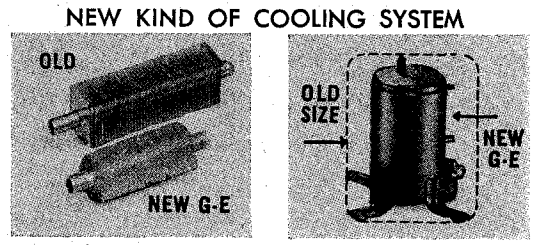
One General Electric Custom *Thinline* Air Conditioner gives you a generous 9000* BTU's of cooling per hour on 115 volts—it needs no costly rewiring in many homes. The 230-volt model delivers a giant 10,000* BTU's.

Both are so quiet you only know they're working by how comfortable you are. Nutria color blends with any décor. Permanent filter. Simple controls. Eight independent air directors.

See your General Electric dealer about the *one* air conditioner that's both small *and* powerful. General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Dept., Louisville 1, Kentucky.

***Check the BTU's before you buy!** Cooling capacities are tested and rated in compliance with Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Institute Standard 110-58, and are stated in British Thermal Units.

NEW KIND OF COOLING SYSTEM



Spine fin cooling packs 770,000 cooling spines into compact cabinet, is 50% more efficient than old plate type. *New high-speed compressor* has the same large capacity as previous models—is only half as big.

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

and met the schooner Aklavik which came through the strait from the west. This was the first passage through the strait. The Nascopie's motor-driven barge then went through and back. The Aklavik made subsequent trips. The buildings mentioned by Captain Pullen were built in 1937 by persons on the Nascopie. . . .

The 1957 trip of H.M.C.S. Labrador and the three American ships, Coast Guard cutters Storis, Bramble and Spar, was not a *discovery* of Bellot Strait as the Northwest Passage. It was undoubtedly a confirmation and contributed much new in soundings and in showing that deeper draft vessels could use the strait. . . .

I pose as no arctic expert. I am merely interested in Bellot and the arctic because of having been on the Nascopie in 1937 as a newspaperman.

LINDSAY HOBEN, *Editorial Editor*
The Milwaukee Journal
Milwaukee, Wisc.

● *The Nascopie and Aklavik were perhaps the first to negotiate a Northwest Passage traversing Bellot Strait. But Captain Pullen discovered a deep-water channel through Bellot, and proved his route to be a navigable, ocean-to-ocean passage for seagoing ships.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

I had the privilege of sailing through the Bellot Strait in the year 1937, from East to West and back again, as chief engineer on the Nascopie. Aklavik was a motor-powered schooner, but she had no sounding machine and only the captain was a white man, the rest of the permanent crew being Eskimos. The captain's wife was of Indian blood and she acted, until her death, as chief engineer of the vessel.

S. THOMAS
Halifax, Nova Scotia

The Case of the Terrible-Tempered Toast

Dear Sirs:

Evidently the author (Robert W. Wells) of the short story, REVOLT OF THE MACHINES in the issue for May 10, is unaware that there is already a name for the malevolence of inanimate objects toward the human race: resistentialism. Sometime in the 1930's, the London Spectator published a series of letters from its readers recounting their scientific experiments in this field. . . .

The proofs of resistentialism were typified by the experiment of a man who proved, by dropping a piece of buttered toast on various grades of carpet 10,000 times, that the number of times the toast fell buttered side down, rather than harmless side down, was in direct proportion to the costliness of the carpet used in the experiment.

JEAN I. BROOKES
Greeneville, Tenn.

Governors' Gab Fest

Dear Sirs:

Milton MacKaye's article in the May 10 issue, WHEN GOVERNORS GET TOGETHER, brought back many recollections of the Governors' Conferences which I have been privileged to attend. . . .

Naturally we in Montana are very proud that our Treasure State was mentioned so prominently.

GOV. J. HUGO ARONSON
Helena, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

In the photograph accompanying the article I observed my maternal grandfather, J. Frank Hanly, then Republican governor of Indiana. . . . He became identified with the prohibition movement and was later its Presidential candidate.

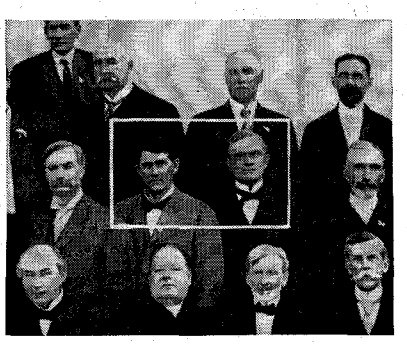
It would be interesting to know if any other descendants of the governors in the photograph noticed their ancestors.

HARRY HANLY GARMAN
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

The article is of great interest to me, as my grandfather, Braxton Bragg Comer, of Alabama, is among the governors shown.

B. C. NABERS
St. Petersburg, Fla.



● *Grandpa Hanly (above, left center), meet Grandpa Comer. Did any other readers recognize their forebears in that 1908 scene?* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Your very readable and enjoyable history of the Governors' Conferences . . . was marred by the reference to our Gov. Joseph B. Johnson as "glacial." Your writer could not have picked a descriptive adjective for our governor farther from the truth. . . .

His geniality and heartiness are so well known that the "glacial" streak of his character may be that it is nigh impossible for outside pressures to make him deviate from a course he deems right.

F. E. HARTWELL
Bolton, Vt.

● *Author MacKaye recants, explaining, "On the particularly hot day when I met Governor Johnson, it may have been that his geniality, like the iceberg, was two-thirds submerged." —ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Council of State Governments. • 19, 20, 21–Austin Briggs. • 22–North American Aviation, three by George Burns. • 23–George Burns. • 24–Morgan Kane. • 25–E. Kilay. • 26, 27–Bill Shrout. • 28, 29–Joe Bowler. • 30–Graphics Institute, Frank Ross. 31–Harold Von Schmidt. • 32, 33–Don Hunter. • 34, 35–Walter Skor. • 36–Sid Avery. 37–Three by Sid Avery; Coral Records, Wide World, Coral Records. • 38, 39–Gene Lester. • 43–Stevan Dohanos. • 104–Anonymous, Lawrence Welk, Shackleton-Pix, Margery Lewis.

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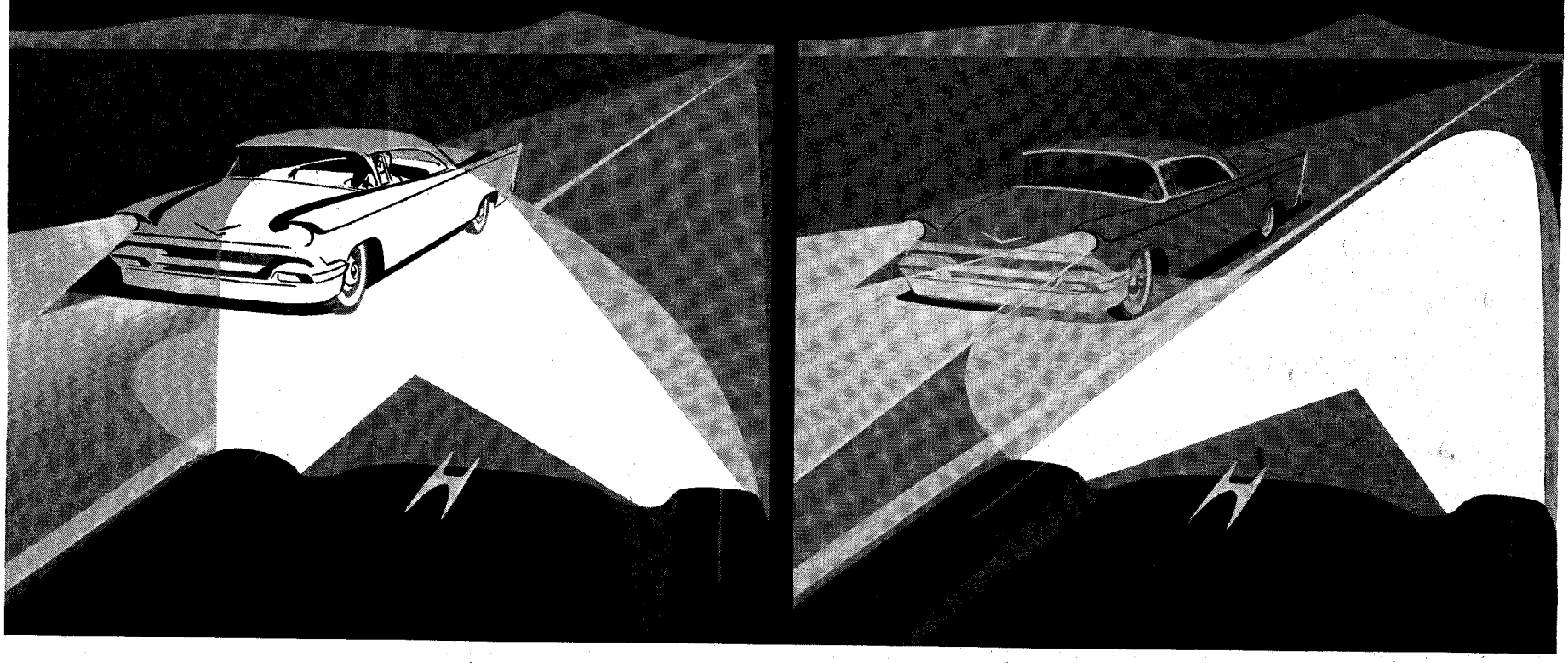
AIM TO LIVE

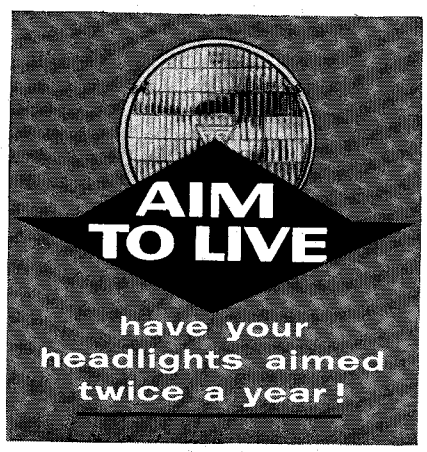
keep your lights on the safe side



HAVE YOUR HEADLIGHTS AIMED TWICE A YEAR . . . DIM THEM WHENEVER YOU MEET A CAR!

BE SURE YOUR CAR HAS THIS STICKER BEFORE YOU START YOUR VACATION TRAVEL!

With vacations and increased night-time travel coming up, have your lights checked and aimed at your local AIM TO LIVE outlet. Get this sticker. It indicates your lights have been aimed right for safety . . . you AIM TO LIVE when you drive at night.



Follow these three easy steps to help you keep your lights on the safe side, and out of other motorists' eyes:

First, have your headlights aimed twice a year. Improperly aimed headlights may temporarily blind oncoming motorists. In addition, they can rob you of as much as 80% of your available light.

Second, dim your lights whenever you meet another car. Extend this simple courtesy to oncoming cars and when approaching from the rear. It will eliminate hazardous glare from bright lights and provide greater safety.

Third, have all your lights safety-checked periodically to be sure they are in proper working order. And if your headlights are three years old, replace with the new, modern headlamps (with three aiming points on the lens). They will give you 15% more light in a far better pattern, and they can be aimed quickly and accurately.

Stop at your General Motors dealer's or wherever you see the AIM TO LIVE sign. Let them put you on the safe side. Have them check and aim your headlights.

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DIM THEM WHENEVER YOU MEET A CAR

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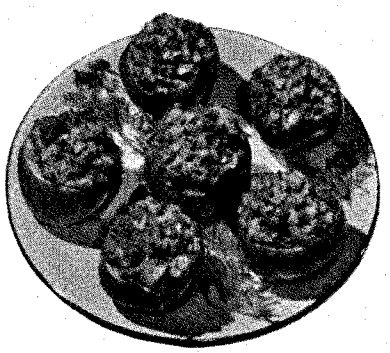
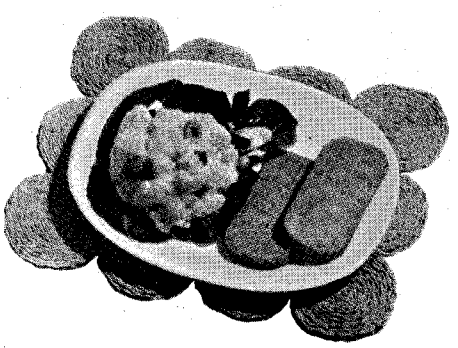
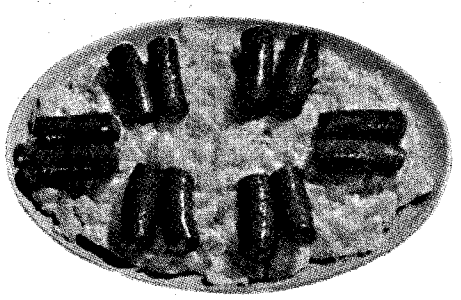


Hash-stuffed Tomatoes

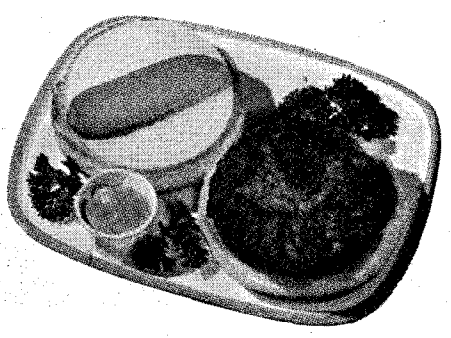


Treet and Deviled Potato Salad

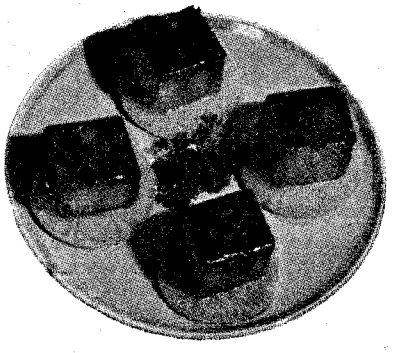


Viennas with Scrambled Eggs

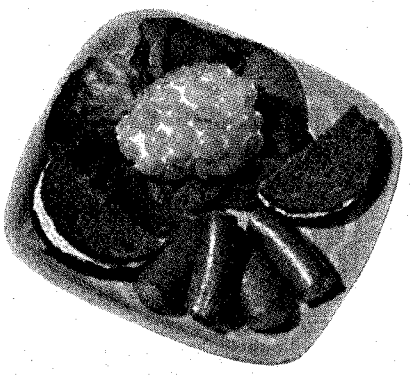
Barbecued Bits



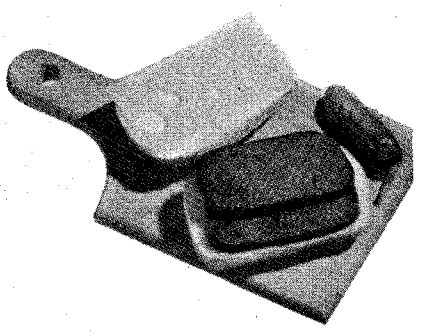
Hashburgers



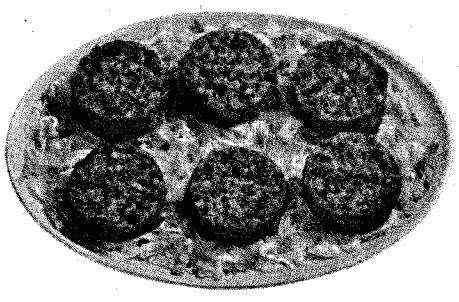
Treet Hawaiian



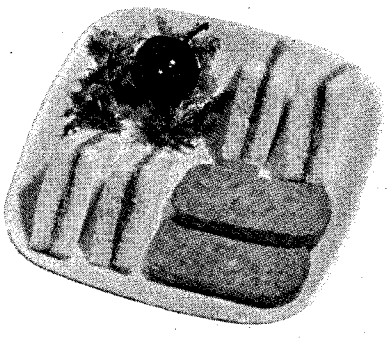
Viennas and Bunch O'Grapes Salad



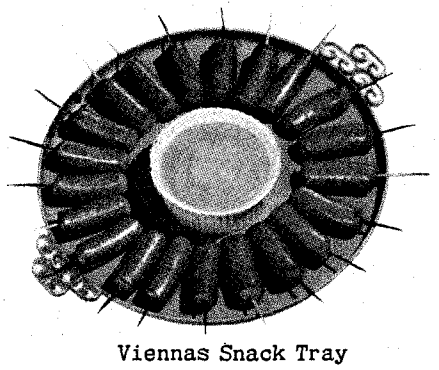
Beef Eater's Sandwich



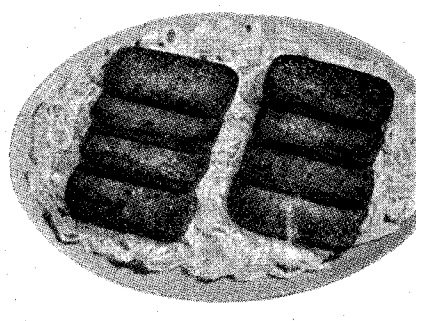
Hash and Cabbage



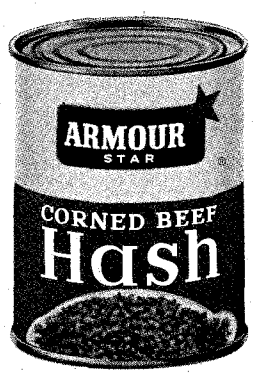
Treet and Peanut Butter Sandwich

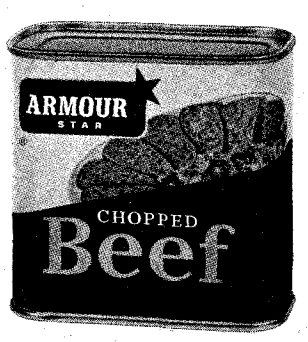


Viennas Snack Tray



Beef Loaf with Cheese Noodles





Make meal-planning a summer-long vacation

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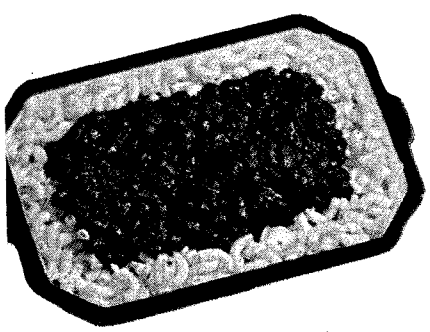
TIME-SAVERS

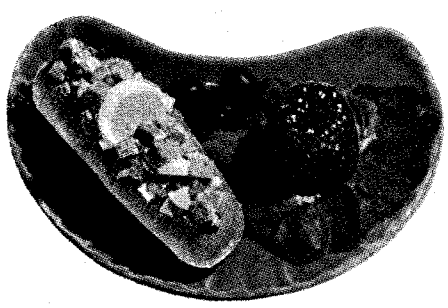
...free you for family fun!

FREE "SUMMER TIME-SAVER" RECIPE BOOK

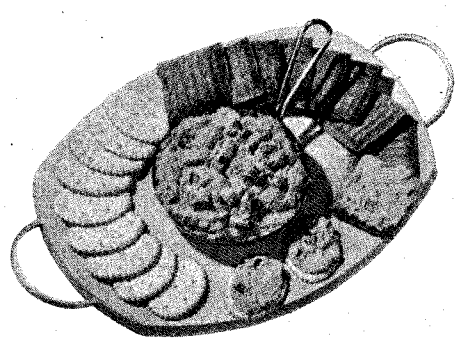
Attractive, full-color "idea" book with detailed recipes for delicious dishes like these for every day in the week. Write: Marie Gifford, "Pantry Shelf Meals," Armour and Company, Dept. C.S., Chicago 9, Ill.



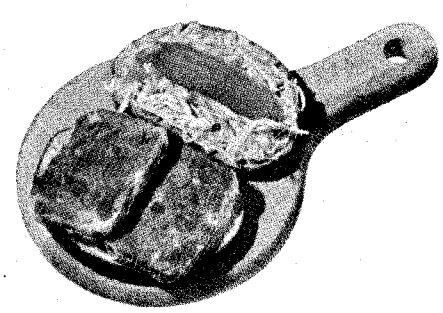
Chili Mac



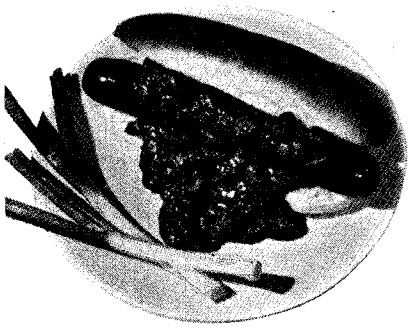
Ham Salad Rolls



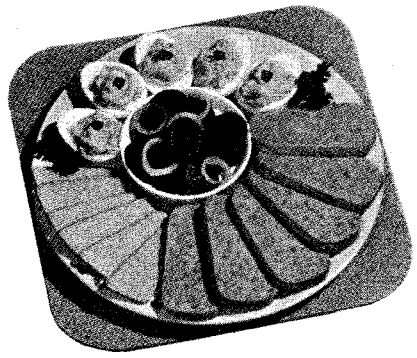
TV Party Snack Tray



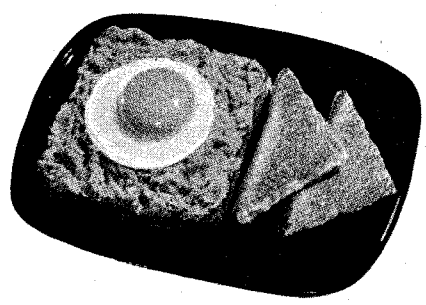
Corned Beef—Cole Slaw Sandwich



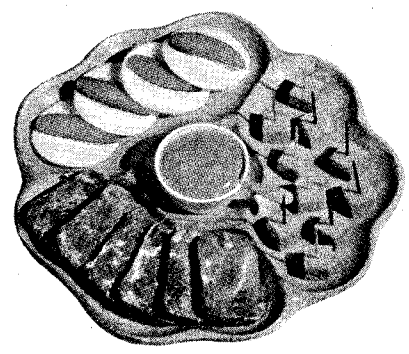
Chili Hot Dogs



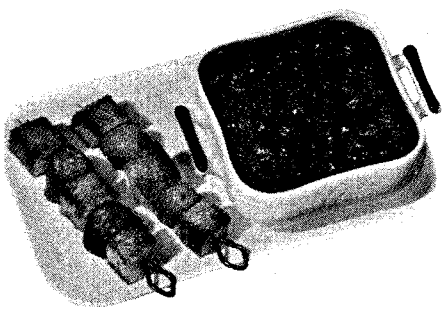
Family-style Smorgasbord



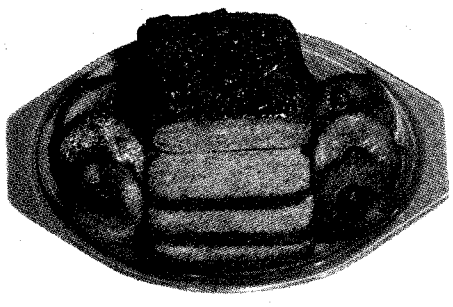
Eggs on Deviled Ham Toast



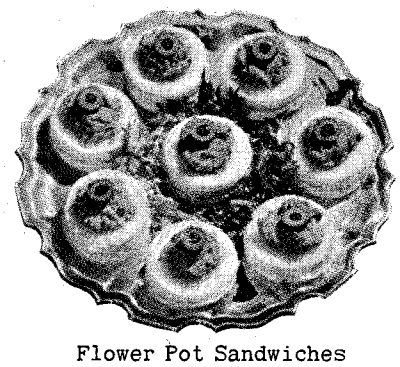
Dutch Treat Tray



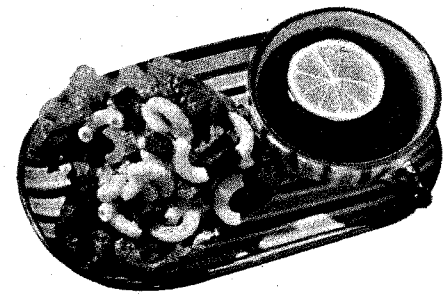
Chili and Kabobs



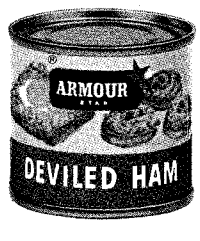
Chopped Ham and Cranberry Apples

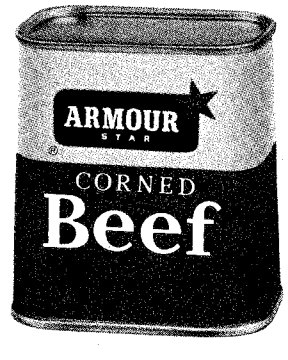


Flower Pot Sandwiches



Corned Beef Macaroni





with Armour meat of good eating

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Editorials

Should the Power to Tax Include the Right to Censor Advertising?

Few taxpayers know the extent of the authority that has been conferred on the Internal Revenue Service and even less of the added authority which that bureau has assumed for itself by means of administrative rulings and regulations which Congress probably never thought of.

For example, it is hard to believe that the nation's lawmakers meant to give tax collectors the right to decide that American business or industry should be penalized for stating its case and defending its right to exist, in the face of government-sponsored competition, by means of paid advertisements. But that is what the tax authorities are doing, acting under a new interpretation of one of their own regulations, which declares that money spent on advertising "for lobbying purposes, for the promotion or defeat of legislation or for the development or exploitation of propaganda" cannot be considered "ordinary and reasonable expenses" deductible for tax purposes.

The victims of the most recent interpretation of this ruling are a group of public-utility companies which call themselves America's Independent Light and Power Companies. These companies have for many years sponsored "institutional advertisements"—mostly in magazines, including The Saturday Evening Post—which promote the wider use of electric power and occasionally indicate a preference for investor-owned utility companies as against government-owned plants supported by the taxpayers. Most of the advertisements indicate in some way the advantage of being served by an "independent" power company. If this is "propaganda," it certainly represents an attitude acceptable to some millions of Americans.

Nevertheless, the companies participating in this advertising campaign are being informed that they may not deduct its cost from their taxable incomes. As Senator Estes Kefauver put it, "They can continue to propagandize as much as they want in their advertisements. . . . They can no longer charge the taxpayers and the rate payers for their own brainwashing."

Of course this does not mean that the taxpayers will be relieved of the cost of being brainwashed by TVA and public power generally. Inasmuch as public power pays little in taxes and indeed is supported out of taxes, deductibility is a small matter. The net of the IRS's ruling is that the private-utility industry, already forced to meet tax favoritism and vast public appropriations for public power, must jump over another hurdle.

Supposing that all the advertisements in the series dealt with the public-power issue, it is difficult to equate them with an effort to "influence legislation," or to "lobby" or, if propaganda is the charge, to do more than defend what has long been considered the normal way for Americans to do business. Surely if an electric power company may engage in propaganda against competitors who sell gas, or coal, or atomic energy, it ought not to be penalized for defending itself against competition which threatens its ability to stay in business at all.

This editorial will arouse the ire of public-power advocates, who will be quick to point out that The Saturday Evening Post has a financial interest in the matter. This is true, although the amount received by the Post from these advertisements constitutes much too small an interest to justify courting the lambasting we shall probably get for intervening in the controversy.

But the principle involved requires a frank statement of what such rulings can mean to freedom, not merely for public-utility advertising, or even advertising in general, but for freedom to express any views which tax bureaucrats—perhaps stimulated by political demagogues—decide to penalize.

This is the crux of the situation. We have tax authorities, who are assumed to be raising money for public needs, undertaking to dictate to individuals and corporations how they shall carry on their businesses.

Nor is this threat confined to public-utility companies. Other types of business live in jeopardy from the same ukase, including one company which undertook to explain its side of a threatened strike by means of newspaper advertisements.

Like many other aspects of the income-tax law, this effort to censor free expression calls for clarification by Congress. If the people think American corporations and individuals require governmental supervision of the way they state their case in open advertisements, the way to accomplish that dubious objective is to pass a law—*not* to pass the buck to the Internal Revenue Service.

Communist Critics of Communism are Poor Guides for Free People

Why are Communists who criticize the fringes of Communism but remain fixed in the Marxian lunacy more popular than men who break with Communism completely?

Recently a reviewer in The New Yorker magazine commented on Child of the Revolution (Regnery) by Wolfgang Leonhard, the biography of a German refugee from Russia who, despite the enslavement of his mother by the Reds, "is still a Marxist Socialist." Leonhard's story, concludes the reviewer, "is more valuable than a dozen run-of-the-mill *mea culpas* from ex-Communists." Why? Plumbing the unfathomable depths of human credulity has its fascinations, but why the kick in the teeth for the scores of Communists who have had the courage to get out?

Extraordinary adulation has been heaped on Milovan Djilas, the former V.I.P. in Tito's entourage who is in jail for writing The New Class (Praeger), in which he assails the bureaucratic scum on the Communist caldron, but remains loyal to the "idealism" of Marx and Lenin. A New York Times reviewer recently said of Djilas: "There is an innate goodness in this man, a saint-like humility and compassion. It is not surprising that he became a Communist." Possibly, but why does so saintly and compassionate a man remain a Communist?

As far as Djilas' service to the anti-Communist cause is concerned, a fellow Serbian, Dr. Slobodan M. Draskovich, author of Tito, Moscow's Trojan Horse (Regnery), is not impressed. In his opinion, The New Class "is not a book about the imminent defeat of Communism, but about its imminent victory." This seems a strange thing to say about a book which has described the suppression of the Hungarian revolt as "the beginning of the end of Communism generally." But to Doctor Draskovich this indicates no more than a Communist dialectician's willingness to attack special errors of the Communists without retreating from Communism as an ideal.

In Modern Age, Doctor Draskovich points to passages in The New Class which certainly indicate that, whatever Djilas' opinion of Communism, he sees no future at all for free society. The much despised bureaucrats will, he predicts, "resist and almost be immune to any capitalistic criticism and all tendencies aiming at restoration of the old order in East Europe." Djilas believes that "backward peoples in Communist systems experience a cultural renaissance along with the technical one." In respect to all Communist countries, he finds that "Communism has penetrated into all the pores of society and of the personality—into the vision of the scientists, the inspiration of the poets and the dreams of the lovers."

The New Class has probably served to convince many Americans that, whether or not Communism is inevitable, it certainly isn't working in Yugoslavia. But this doesn't mean that we should rush to accept Djilas as an "anti-Communist." After all, there have been other Communist critics of Communism—Trotsky, Tito and Gomulka, to name only a few. All of them, including Trotsky, who was murdered on orders from Stalin, have been or are loyal to Marxism. A critic of Communism who remains a Communist should be handled with caution.

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"Here's the key to the car, Son . . . but don't forget, responsibilities go with it."

"As a new driver, remember you have some mighty important obligations. Your own safety—the security of others—your family's peace of mind—all of these depend on your care, your caution, your courtesy when behind the wheel."

MOST parents spend some anxious hours when their teen-agers first begin to drive—and with very good reason. For statistics tell us that it is in the 15-to-19 age group—the ages at which most young people usually start driving—that accident fatalities are at their peak.

And yet, young people could be expert drivers. They have most of what it takes to handle a car with skill—good health, superior coordination, and alert minds.

But of even greater importance is the cultivation of mental attitudes that make safer drivers. For example, one of the first things that should be impressed on young people is the power and speed of today's cars. If this power is misused—if the driver "steps on it" for a thrill—he is asking for an accident. But if he learns to respect power and the necessity for keeping it under control, he will be a safer, more skillful motorist.

In addition, young drivers need to become thoroughly familiar with the rules of the road, the traffic laws of their community and all safety regulations, including those that apply to pedestrians.

They should also learn how to adjust their driving to night traffic, for fatal accidents occur three times as frequently at night as during the day. And the importance of constant attention to driving cannot be overemphasized. The driver whose attention is diverted can lose control of his car before he realizes it.

Careful studies show that properly trained young drivers—especially those who take driver education courses offered in many high schools—make far better drivers than others who receive their training from less competent instructors. If your school does not give safe-driving courses, ask your police department where competent instruction is given.

Young drivers gain a lot from parents who set good examples of safety. Parents who strictly observe speed and all other traffic regulations . . . who respect the rights of pedestrians . . . who make courtesy a rule of the road . . . can be far surer that their teen-agers will do likewise when trusted with the family car.

Today about four Americans die in traffic accidents every hour, and about 150 are injured, some severely, during each 60 minutes. We can reduce this toll if every one of our nation's 78 million drivers—*young and old*—will drive at all times with care, caution, and courtesy.

To increase the safety and pleasure of your motoring, use the coupon below for a free copy of Metropolitan's *Guide to Good Driving*.

COPYRIGHT 1958—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me the free booklet "*Guide to Good Driving*," 7-58-E.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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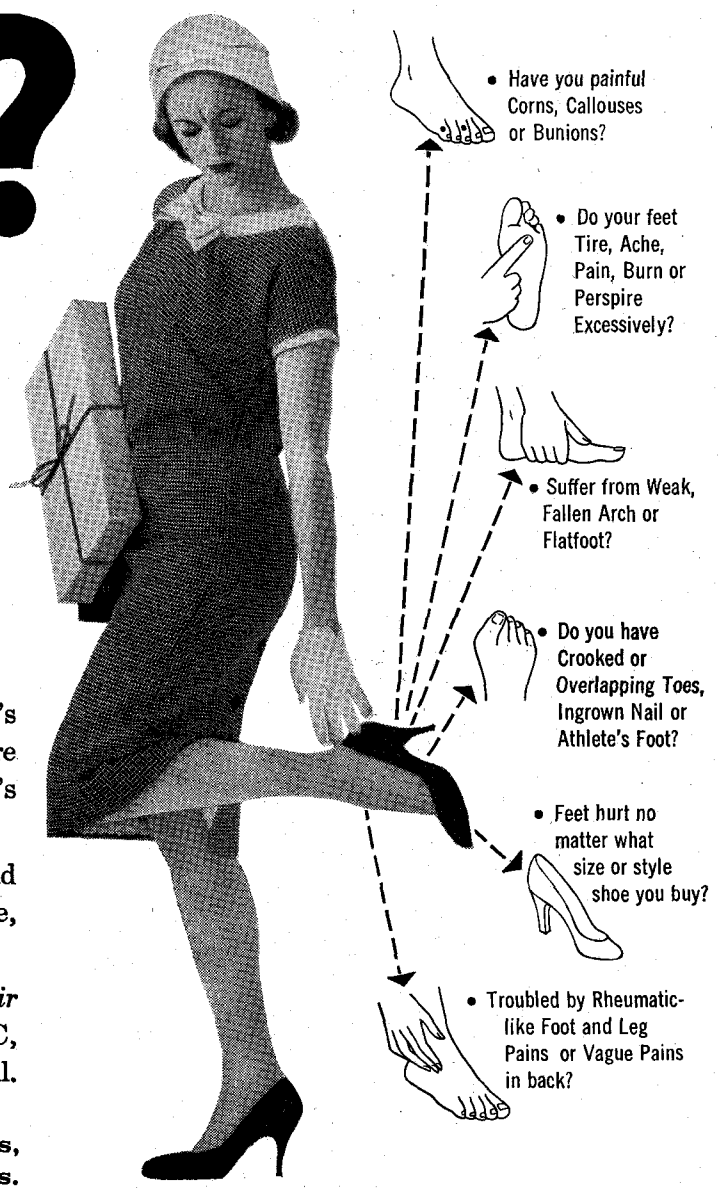
Feet Hurt?

For Fast, Dependable Relief Get

Dr Scholl's


• Have you painful Corns, Callouses or Bunions?
• Do your feet Tire, Ache, Pain, Burn or Perspire Excessively?
• Suffer from Weak, Fallen Arch or Flatfoot?
• Do you have Crooked or Overlapping Toes, Ingrown Nail or Athlete's Foot?
• Feet hurt no matter what size or style shoe you buy?
• Troubled by Rheumatic-like Foot and Leg Pains or Vague Pains in back?

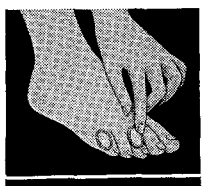
Pain-lined faces . . . ruined dispositions . . . worn nerves . . . tired, aching feeling . . . pains in parts of the body remote from the feet—these are some of the ill-effects foot troubles can cause. Don't pay dearly for something so needless when quick relief can be yours—whatever common foot or leg ailment you may have!

Get relief *this week*—during Dr. Scholl's FOOT COMFORT WEEK. Drug, 5-10¢, Shoe, Department Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops everywhere are featuring over 100 different Dr. Scholl's Aids for the Feet. Their cost is small.

Go to your favorite store *this week* and see how easy it is to get quick, dependable, inexpensive foot relief.

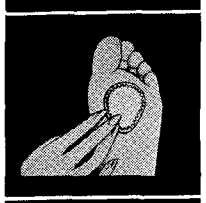
For FREE booklet, *The Feet and Their Care*, write DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. C, 213 West Schiller Street, Chicago 10, Ill.

There is a Dr. Scholl Relief for every common Foot Trouble—Remedies, Appliances, Arch Supports, Pads, Plasters, Shoes and Elastic Stockings.



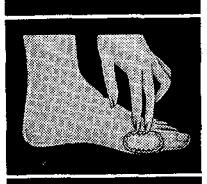
CORNS—SORE TOES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain and gently remove corns; lift shoe pressure. Prevent corns, sore toes, blisters, tender spots. Soothing, soft, cushioning. 45¢.



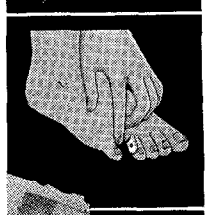
CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, cushion, relieve painful *pressure on sensitive* spot. Quickly, gently and painlessly loosen and remove callouses. 45¢.



BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for bunions, relieve tender and painful enlarged joints; lift shoe pressure at once; soothe, cushion, protect the sensitive area. 45¢.

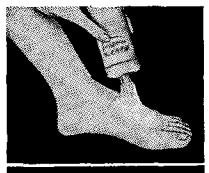


SOFT CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size and shape for soft corns between toes, give quick relief: lift painful pressure and gently, speedily remove soft corns. 45¢.

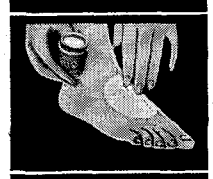
VARICOSE VEINS, TIRED LEGS

Dr. Scholl's Super-Sheer Elastic Stockings — nylon, full-fashioned, full footed. So sheer, they look like regular nylons. No overhose needed. Give comfortable, uniform support to varicose veins, tired, aching legs, leg cramps. Help prevent leg trouble during pregnancy. Colors: French Nude, White and Black. All sizes, $12.95 pair.



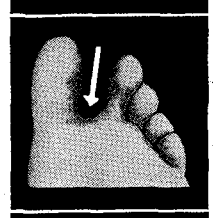
TENDER, HOT FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired, sensitive feet. Soothes irritated skin. Eases new or tight shoes. Helps prevent infection of Athlete's Foot. 40¢, 75¢.



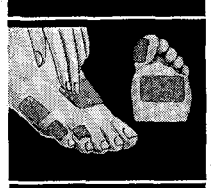
ACHING, TIRED FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves feverish, tender, sensitive, tired feet caused by exertion and fatigue. Soothes, refreshes feet. 50¢, $1.



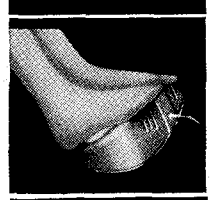
ITCHING FEET and TOES

Dr. Scholl's Solvex relieves Athlete's Foot, itching feet and toes. Kills fungi on contact. Aids healing of raw, cracked or peeling skin. Liquid, Ointment or Powder. 60¢, $1.



PROTECTS TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Kurotex, soft, soothing, cushioning, superior moleskin, relieves shoe pressure on *corns, callouses, bunions,* tender spots. Cut to any size, apply. 35¢, 45¢, $1.00.

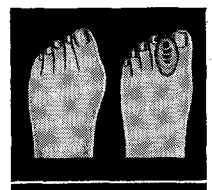


MASSAGE YOUR FEET

Dr. Scholl's Electric Foot Massager gives you the benefits of professional-like massage while you relax at home. Exclusive 30 degree angle. Choice of pastel pink, green, ivory white. Model for both feet $16.95; for one foot, $8.95.

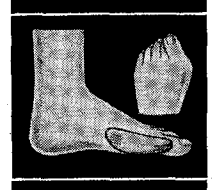
SORE HEELS

Dr. Scholl's Heel Cushions relieve tender heels by giving them a soft cushioning bed to rest upon. Made of rubber, leather covered. 75¢ pair.



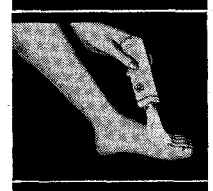
CROOKED TOES

Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex of soft, cushioning rubber, tends *to gradually straighten* crooked or overlapping toes. Very comfortable. Worn invisibly under the stocking. 75¢ each.



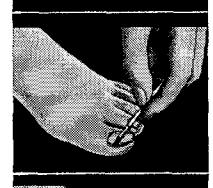
BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer, of soft rubber, relieves painful shoe pressure, hides the bulge, helps preserve shape of shoe. 75¢ each. **Leather Bunion Protector,** $1.25 each.



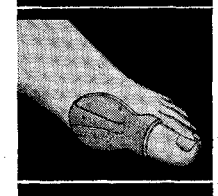
ODOROUS FEET

Dr. Scholl's Bromidrosis Powder is especially formulated to stop excessive perspiration and bad foot odor caused by a disorder of the sweat glands. Very soothing. 60¢.



INGROWN NAIL

Dr. Scholl's Onixol. A few drops of this soothing preparation in nail groove relieves soreness, pain; softens embedded *part of nail in skin* for easy removal. 75¢.



SHIELDS, CUSHIONS BUNIONS

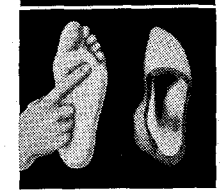
Dr. Scholl's Foam-Ease Bunion Shield stops shoe friction, lifts pressure on the sensitive joint. Made of Latex Foam. Band at forward end slips over toe. Sizes: Small, Medium, Large. $1.50 each.

CORNS, SOFT CORNS

Dr. Scholl's "2" Drop Corn Remover (liquid) helps to *relieve pain and remove* hard corns on toes, soft corns between toes. 40¢ bottle.

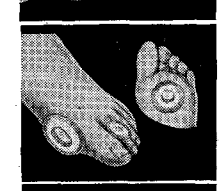
TIRED, ACHING FEET, FOOT AND LEG PAINS

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise quickly relieve these distressing symptoms of foot arch weakness. Light, flexible, adjustable. *Fit in any* shoe. Only $8.00 pair.



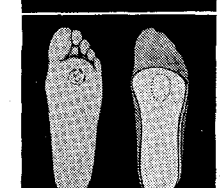
PAIN HERE?

Dr. Scholl's Metatarsal Arch Supports and exercise relieve pains, cramps, callouses, burning sensations at ball of foot due to weak arch. Light, adjustable. $2.50 pair, up.



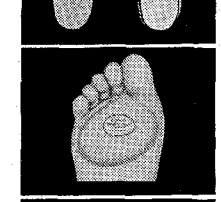
RELIEVE CORNS, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Bev-Edge Pads of soft, cushioning felt with new beveled edge, quickly relieve painful shoe friction and pressure. 45¢ box.



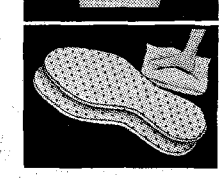
CALLOUSES, CRAMPED TOES, TENDERNESS

Dr. Scholl's Foam-Ease Arch Cushion. Cushions the foot and Metatarsal arch. Gives priceless walking ease. Made of soft Latex Foam. Only $1 pair.



RELIEVES PAIN, BURNING, CALLOUSES AT BALL OF FOOT

Dr. Scholl's Ball-O-Foot Cushion, made of soft Latex Foam, loops over toe. No adhesive. Flesh color, washable. $1 pair.



LIKE WALKING ON PILLOWS

Dr. Scholl's Air-Pillo Insoles of soft Latex Foam, relieve pain, callouses on bottom of foot. For men, women. 60¢ pair.

Act now! ...JUNE 21-28 Dr Scholl's FOOT COMFORT® WEEK

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HER HANDS are covered with dough. She is not touching the telephone.

Yet she is carrying on a two-way telephone conversation because of a convenient new development from Automatic Electric.

When the phone rings, she simply presses a button and a special circuit takes over. She hears the voice of the person calling through an amplifying speaker—and her voice is picked up by a microphone in the phone's base.

In homes—or in offices—this advance makes the use of the telephone pleasanter and easier.

This "loud-speaking" phone is one of a long list of contributions to better communications, pioneered by Automatic Electric.

It all started with the Strowger switch, which made dial telephones possible—and which also plays a vital part in automation.

Thanks to the imagination of Automatic Electric research and development engineers, you can now dial long-distance calls without calling an operator.

Switches and relays of our original design and manufacture are activating "mechanical brains"—guiding intercontinental missiles—changing the pitch of airplane propellers.

And today, with the increased capacity of a modern new factory, and with expanded research facilities, Automatic Electric can provide finer service to the telephone industry, and to other industries whose progress requires accurate and dependable remote controls.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

Northlake, Illinois

Subsidiary of **GENERAL TELEPHONE**

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Whee! **No more defrosting—ever again!**

there's neve

with new Frigidair

NOW—a Freezer Compartment that never needs defrosting. No more dripping, dirty frost water—no more spill or mop-up. No more frost-locked packages and trays—because there will *never* be any frost to defrost—in this patented Frigidaire Frost-Proof Refrigerator-Freezer.

How does Frigidaire do it? By an entirely new kind of cold that whisks away heat and moisture—out of the freezer forever—so frost can never form. Food flavors and vitamins are locked in by perpetual below-zero cold.

And up in the refrigerator compartment, all foods are super-chilled with Frigidaire "Flowing Cold"—yet, here too, there's never any frost to defrost.

In every detail, it's the world's finest foodkeeper—from its new Sheer Look styling to its mammoth 133-pound Freezer Chest, with In-a-Door Ice-Ejector that serves you sparkling-dry ice cubes by the score. See Frost-Proof Freezing at your Frigidaire dealer's. So amazing you *won't* believe it until you see it

In ordinary freezers, food packages and ice trays are all too soon covered by frost and ice that hide labels—cause sticking.

In Frigidaire Frost-Proof Freezer, after months or even years, packages and trays stay clean and free of frost, are easily removed.

Featured in Frigidaire "Golden Anniversary Days"

Now going on, at all Frigidaire Dealers'—a super sales event, featuring new Golden Anniversary values in celebration of General Motors' Golden Jubilee.

FRIGIDAIRE FROST-PROOF

REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER

INTRODUCED IN HONOR OF GENERAL MOTORS' 5C

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my frost to defrost

Frost-Proof freezing!

Model FP-142-58

GM GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

NNIVERSARY

Choice of Four Sheer Look Colors sold by Frigidaire at the price of white

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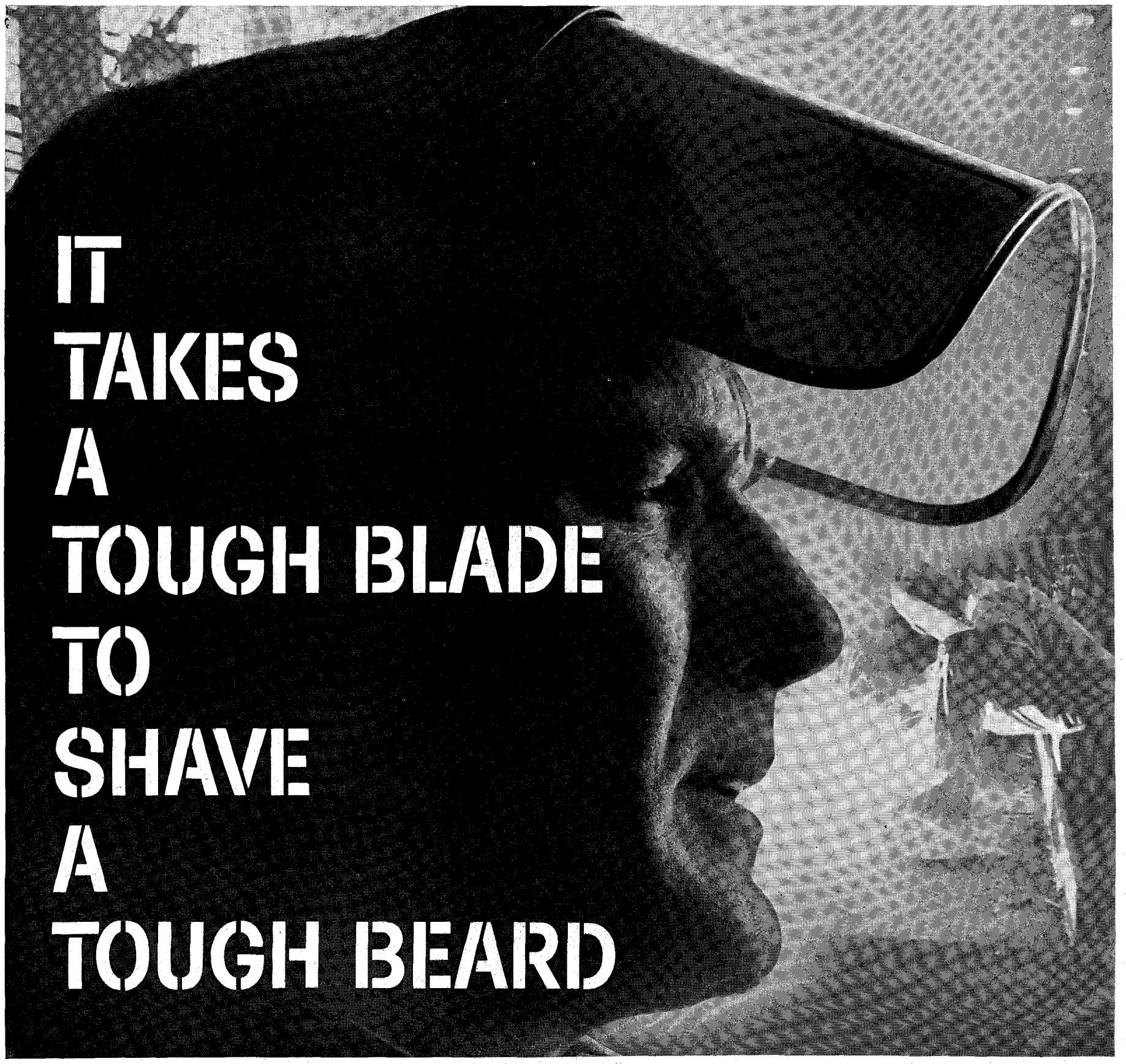
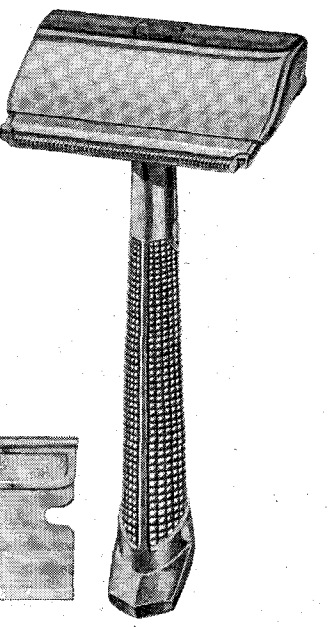
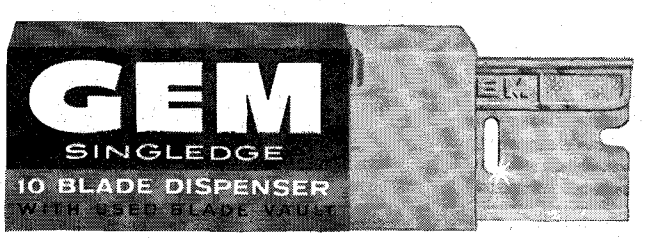


Gem is the toughest blade of all! Do you have a tough beard like this welder? Use Gem. 4 times more steel in Gem than in paper-thin blades. Stiff steel "backbone" for extra strength. Cutting edge 18% sharper. Put a tough Gem blade to work in a Gem razor. Result: closer, smoother shaves for toughest beards.



Gem Razor with Blades in Travel Case $1.00.
10 Blade Dispenser 59¢ • 18 Blade Dispenser 98¢



AVOID "5 O'CLOCK SHADOW" WITH GEM

A·S·R PRODUCTS CORP., 380 MADISON AVE. • NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

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Kohler all-brass fittings—Constellation Series

First aid to Beauty...

Beauty, cleanliness and health are closely related—and a Kohler bathroom contributes to each.

Kohler fittings, of distinctive design—the Constellation Series—make the many beneficial services of water easy to control, reliable. Constructed entirely of brass under the polished-chrome finish, they have maximum resistance to corrosion and wear.

Kohler fixtures with Constellation fittings—for bathroom, washroom or kitchen—will add to your home's attraction and value, while serving you long and well. Shown in petal-fresh Peachblow are the Piedmont vitreous china lavatory with convenient counter-top and Cosmopolitan enameled iron bench bath.

Consult your Kohler dealer. Write for booklet 2-B.

KOHLER CO. *Established 1873* KOHLER, WIS.

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ENAMELED IRON AND VITREOUS CHINA PLUMBING FIXTURES • BRASS FITTINGS • ELECTRIC PLANTS • AIR-COOLED ENGINES • PRECISION CONTROLS

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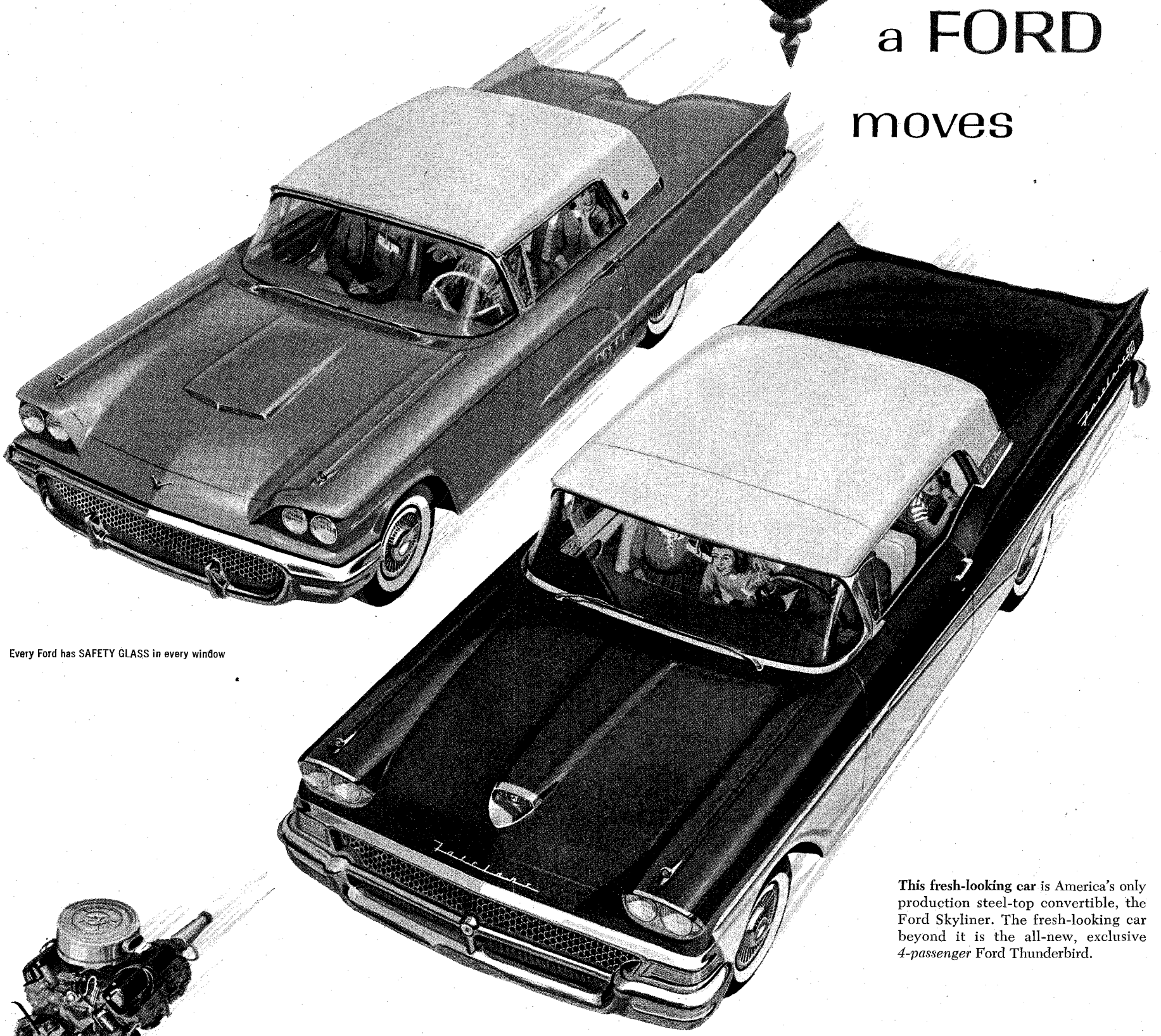
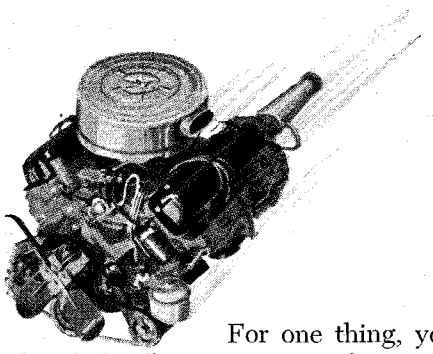
There's a lot of Thunderbird GO in the way a FORD moves



Every Ford has SAFETY GLASS in every window



This fresh-looking car is America's only production steel-top convertible, the Ford Skyliner. The fresh-looking car beyond it is the all-new, exclusive *4-passenger* Ford Thunderbird.

For one thing, you get the Thunderbird's own power plant. *That* means velvet with a capital V-8! Valves are cushioned by oil . . . each engine is balanced running under its own power for smoothest performance.

It also means GO with a capital "GEE"! No engine in Ford's price range delivers so much getaway push at the rear wheels. Thunderbird engines are the newest, most advanced V-8's going. And they're the biggest power plants in Ford's field! *Ford gives you something special in savings, too.* New, versatile, ever-so-smooth Cruise-O-Matic Drive saves up to 15% on gas when teamed with the T-bird V-8.

But there's *more!* Amazing new Magic-Circle steering gives the true and easy sports-car-like handling of the Thunderbird to all Fords. And they *look* like the Thunderbird with their classically graceful, trend-setting lines. Ask your Ford Dealer for an Action Test!

58 FORD

First car ever to use

the whole world as a test track

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"This is a pickup," she said to Archie. "I'm picking you up."

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

FRAME-UP FOR MURDER

The only way she could get Nero Wolfe to take her strange case was to make the great detective a witness to the crime.

A Famous Sleuth Returns to the Post in a New Mystery

By REX STOUT

I

I was tailing a man named Jonas Putz. You can forget Putz. I mention him only to explain how I happened to be standing, at five o'clock that Monday afternoon, in a doorway on the uptown side of 38th Street around the corner from Lexington Avenue. After spending an hour or so at the Tulip Bar of the Churchill, with an eye on Putz at a proper distance, I had followed him out to the street and then downtown, on foot; and after a few blocks I got the notion that someone else was also interested in his movements. When he stopped a couple of times to look at shop windows, I stopped, too, naturally, and so did someone else, about twenty paces back of me. I had first noticed her in the lobby of the Churchill, because she rated a glance as a matter of principle—the principle that a man owes it to his eyes to let them rest on attractive objects when there are any around.

She was still tagging along when I turned the corner at 38th Street, and I was wondering whether her interest in Putz had any connection

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Over the phone there suddenly came a noise, part scream, part groan.

with the simple little problem Nero Wolfe had been hired to solve; and, if so, what. When Putz crossed Madison Avenue and went on to the entrance of the building he lived in, and entered, I was through with him for the day, since he hadn't gone to a certain address, and it was only out of curiosity, to see what the female stalker would do, that I kept going and posted myself in a doorway across the street from Putz's entrance. My curiosity was soon satisfied.

She came right along straight to my post, stopped, faced me at arm's length, and spoke. "You are Archie Goodwin."

I raised my brows. "Prove it."

She smiled a little. "Oh, I have seen you once, at the Flamingo, and I have seen your picture in the paper. Are you detecting somebody?"

She looked about as foreign as she sounded—enough to suggest a different flavor, which can broaden a man, but not enough to make it seem too complicated. Her chin was slightly more pointed than I would have specified if I had had her made to order, but everybody makes mistakes. Her floppy-brimmed hat and the shoulder spread of her mink stole made her face look smaller than it probably was.

She wasn't an operative, that was sure. Her interest in Putz must be personal, but still it might be connected with our client's problem.

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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I smiled back at her. "Apparently we both are. Unless you're Putz's bodyguard?"

"Putz? Who is that?"

"Now, really. You spoke first. Jonas Putz. You ought to know his name, since you tailed him all the way here from the Churchill."

She shook her head. "Not him. I was after you. This is a pickup. I am picking you up." She didn't say "picking," but neither did she say "peecking." It was in between.

"I am honored," I assured her. "I am flattered. I like the way you do it. Usually girls who pick me up beat around the bush. Look; if you'll tell me why you're interested in Putz, I'll tell you why I am, and then we'll see. We might ——"

"But I'm not! I never heard of him. Truly!" She started a hand out to touch my arm, but decided not to. "It is you I am interested in! When I saw you at the Churchill I wanted to speak, but you were going, and I followed, and all the way I was bringing up my courage. To pick you up." That time it was "peeck."

"O.K." I decided to table Putz temporarily. "Now that you've picked me up, what are you going to do with me?"

She smiled. "Oh, no. You are the man. What we do, that is for you to say."

If she had been something commonplace like a glamorous movie star I would have shown her what I thought of her passing the buck like that by marching off. If I had been busy I might have asked her for her phone number. As it was, I merely cocked my head at her.

"Typical," I said. "Invade a man's privacy and then put the burden on him. Let's see. Surely we can kill time together somehow. Are you any good at pool?"

"*Poule?* The chicken?"

"No, the game. Balls on a table and you poke them with a stick."

"Oh, the billiards. No."

"How about shoplifting? There's a shop nearby and I need some socks. There's room for a dozen pairs in that pocketbook, and I'll cover the clerk."

She didn't bat an eye. "Wool or cotton?"

"Cotton. No synthetics."

"What colors?"

"Mauve. Pinkish mauve." If I have given the impression that her chin was pointed enough to be objectionable, I exaggerated. "But we ought to plan it properly. For instance, if I have to shoot the clerk, we should separate and you can pick me up later. Let's go around the corner to Martucci's and discuss it."

She approved of that. Walking beside her, I noted that the top of the floppy-brimmed hat was at my ear level. With it off, her hair would have grazed my chin if she had been close enough. At Martucci's the crowd wouldn't be showing for another quarter of an hour, and there was an empty table in a rear corner. She asked for vermouth frappé, which was wholesome, but not very appropriate for a shoplifting moll. I told her so.

"Also," I added, "since I don't know your name, we'll have to give you one. Slickeroo Sal? Too hissy, maybe. Fanny the Finger? That has character."

"Or it could be Flora the Finger," she suggested. "That would be better because my name is Flora. Flora Gallant. Miss Flora Gallant."

"The 'Miss' is fine," I assured her. "I don't mind shooting a clerk, but I would hate to have to shoot a husband. I've heard of someone named Gallant—has a place somewhere in the Fifties. Any relation?"

"Yes," she said; "I'm his sister."

That changed things some. It had been obvious that she was no doxy. Now that she was placed, some of the tang was gone. One of the main drawbacks of marriage is that a man knows exactly who his wife is; there's not a chance that she is going to turn out to be a runaway from a sultan's harem or the Queen of the Fairies. A female friend of mine had told me things about Alec Gallant. He was a dress designer who was crowding two others for top ranking in the world of high fashion. He thumbed his nose at Paris and sneered at Rome and Ireland, and was getting away with it. He had refused to finish three dresses for the Duchess of Harwynd because she postponed flying over from London for fittings. He declined to make anything whatever for a certain famous movie actress because he didn't like the way she handled her hips when she walked. He had been known to charge as little as $800 for an afternoon frock, but it had been for a favorite customer, so he practically gave it away.

I looked at his sister over the rim of my glass as I took a sip, not vermouth, and lowered the glass. "You must come clean with me, Finger. You are Alec Gallant's sister?"

"But yes! I wouldn't try lying to Archie Goodwin. You are too smart."

"Thank you. It's too bad your brother doesn't sell socks; we could pinch them at his place instead of imposing on a stranger. Or maybe he does. Does he sell socks?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"Then that's out. As a matter of fact, I'm getting cold feet. If you're a shopkeeper's sister, you probably have a resistance to shoplifting somewhere in your subconscious, and it might pop up at a vital moment. We'll try something else. Go back to the beginning. Why did you pick me up?"

She fluttered a little hand. "Because I wanted to meet you."

"Why did you want to meet me?"

"Because I wanted you to like me."

"All right, I like you. That's accomplished. Now what?"

She frowned. "You are so blunt. You are angry with me. Did I say something?"

"Not a thing. I still like you, so far. But if you are Miss Flora Gallant you must have followed me all the way from the Churchill for one of two reasons. One would be that the sight of me was too much for you, that you were so enchanted that you lost all control. I reject that because I'm wearing a brown suit, and I get that effect only when I'm wearing a gray one. The other would be that you want something, and I ask you bluntly what it is, so we can dispose of that and then maybe go on from there. Let's have it, Finger."

"You are smart," she said. "You do like me?"

"So far, I do. I could tell better if that hat didn't shade your eyes so much."

She removed the hat, no fussing with it, and put it on a chair, and actually didn't pat around at her hair. "There," she said, "then I'll be blunt too. I want you to help me. I want to see Mr. Nero Wolfe."

I nodded. "I suspected that was it. I don't want to be rude, I am enjoying meeting you, but why didn't you just phone for an appointment?"

"Because I didn't dare. Anyway, I didn't really decide to until I saw you at the Churchill and I thought there was my chance. You see, there are three things. The first thing is that I know he charges very big fees, and I am not so rich. The second thing is that he doesn't like women, so there would be that against me. The third thing is that when people want to hire him, you always look them up and find out all you can about them, and I was afraid my brother would find out that I had gone to him, and my brother mustn't know about it. So the only way was to get you to help me, because you can make Mr. Wolfe do anything you want him to. Of course, now I've spoiled it."

"Spoiled it how?"

"By letting you pull it out of me. I was going to get friendly with you first. I know you like to dance, and I am not too bad at dancing. I would be all right with you—I know, because I saw you at the Flamingo. I thought I would have one advantage: being French I would be different from all your American girls; I know you have thousands of them. I thought in a week or two you might like me well enough so I could ask you to help me. Now I have spoiled it." She picked up her glass and drank.

I waited until she had put her glass down. "A couple of corrections. I haven't got thousands of American girls, only three or four hundred. I can't make Mr. Wolfe do anything I want him to; it all depends. And a couple of questions? What you want him to do—does it involve any marital problems? Your brother's wife or someone else's wife that he's friendly with?"

"No. My brother isn't married."

"Good. For Mr. Wolfe that would be out. You say you're not so rich. Could you pay anything at all? Could you scrape up a few hundred without hocking that stole?"

(Continued on Page 82)

"Do you realize what we are in for?" Nero Wolfe demanded.

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Our First Man in Outer Space

Sometime soon, test pilot Scotty Crossfield will put the rocket-powered X-15 through one of the most spectacular aerial shows in history—and he plans to come back alive.

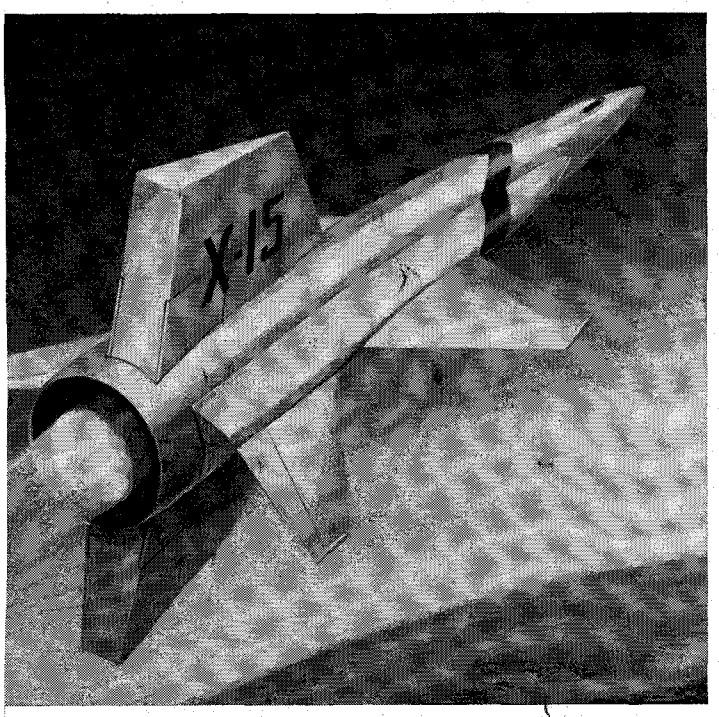
By CLAY BLAIR, JR.

The skies will soon be cluttered with unmanned satellites, sending back a steady trickle of data useful to both the scientists and the military. In the race into space, the next step is to send up man himself. This may happen quite soon. Experts in Washington say they would not be surprised if the Soviets put a man into space at any moment. Within a year, if everything goes according to plan, the United States will launch its own volunteer.

The machine that will take the first United States man into space is a fantastic rocket-powered vehicle, the X-15, which, with its pencil-thin fuselage and its stubby, cleaver-shaped wings and tail, looks more like a guided missile than a plane. Nearly outbucking Buck Rogers, the X-15 is designed to fly at speeds up to 5000 miles per hour and altitudes of 200 miles, higher than the perigee, or lowermost orbiting point, of some of the satellites. The X-15 was conceived six years ago, as a joint venture of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA), the armed forces and industry. It is now being rushed to completion behind closely guarded screens at North American Aviation, Inc., in Los Angeles.

The man who will take the X-15 on its initial flights, sometimes called our first space man, is Alfred Scott Crossfield, age thirty-seven, the father of five children and a test pilot for North American. Virtually unknown outside the aviation industry, Crossfield is one of the world's most experienced rocket-plane pilots and a capable aeronautical engineer as well. For him the flight will be the culmination of months and years of brain-numbing technical work, delicate negotiations concerning his role in the venture, and a restless, pioneering drive to be first into space. Although Crossfield will be first to fly the X-15 into space, he is under orders to "hold back" all the way. Later, after Crossfield has tested the plane, it will be turned over to the Air Force, and Capt. Iven Kincheloe, who flew the rocket plane X-2 to the present world's altitude record of 126,200 feet, will fly the X-15 to its maximum altitudes and speeds. Kincheloe will alternate X-15 flights with NACA test pilot Joseph A. Walker, who will be seeking scientific data.

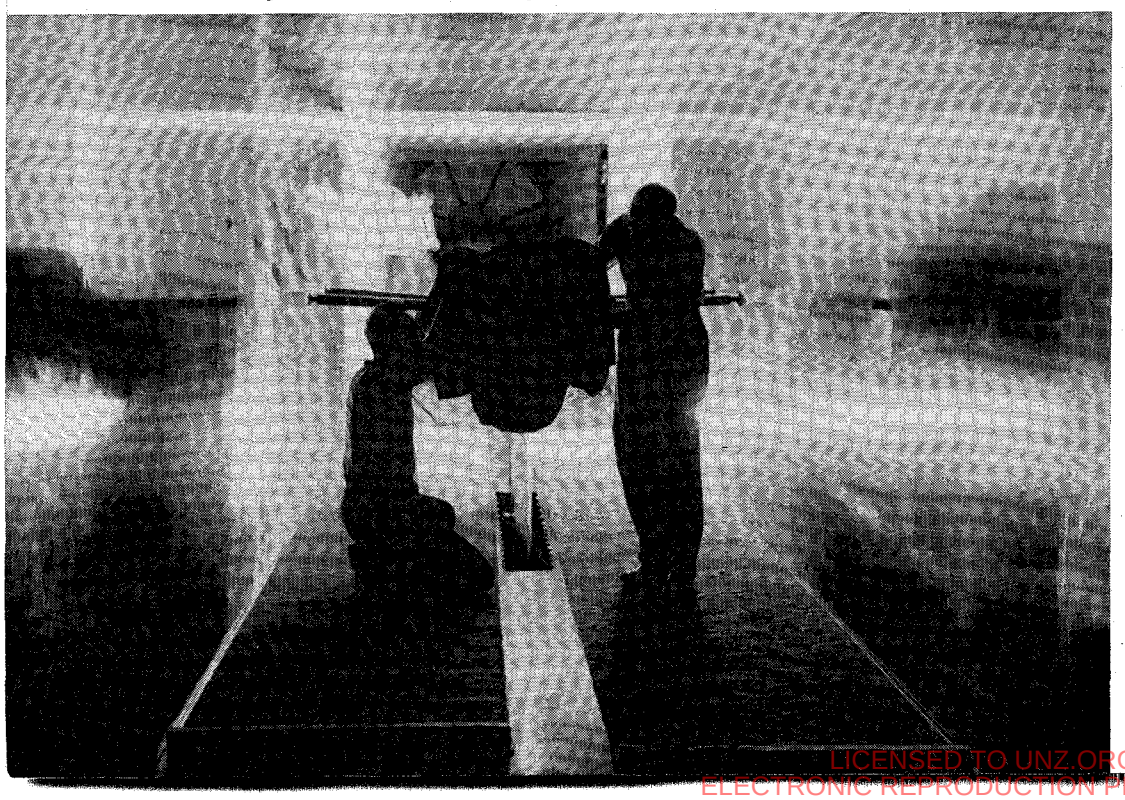
Even though Crossfield has orders to go slow, the first flight of the X-15 will be one of the most spectacular aerial shows man has ever staged. Some aviation experts believe the flight to be so perilous that Crossfield may not live to reap his rewards, whatever he may envision them to be. But Crossfield, who has worked as hard as any man to insure the success of the project, scoffs at (Continued on Page 46)



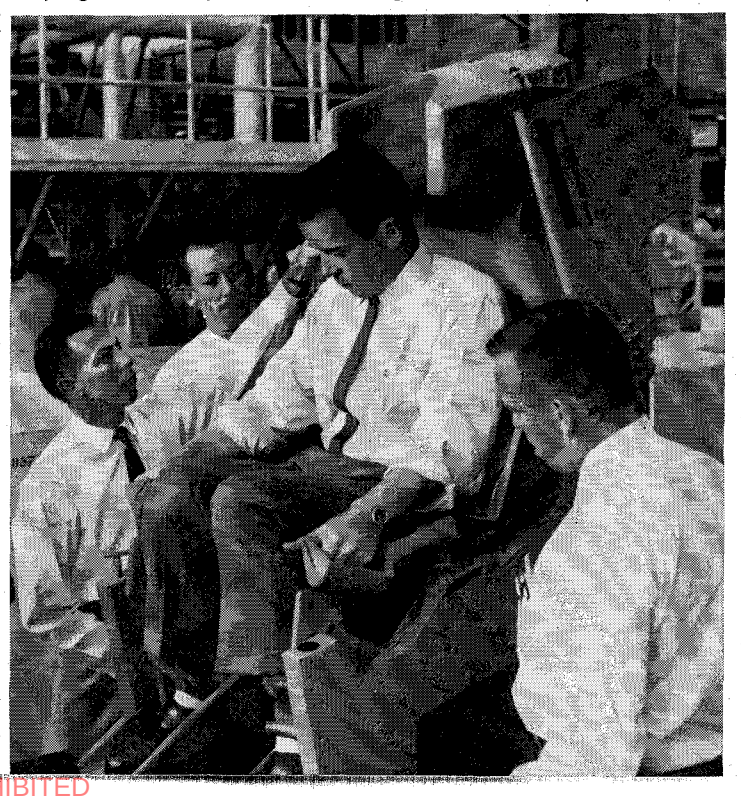
A drawing of the X-15. It is designed to go more than 200 miles away from the surface of the earth.

Crossfield believes progress has outrun planning. "Barriers exist only in the minds of men," he says.

Technicians adjust a wind-tunnel model of the X-15. (Security regulations required it to be draped before the picture was made.) Leading surfaces of the X-15 must withstand temperatures of 1000° F.



A test pilot checks the ejection seat. If the X-15 went out of control at very high levels the ejection seat would operate automatically at 40,000 feet.



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the look that passed between them.

Miss Carlsen is Mine . . . but to her, I'm only a caddie

By KEN W. PURDY

Johnny Lorenzo sat on the steps of the caddie shack and looked out across the course. It was a bit before seven o'clock and the sun was still low in the sky, but bright and hot. The ground sloped away under him to the 18th fairway; a rotary sprinkler sat there, the water drops it whisked out shimmering white against the grass. In the pine woods bordering the 6th fairway a crow called, and was answered, and angrily answered back.

When he heard the car's wheels crunching on the gravel driveway, Johnny stood up and ambled toward it. He was tall for his age, bony and angular. His head bobbed on his neck when he walked, and his red hair, dark with the water he used to tame it, shimmered oddly in the sun.

He opened the door. "Good morning, Miss Carlsen," he said.

"Good morning, Johnny," she said.

She came out of the automobile in a quick and fluid single movement and she almost seemed to bounce when her feet hit the ground. Johnny closed the door, forcing it firmly without a slam, and followed her. Now, with her back to him, he could look at her carefully. She was wearing the yellow dress, a kind of silk; a piece of bright cloth twisted to make a belt, and her favorite white shoes. She went directly to the first tee, where she knew Johnny would have left her clubs, the heads polished shiny, every ball clean white, ready to go. He tossed the bag to his shoulder, whipped out the driver with the air of a cavalier drawing his rapier, and stood a bit to one side and behind her. The ball was already teed up. She waggled the stick a couple of times, like a man, looked once down the fairway and drove it a straight two-hundred-odd yards. Johnny watched the ball as intently as he would if it were headed for the rough. When it stopped rolling, he lined it up on a tree and started for it. He had caddied for Diana Carlsen for two years, and in two years she had never lost a ball. After the first few rounds she had never had to ask him for a club, either. She just held out her hand and he gave her the one she was thinking of. He carried her brand of (Continued on Page 60)

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Harry Gillmore with his pet tapir, Henry. The books say the tapir is about the stupidest animal alive, but Gillmore has taught Henry to do tricks.

Harry Gillmore doctors Indonesians and beasts alike, grieves at the coming of civilization to remote Sumatra. A Post editor reports on

The Man Who Talks to Tapirs

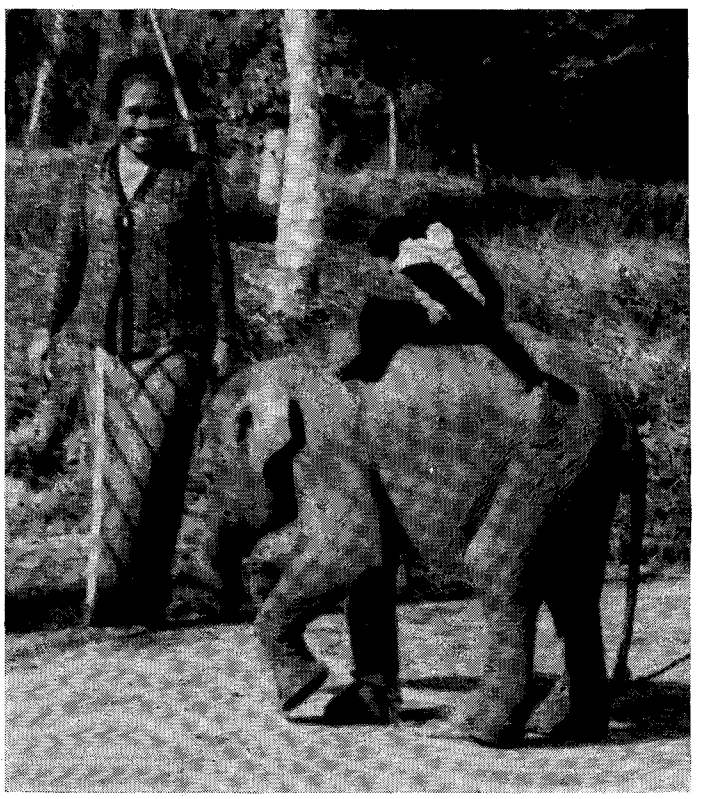
By Harold H. Martin

PALEMBANG, SUMATRA.

Whenever the oil people gather here to swap news of the jungle camps—which are not camps at all, but comfortable Stateside communities set down in the Sumatran wilderness—sooner or later the talk will turn to Harry Gillmore, his strange pets and his queer ways.

To the geologists and the tool pushers and the pipeline engineers, the jungle beyond their cottage doors is a miserable place, full of rots and fevers and biting insects, and inedible animals which, when provoked, will eat people or gore and trample them. And they go there for one reason only—because the oil is there, and they must find it and bring it out. But to Harry Gillmore—a high-school graduate whose mind is uncluttered with chemistry and the science of hydraulics—the deep forest is a place of wonder and delight. He walks in it as wide-eyed as a child, peering at every strange bird and beast and fruit and flower. And from the shy, wild jungle people he learns all the lore they have accumulated over a thousand years.

"Old Harry," said one admirer, "is a big, rough, tough-talking guy with a heart as soft as a mashed banana. He is a kind of combination St. Francis of Assisi and Doctor Schweitzer. He talks to the birds—mainly in cuss words—and they talk back to him. He'll trap anything that walks (Continued on Page 78)



Plop, the baby elephant, owes his life to Gillmore. He found the animal in the jungle, trapped and wounded.

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OUR HOUSEBOAT VACATION

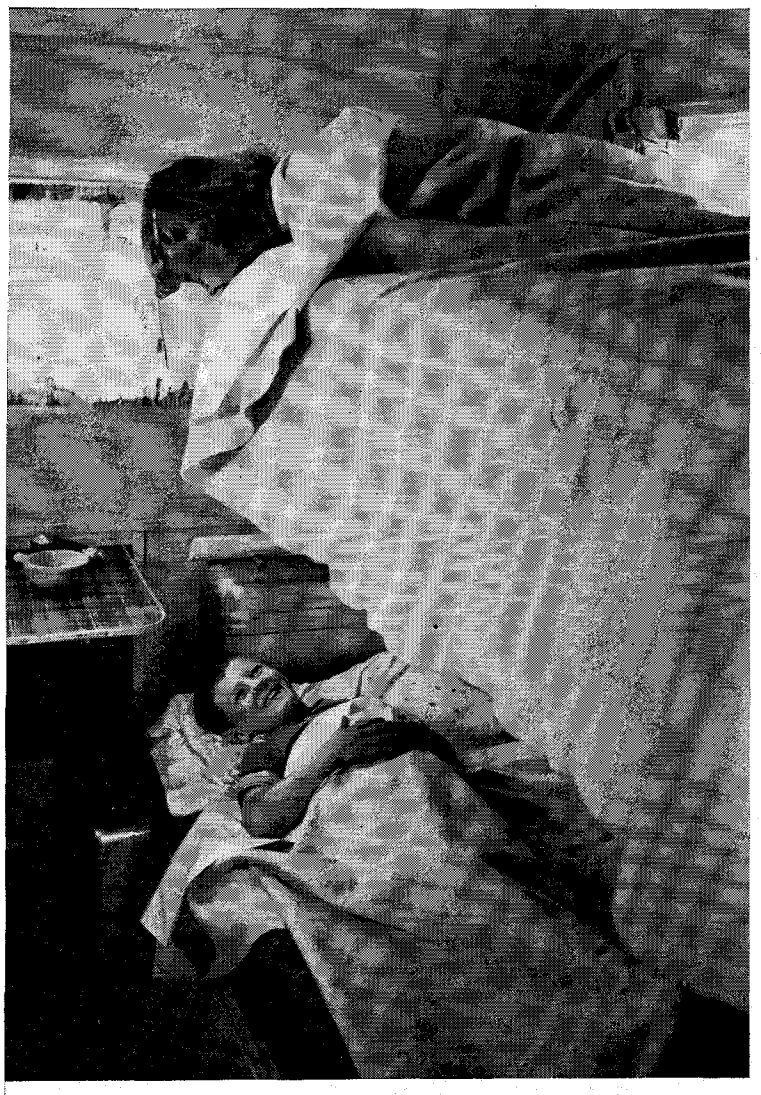
A Post editor and his wife took to the water in a new version of the old-time shanty boat. Here's his report on a low-cost voyage for the family.

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

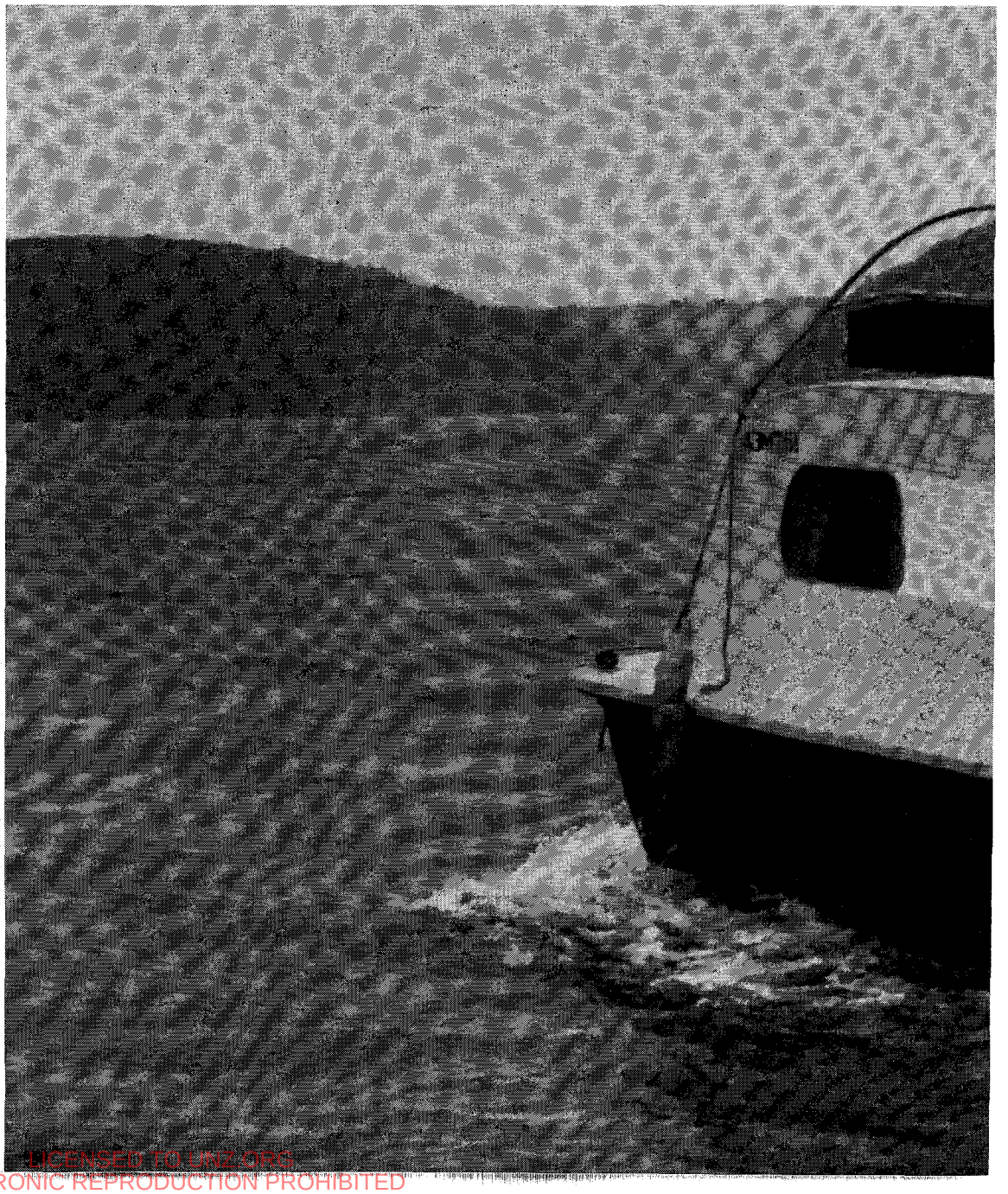
In 1879 Nathaniel Bishop, a bold boatman in a small boat, propelled himself and craft by oars and current down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and across the Gulf to Florida. He published a book about it, titled Four Months in a Sneak Box. The book not only defines a sneak box but with all respect to Mark Twain it contains some of the finest existing material on the heyday of shanty boats. The hard-working Bishop found great numbers of these craft floating downriver. He did not think much of them. He describes them as make-shift rafts on which rude houses had been erected. He did admit that they were commodious, carrying cookstoves and bunks and families and pets in their shanties, plus an inevitable table and chairs on deck for endless games of euchre.

Bishop suspected that a good deal of shanty-boat equipment consisted of stolen goods from upstream, and that edibles like pigs which appeared on their tables en route were liberated from riverside farmers. Aside from the effort involved in activities like these, the shanty-boaters did little but play cards, catch fish, drink whisky and float south. They may not have been indolent people, but they were thoroughly rested. They had another name for shanty boats. They called them family boats.

By whatever name, those boats are back, dressed to the teeth, thoroughly respectable and fitted with conveniences and power unheard of in shanty-boat times. They are truly family boats, riding the mighty postwar boom in boating which this year will see more than a billion dollars in sales of boats and equipment. They are back because boating is increasingly capturing the whole family, and the respectable descendant of the family boat, the modern houseboat, is showing the fastest percentage rise in all forms of boating. There are



Aboard the houseboat, Susan and John Goodrum, two of the author's young guests, try out the bunks. The craft's four beds are "amply wide" for adults, too, he says.



Right: Under way on Guntersville Lake, Alabama. This model, a 25-foot Dreamboat Vacationer, sells for $2595. With a 30-horsepower motor it's capable of 10 miles an hour.

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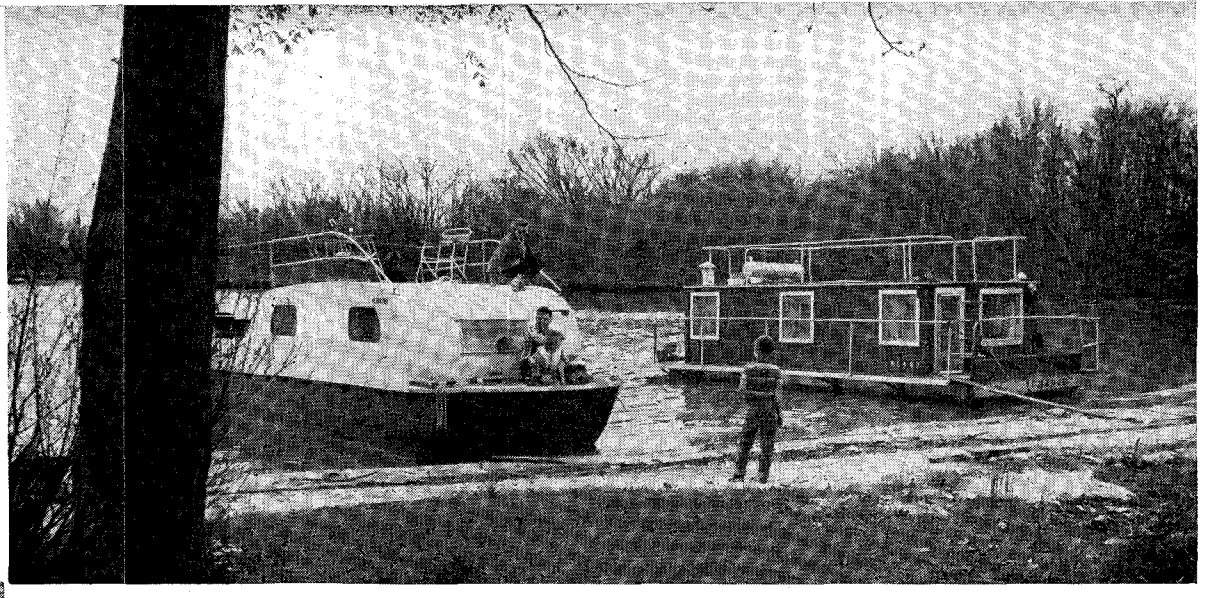
no organized statistics on today's houseboat industry. But it is clear that in the last five years the number of houseboat builders has increased geometrically. Stock models of houseboats are now built on production lines turning out, in several cases, one or more boats per day for lists of customers who must wait weeks for delivery.

This development is sudden. Before the war, the houseboat was usually a custom-built craft designed for an owner with strong ideas of nautical fun, an eccentric product for an



"A houseboat is a method of traveling without leaving home," says the author. Above, the Baums' craft comes ashore alongside still another version of the floating family shanty.

The boat's shallow draught enabled the skipper to beach it for a picnic at any likely spot.

eccentric owner. As late as 1954 a national boating magazine received with staff astonishment an advertisement offering a line of production houseboats. The magazine had seen no such copy in many, many years. Today it might well carry a half-dozen houseboat ads in a single issue. At the 1958 Chicago Boat Show ten houseboats were exhibited.

Houseboats are now available in aluminum, steel or plywood. There are a number of models which sell, without motors, below $3000. Considering them as homes free of real-estate taxes, one member of the boating fraternity has said, "I consider a houseboat the country's best real-estate buy." The houser has one disadvantage—it is usually slow. It will not compete with the speed of runabout or cruiser. On the other hand, it is seldom under compulsion to travel more than its ordinary speed of ten miles an hour. What the fast small boat is trying to reach may be already aboard the houseboat—food, shelter, recreation, home.

What has moved the houseboat an inconceivable distance from its forebears is the outboard motor and the automobile house trailer. The outboard motor provided a range of speed. A small motor (Continued on Page 75)

Photographs by Bill Shrout

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The Girl Who Had Accidents

By D. K. FINDLAY

Melissa's way of getting her man was risky but effective.

A girl had managed to get her foot caught in the grating of the moving stairs. It is practically impossible to do this, but she had done it with her little dagger heel, and the shoppers clustered around and business came to a standstill while she was being extricated.

She was a small girl with big eyes and an Italian haircut, and at the moment quite flustered. As soon as they got her loose she vanished like a trout into a pool. Her name was Melissa Blix and she came from Eastham Falls, New York State, and she was an employee of the store, in Display Advertising, and though no one knew it yet, she was as dangerous as a time bomb.

Two days later there was the affair of the bicycles in Sport Goods. People in Sport Goods are accustomed to strange incidents—like the time the lady shopper started an outboard motor and it threshed about the floor like a mad fish. That sort of thing is all in the day's work to Sport Goods, but even so, they had cause to remember Melissa.

She was just passing through when she was nearly hooked by a fisherman trying out a casting rod; she paused in the shelter of a stand of fifteen racing bicycles held upright in clamps. She was clipped from behind by a small boy on a racing tricycle, she sat down on a metal brace, snapping it. The nearest bicycle fell over on its side; then, in a rippling sequence, each one pulled over the next with a jingling, tingling crash that brought many adults in the vicinity to the brink of nervous collapse. Under the pile of bicycles they found Melissa, her eyes like saucers. She got out of there like a scalded cat.

It was her third accident that brought her to the attention of the store's Big Brass. There had been set up in the lobby a display of Dutch china in the semblance of a garden. The flower beds were made of gaily colored plates in racks, the taller plants were cups and saucers set on wire stems. It was an attractive sight, but it made Mr. Whinspoon, of China and Crystal, apprehensive. "What if someone walks into it?" he asked.

The garden was enclosed by posts and chains, but to make assurance doubly sure, the floor supervisor phoned to Display Advertising for some cutouts—figures larger than life to be stationed at strategic points as silent policemen. Along came the first cutout, the figure of a smiling Dutch girl, carried by a girl in a smock—a small, dark girl with big eyes and an Italian haircut.

"May I get through, please?" she said to the spectators surrounding the display.

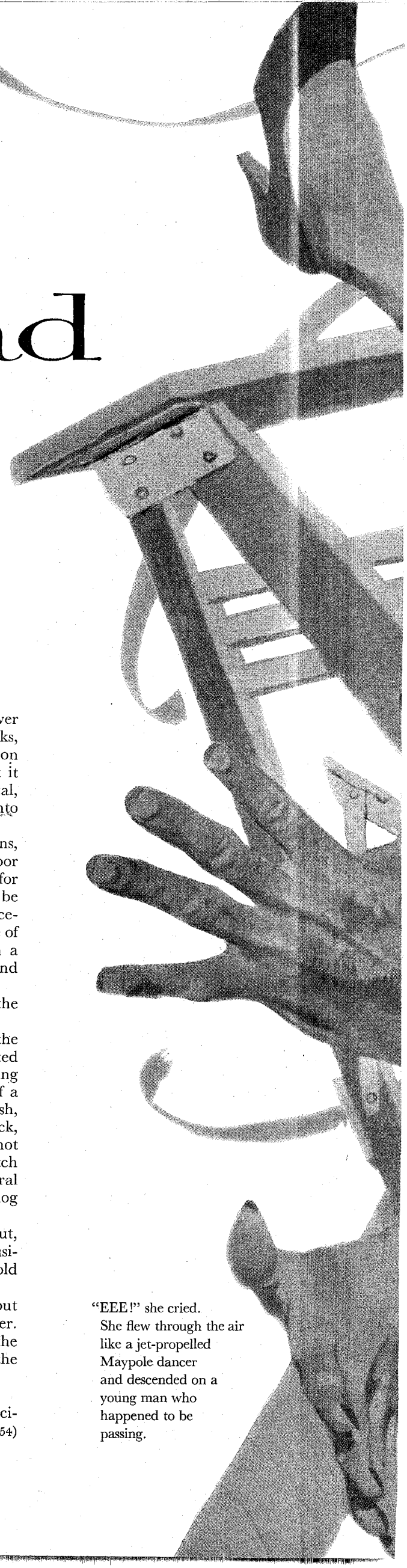
A little man who had been staring at the cups and saucers in a worried way looked around and saw a huge Dutch figure looming over him; he started back into the arms of a lady wrestling fan, who gave him a good push, which sent him against the girl in the smock, who fell over the loop of the chain and shot from the cutout like a catapult into the Dutch garden, with a noise that reminded several husbands of that time they fell over the dog with a tray of the wife's best glasses.

It was a bad day for China and Crystal, but, on the other hand, it brought a rush of business to the Drug Department, which was sold out of tranquilizers in no time.

They dug Melissa out of the wreckage—but now the sharp-eyed supervisor recognized her.

"Hey! Aren't you the girl who stopped the stairs? And the one who knocked over all the bicycles? You better come along with me."

Her case came before the Big Brass. Accident-prone, they (Continued on Page 54)



"EEE!" she cried. She flew through the air like a jet-propelled Maypole dancer and descended on a young man who happened to be passing.

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

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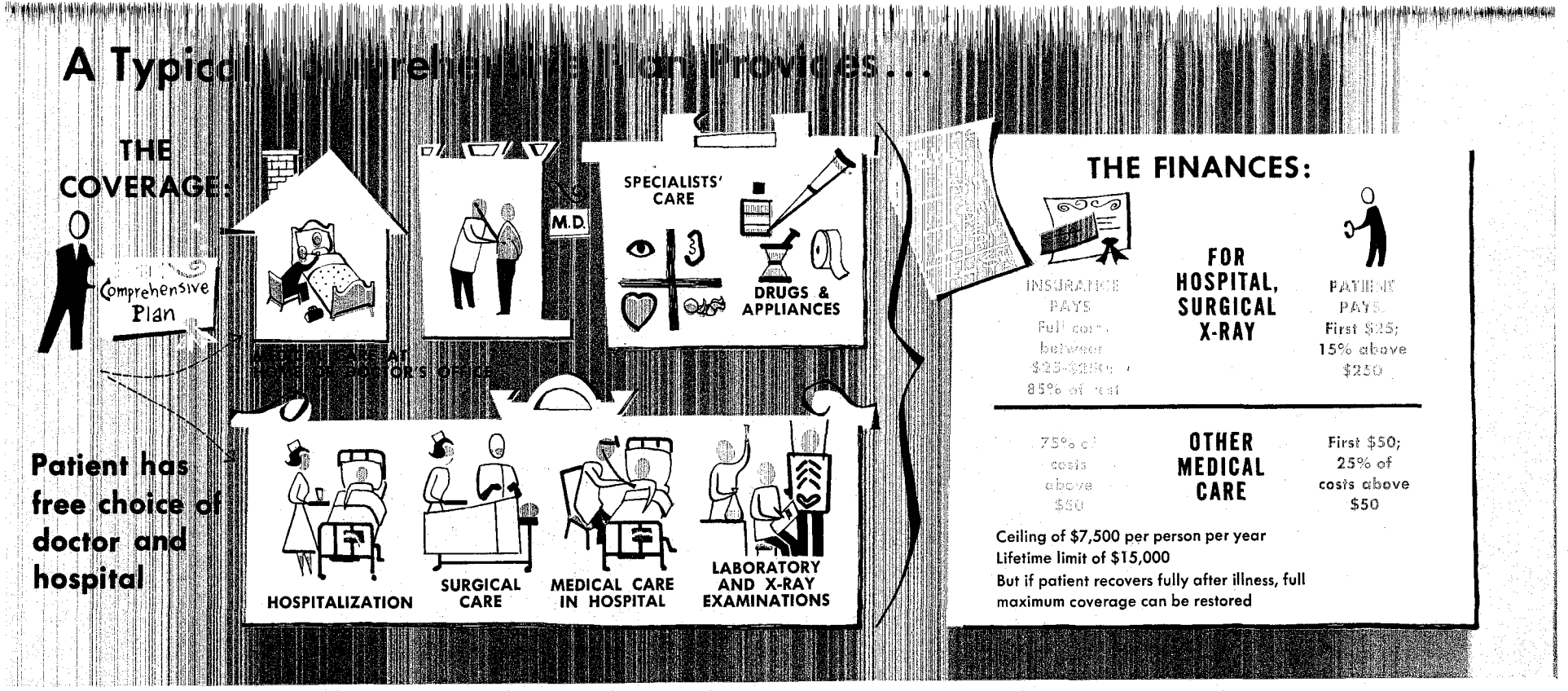
A Typical Comprehensive Plan Provides . . .
THE COVERAGE:
Comprehensive Plan
Patient has free choice of doctor and hospital
M.D.
SPECIALISTS' CARE
DRUGS & APPLIANCES
HOSPITALIZATION
SURGICAL CARE
MEDICAL CARE IN HOSPITAL
LABORATORY AND X-RAY EXAMINATIONS
THE FINANCES:
INSURANCE PAYS Full cost between $25-$250; 85% of rest
FOR HOSPITAL, SURGICAL X-RAY
PATIENT PAYS First $25; 15% above $250
75% of costs above $50
OTHER MEDICAL CARE
First $50; 25% of costs above $50
Ceiling of $7,500 per person per year
Lifetime limit of $15,000
But if patient recovers fully after illness, full maximum coverage can be restored

THE POST REPORTS ON HEALTH INSURANCE

Is This the Pattern of the Future?

Here's how employees of one company prepay all their family medical bills via a comprehensive group plan. For them, sickness can never mean financial ruin.

By Milton Silverman

Charles Horton (below), a G.E. employee, suffered a broken hip in an automobile accident last February. His hospital bill amounted to more than twenty-four hundred dollars, but his company's comprehensive plan will pay about 85% of it.

Conclusion

For many years, a number of General Electric engineers and executives had been members of a private association called the Elfun Society. At their meetings in Schenectady, New York, and other cities, they talked about community service projects, company improvements and how to invest their savings in stocks and bonds. Also, since many of the members were young men with growing families, they talked informally about school setups, Parent-Teacher Associations, household budgets and medical bills.

"It's those medical bills that really scare the daylights out of me," an engineer said, one evening back in 1948. "We're on such a tight budget at our house that one serious illness could wreck us."

"Why don't you get some health insurance?" a friend asked.

"You mean the kind that'll pay a couple of hundred bucks if you get sick? That wouldn't help. A couple of hundred—I could pay that without too much trouble. But what do I do if I get hit with a bill for a thousand dollars? Or two thousand? Even on my salary, that'd be a catastrophe!"

"So get some insurance that just pays the big bills."

"I tried," said the engineer. "There isn't any such thing."

At the time, the G.E. men discovered, no insurance company was prepared to provide protection against the costs of medical catastrophes. They went to friends in the insurance industry and urged them to try such policies, but they were repeatedly turned down.

(Continued on Page 100)

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He felt the jarring, smashing, winding shock of impact. Then he was sprawling on the ground, with the stampede streaming past.

DISASTER IN THE OUTBACK

When a man drives his cattle through 800 miles of remote Australia, danger rides with him.

By EDWARD LINDALL

It was that hour at the end of day, and the watering, which had started at noon, was done. The camp was slowing down. There was no more bawling of thirsty cattle, the dust of their hoofs had settled, and the red hills on the far horizon, catching the dying sun, reared up like fires from the gray expanse of plain.

Matt Gibson stood by the wagon, legs astride, savoring the pleasantness of tired muscles and the thought that here, at Bore 26, the drove was halfway through. Another four hundred miles and he would be settling into his new station homestead of Bulowie Springs. A smile tugged at his stern mouth. Then it died as Billy Andrews came trudging from the horse lines, toting his heavy stock saddle like a veteran. Swaggering like one. Billy was nine years old. "D'you know what?" Billy said.

He squinted up at Gibson with an attempt at nonchalance, betrayed by blue eyes sparkling with excitement. The freckles across his nose and cheekbones seemed to dance.

"No," Gibson said.

"There's been natives following us all day," Billy said. "They're out there now—in that gully."

"I know," Gibson said.

The boy put down his saddle. "Let's get out the guns," he said eagerly. "We could go out and drive them off before they set an ambush."

"What guns?" Gibson asked.

"You know. In that box," the boy said impatiently. "In the (Continued on Page 96)

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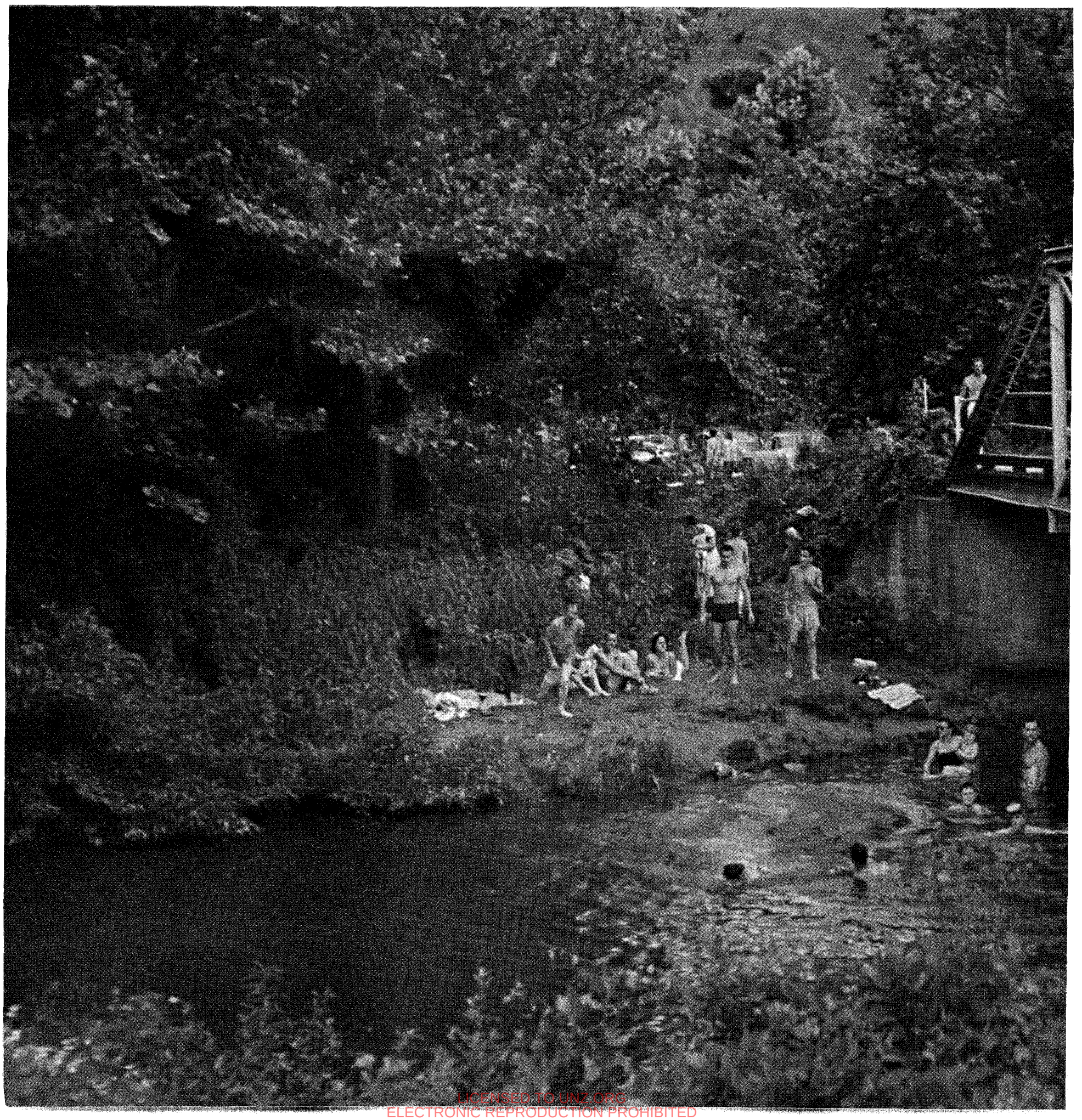
The Face of AMERICA

The Perfect Month



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James Russell Lowell expressed the sentiments of most of us when he wrote, "And what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days." It's a month of beguiling scents and radiant light, when the land is most benign. It's the leisurely time of year, when one's mind is drawn irresistibly to thoughts of a dip in some cool rural stream or pool or local swimming hole. On June sixteenth last year these people were drawn to a community watering place in North Carolina's Blue Ridge Mountains, just off Route 221 where the North Cove Bridge crosses the North Fork Catawba River. It was a warm day and everybody hit the water with a giddying splash of wet well-being—the kind of sensation that lingers in the memory forever as being part of June. • Photograph by Don Hunter

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Botts Takes the Bait

How could the world's smartest salesman fall for such an old bamboozle?

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF GILBERT HENDERSON, PRESIDENT

Wednesday, May 7, 1958

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS
SALES MANAGER, EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.
ESSEX HOUSE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Dear Botts: I have recently received disturbing reports about Tom Fenton, our dealer in Lorraine, Indiana. Apparently he is too excitable, and he becomes involved in violent arguments with his customers.

I suggest that you call on Tom in the near future and see if you can calm him down a bit. Be sure to remind him that it is a basic policy of the company NEVER—repeat, NEVER—to argue with a customer.

Most sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON

Hotel Lorraine
Lorraine, Indiana
Friday, May 9, 1958

Dear Henderson: As requested in your letter, I came down to Lorraine this morning and called on Tom Fenton. When I entered his office I found him shouting angrily into the telephone: "You can't do this to me, you big bum! I'll show you!" He slammed down the telephone and looked up at me. "I'm going out there and I'm going to show that baboon right where he gets off at."

"And just who is this baboon?"

"His name is Edward Markham. He's a customer of mine."

At this point, Henderson, I realized that you were perfectly right in your feeling that Tom has been developing an unfortunate approach to his customers. It was clearly up to me to do something about the situation. So I promptly swung into action.

"What seems to be the trouble?" I asked.

This stirred Tom to another torrent of abusive language, but he finally calmed down enough to explain that Mr. Markham is a local contractor who has a job at a new airport near here, putting in runways, roads and foundations for a group of buildings.

"Mr. Markham already owns a certain amount of Earthworm equipment," said Tom, "and a few weeks ago he ordered one of our latest-model Earthworm Little Wonder power shovels. The list price is forty-five thousand dollars. He agreed to pay fifteen thousand down and the balance spread over two years."

"It sounds like a reasonable deal," I said.

"But wait till you hear what has happened. The shovel arrived early this week. We got it set up and serviced. This morning we were all ready to haul it out to the airport to deliver it. And then, just as you came in, Mr. Botts, the telephone rang. It was Mr. Markham. He said he was canceling the order for the shovel."

"Did he give any reason?"

"No, Mr. Botts. When I tried to ask him he just hung up on me. It's a lousy trick. I don't know any other place to sell that shovel around here—not right now, anyway. So I'm probably stuck with it indefinitely. But I'll show that crook that he can't get by with anything like this. What he needs is a good poke in the nose, and I'm the man to give it to him."

At this point it occurred to me that now was the time for me to start trying to quiet this bird down. Most people, of course, would have started arguing, but not Alexander Botts. In the matter of arguing, Henderson, I go even further than you. Not only do I never argue with a customer; I never argue with anybody unless it is absolutely necessary. In this case I used the soft, or melted-butter approach.

"Tom," I said, "I know exactly how you feel. I would not blame you if you went out and administered to this Mr. Markham an adequate number of well-deserved smacks in the snoot and kicks in the pants. I sympathize with you so completely that I want to help you give this character the sort of treatment he needs. And if I am going to do this, I would naturally want some share in planning the attack."

"Fair enough."

"I assume you are more interested in selling the shovel and getting your money than you are in beating up Mr. Markham?"

"Probably," said Tom, although his tone indicated he would almost prefer a good fight.

"All right, then. When we reach Mr. Markham's place I want you to stay outside and let me talk to him alone. Before we resort to force, I want to try a little diplomacy on him."

"Suppose your diplomacy doesn't work?"

"Then I will call you in and we can use more direct measures."

After considerable hesitation, Tom reluctantly agreed, and we drove to the airport, a distance of about two miles. Leaving Tom in the car, I entered Mr. Markham's office, a small room at one (Continued on Page 62)

He darted outside, the policemen pursuing him.

Illustrated by Walter Skov

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"Hey!" said one of the policemen. "Come back here."

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Welk calls the four Lennon sisters, here flocked around him at a rehearsal lunch, "The nicest thing that has happened to me in years." They are Dianne (in pincurls, second from left), Janet, Peggy and Kathy.

I CALL ON LAWRENCE WELK

By PETE MARTIN

TV's No. 1 band leader tells a Post editor about the troubles he has with his musicians' private lives, and other secrets he never reveals to his audience.

I'd like to get this over fast. I like Lawrence Welk's music. Each week Welk, a blunt-jawed man of Alsatian descent, serves his music up to a multimillion audience and, as anyone knows, if you are one of such a large number, you must be a member of the *hoi polloi*. I think I can explain this weakness logically. I'm no cool cat. No hipster. I'm not even way out. Certainly I'm not disaffiliated—which is farther out than way out. I go for the rinky-tink and I don't dig the straight classical. I've slept through at least one opera (The Bartered Bride), and in my opinion some of the people who rave about Gilbert and Sullivan do so because they think it's smart. I'm not gone on Shostakovich or Poulenc or Hindemith. In fact, I don't even know who Poulenc and Hindemith are, although I gather they are long-haired and over there to the left of classical.

Personally, I think Dixieland is the most, but I can't even discuss "authentic" or "pure" jazz with a real cat for more than one sentence without floundering. When jazz gets more esoteric than the Livery Stable or Basin Street Blues, it's too esoteric for me.

I know this confession will make me sound like a musical moron. But I don't really believe that being a musical moron is the whole reason I get with Welk's music. My personal musical structure is based on nostalgia. My memories are sentimental. They're cornball; even prehistoric. So what? I'll hold still for that definition.

Among the bricks of my music house are Guy Lombardo's and Vincent Lopez's bands; Paul Whiteman's huge, smooth group; three vo-de-oh types—The Rhythm Boys; Meyer Davis bands hired by the managements of various junior proms and senior balls; other bands pouring forth Sweetheart of Sigma Chi and Goodnight, Sweetheart from lakeside pavilions in summer vacations.

When Pete Fountain, who plays a hot clarinet for Welk, wraps his lips around his mouthpiece and begins to toss his head, it's one with the music I heard in the College Inn at the Sherman (Continued on Page 91)

At the Aragon Ballroom in Ocean Park, Calif., Welk dances with his "Champagne Lady," Alice Lon. At the mike at left is clarinetist Pete Fountain.

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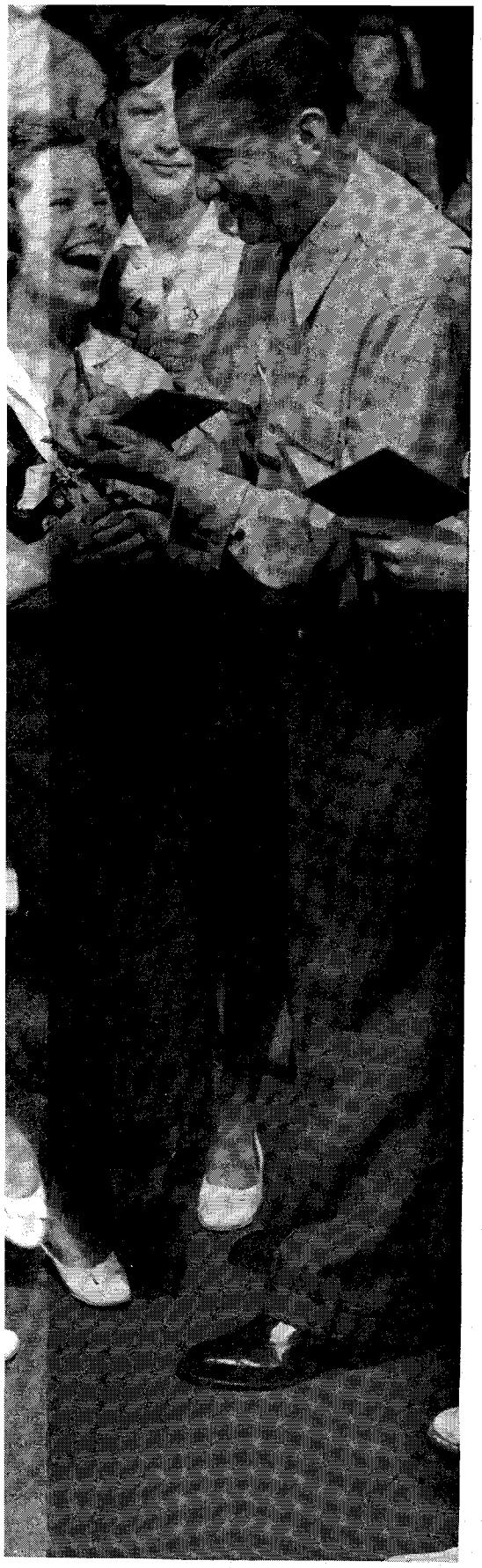
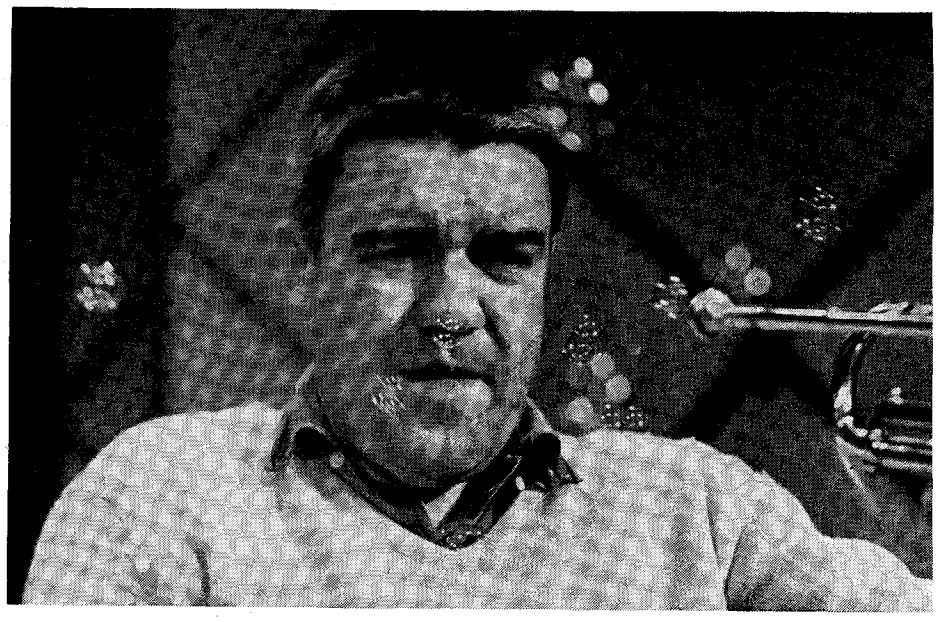


earsal to give autographs to Girl Scout visitors.
ıesis of rock'n'roll, many teen-agers like him.

Left: A high spot of Welk's show comes when he chooses some fortunate matron to be his dancing partner.



Rocky Rockwell, versatile singer-musician, has been with Welk for 6 years. Here, as a gag, he adds bubbles to the "Champagne Music."

Featured accordionist Myron Floren, an 8-year veteran of the band, specializes in polkas.

Deep-voiced, lean-faced Larry Hooper is one of Welk's most popular singers.

The sentimental sounds of Dick Kessner's muted violin typify Welk's formula: Stick to the melody and keep a "ballroom feeling."

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"There's always the chance we'll find a big nugget when we're poking around the bottom," says skin-diver Neil Barrett (third from left), here in the American River.

GOLD RUSH EVERY WEEKEND

By ROBERT CAHN

California's Mother Lode country still offers dust and nuggets free for the finding. Anyone can be a prospector, and maybe even strike a bonanza.

"Sure there's plenty of gold still in them hills," the old-timer told us. "Why, just the other day I heard of somebody snipin' up in Volcano Canyon and findin' a piece that weighed five pounds. But I've worked that same area over and over and never got anything even big as a pea."

My wife, Pat, and I were sitting on the steps of Rudy Schlein's cabin near Pilot Hill, California, a hundred miles northeast of San Francisco, trying to pick up some information about what was going on these days in the California gold country.

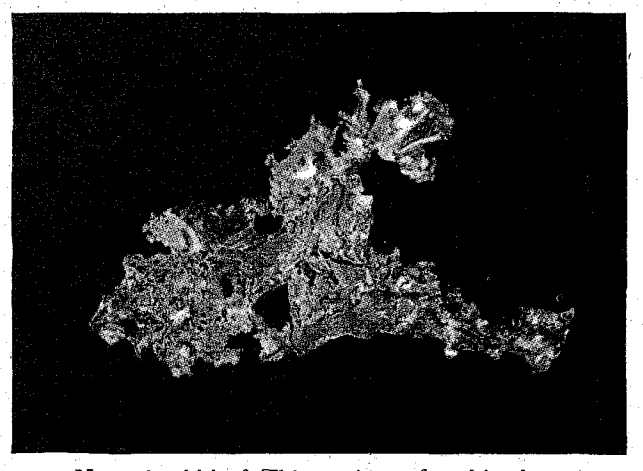
According to state mining officials, gold mining was practically dead in California. Yet we had been hearing rumors about people finding thousand-dollar nuggets on river banks and of campers making as much as twenty dollars a day in gold dust. So we had come to California's fabled Mother Lode country to find out for ourselves.

"What about these rumors?" we asked Rudy, a seventy-three-year-old, bewhiskered prospector who was reputed to be on intimate terms with every rock in the Sierran gold belt. Could a person still make a living out of gold?

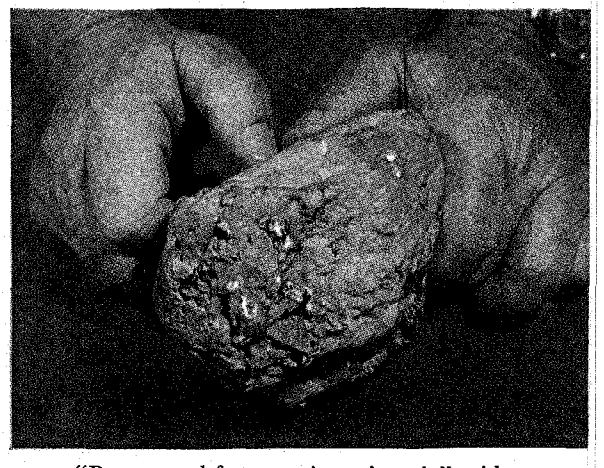
"There's an old sayin' that 'gold is where you find it,'" Rudy answered. He tamped down the tobacco in his pipe, relit it, then leaned back in his chair. "More rightly it ought to be, 'gold is where you can't find it.' A lot of folks go prospectin' these days, but I don't think any of 'em are gettin' much. Oh, you can find a few flakes almost any place 'round here, and, if you work real hard, can make mebbe three, four dollars a day. And once in a blue moon someone lucks onto a big piece."

(Continued on Page 87)

In his vault at Angels Camp, bank manager Charles Crespi displays (below and at right) part of his $50,000 collection of raw gold.



Natural gold leaf: This specimen, found in clay, weighs 2¾ ounces. Because of its unusual size, it is worth more as a collector's item than as treasure marketable at the $35-an-ounce rate.



"Pretty good for ten minutes' work," said prospector Pete Cook about his Volcano Canyon discovery (above). He turned it up in the tailings of the old Paragon Mine, later sold it for $1000.

Photographs by Gene Lester

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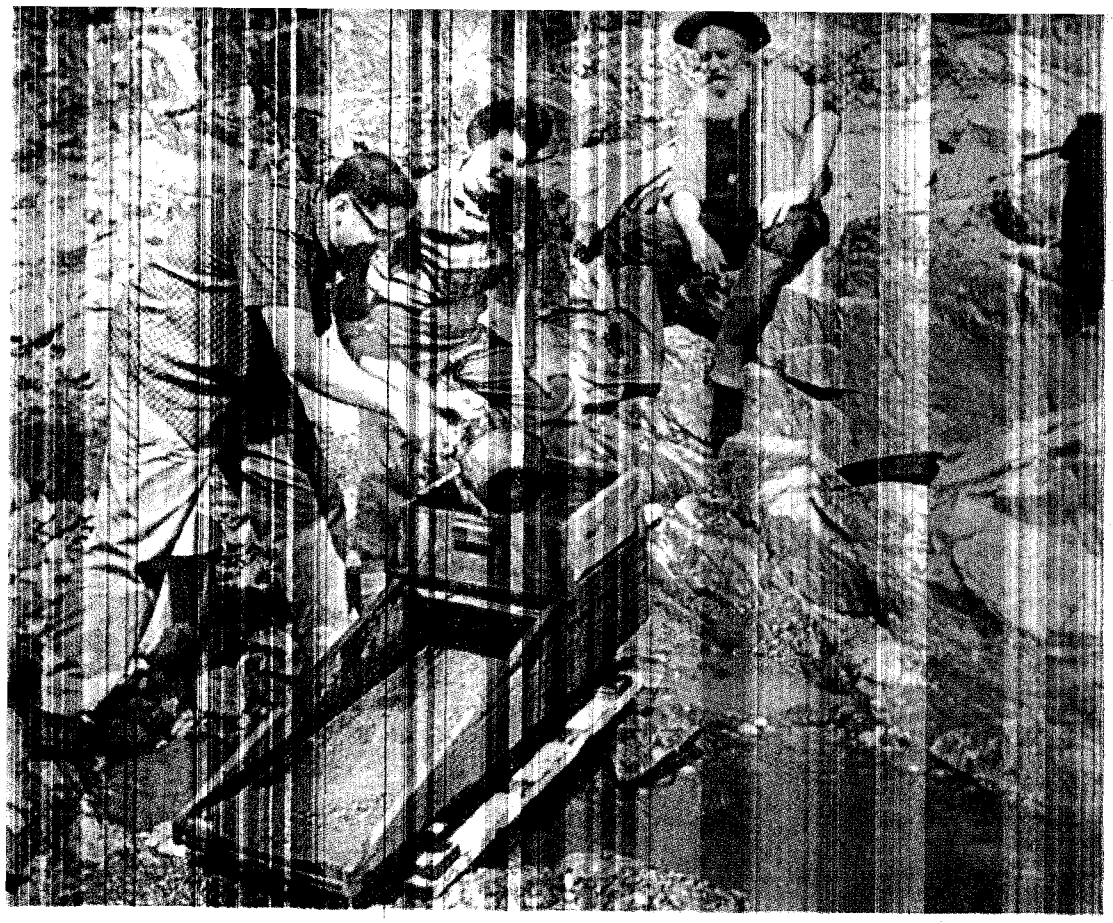
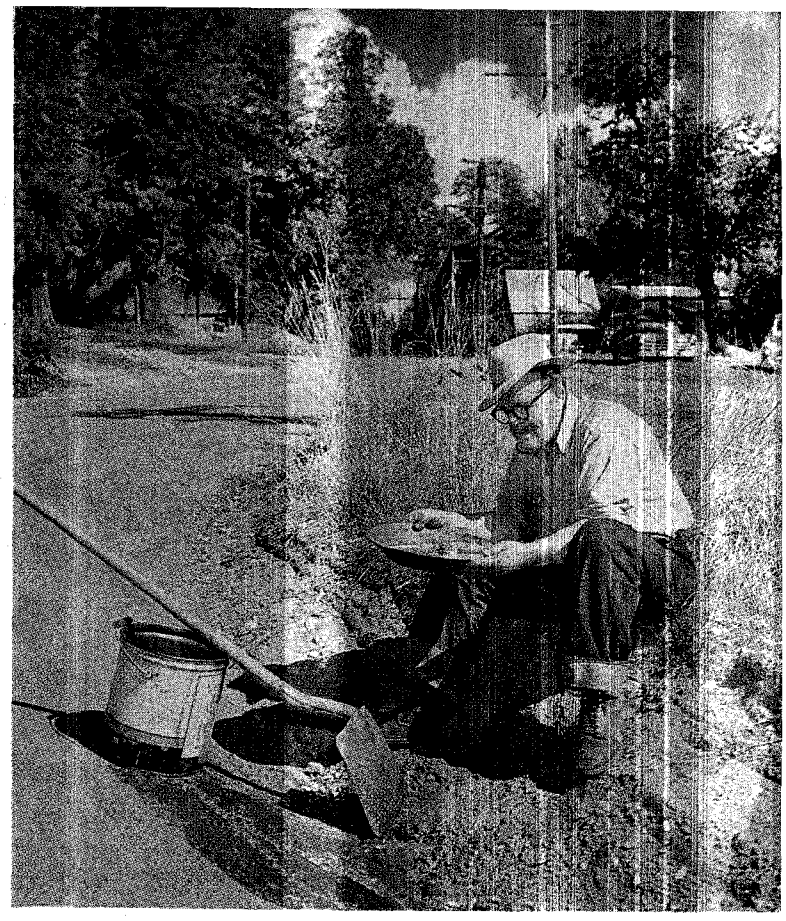
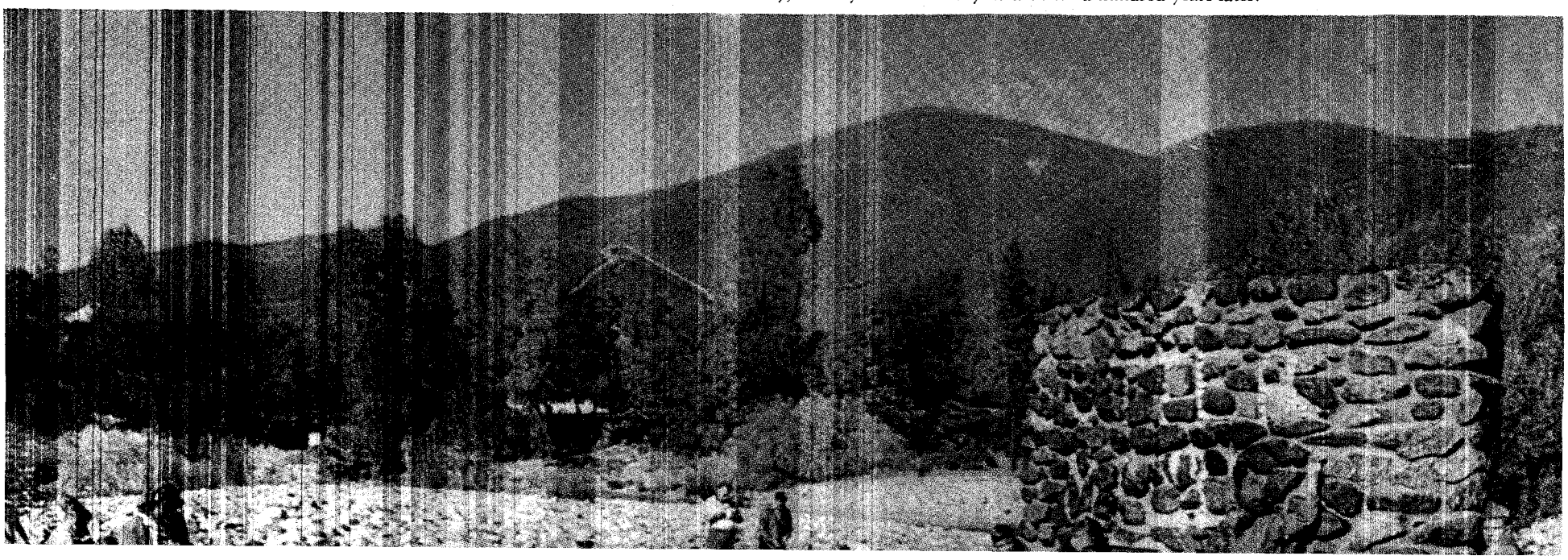


The author works a gold cradle while his wife and old-timer Rudy Schlein watch for the telltale glint of a find. The miners used this type of device to speed the laborious panning process.



Prospector Jack Hancock makes good his boast that he can find gold even on the main street of Dutch Flat.

Weekend gold rush: At Sutter's Mill, site of the famous 1848 discovery, Sunday miners still try their luck—a hundred years later.



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Post Scripts

The Work-Like-a-Dog Days

I can't agree with Porgy's rhyme;
The sentiment is cheesy:
Who ever thought of summertime
As when the livin's easy?

You seed and weed and mulch and hoe;
You clean and paint the kitchen;
There's grass to cut and hay to mow—
You're always in there pitchin'.

You picnic or you cook outdoors;
No cinch, preparing food;
And if you stray to ocean shores
You, too, are barbecued.

Well, Bess, if yo's my woman now,
No harm, I guess, in axin':
Ain't wintertime about a thou-
Sand times the more relaxin'?

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Night-Club Nocturne

The gilt, the steaks,
And the drinks are thin,
But the air is thick,
And so is the din.

The floor show's new,
The gags antique.
The drums are strong
And the singers weak.

The necklines are low,
And ditto the lights.
But the guests and the tabs
Are as high as kites!

PENNY PENNINGTON

"Then I saw this bottle with a sign on it, 'Drink Me.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Let's Just Can What We Can, Shall We?

Sometimes my wife doesn't seem to hear what I tell her. This morning at breakfast I was trying to explain our missile program to her.

"Dear," I said, squeezing orange juice into a spoon, "have you ever heard of Dr. Wernher von Braun?"

"Is he the one Mrs. Tipple goes to for hives?"

"Hardly," I said. "Doctor von Braun is the scientist in charge of our missile development."

"Oh."

"According to this article by Doctor von Braun, in a few years man will think nothing of sealing himself in a metal container and hurling himself to the moon at a speed of 25,000 miles an hour."

"I don't think much of it myself."

"And in future times," I said, waving my butter knife toward the heavens, "our children's children may visit distant Vega."

"That terrible gambling place?" said my wife. "I hope not!"

"I can easily see myself as a space pilot," I mused, "cutting my atomic motors as I go into free-fall over some earth-type planet in the Vega system, trillions of miles from our earth."

"Yes?"

"Yes. A planet," I said, "where, due to a difference in gravity, a man might weigh as little as twenty pounds. Think of it! . . . How long do you suppose it would take a very fast space ship to reach Vega?"

"An hour?"

"An hour!" I cried in astonishment.

"Oh. Excuse me, dear. I was thinking of how long it would take you to pick the cherries. I am going to put up preserved cherries this morning."

"Oh. Well, according to Doctor von Braun, it would take about ninety years for a space ship to reach Vega."

"A jarring thought," said my wife. "And speaking of jars, will you go down cellar and bring up the jelly glasses?"

"Certainly, dear. . . . Doctor von Braun goes on to say that man is at present standing on the threshold of space. That he will go out, out ——"

"Before you go out, out," said my wife, "don't forget to go down, down and get the jelly glasses."

"I will," I said crossly, "I will. But first, try to grasp the wonder of the coming age of space travel. Man is reaching up, up ——"

"As if he was picking cherries?" said my wife.

"Oh, all right," I said.

I went to get the ladder.

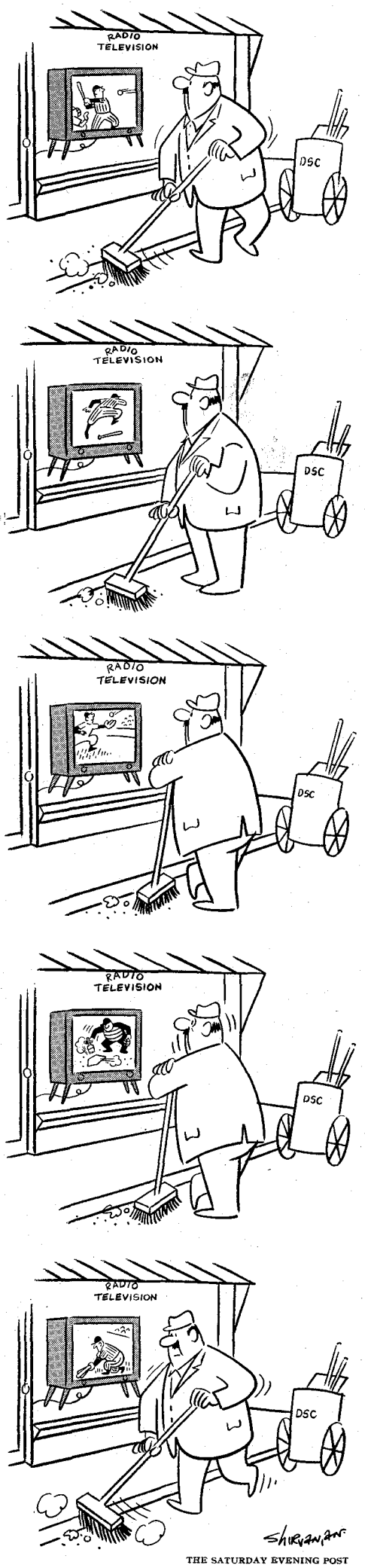
The thing about picking cherries is that you look up and see a good place where the cherries look ripe, but when you get up on the ladder the cherries are all beyond reach.

I was standing on the ladder with the gum off the tree on my clothes, and my hands black and gooey and full of sap from pulling branches toward me, when I perceived my wife at the bottom of the ladder. She was carrying my old felt hat.

"I've brought your space helmet," she said. "But don't get the idea you're weightless and go into a free-fall out of that tree. Remember, on a planet this size you weigh one hundred and eighty-four pounds."

Women just don't understand the romance of space travel.

JOHN BAILEY



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Financial Statement

"You can't take it with you," they've told me for years,
And I've wisdom enough to perceive it.
What's more, from the way that it's going, I doubt
That I'll even be able to leave it.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Sad Tales

With stories dull as morning mist,
I get details when I want the gist;
But with racy ones, it never fails—
I get the gist when I want details.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF

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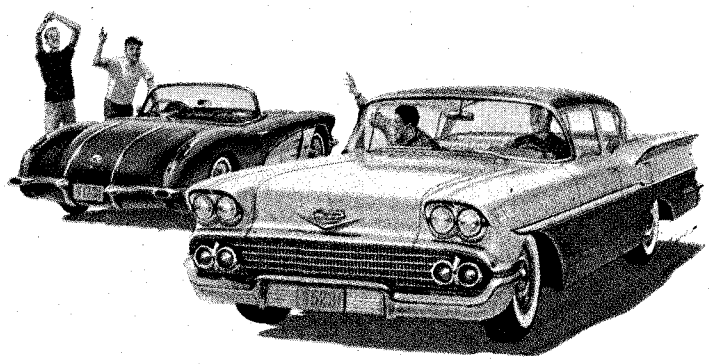
The Biscayne 4-Door Sedan with Body by Fisher. Every window of every Chevrolet is Safety Plate *Glass.*

YOU'LL GET THAT CHEVY FEELING—FAST, *when you discover how quickly and surely this car responds, how beautifully it behaves. And the ride makes roads seem as smooth as sea-packed sand!*

Wait till you're breezing along with the rapid response of a Turbo-Thrust V8* under your toe and you feel Chevy's easy, accurate steering, its Full Coil smoothness and the road-holding balance of its low-slung build. You can't help but get that Chevy feeling! This is the kind of spirit that's catching. It comes over you the moment your hands curve around that slim steering wheel, and it just keeps mounting every mile you drive.

That's why you ought to sample one. You can *see* Chevrolet's the most completely new car in its class. Besides, you'll find that Chevrolet prices start right down at the bottom of the ladder. And that Chevy's got all kinds of luxury options available, including a real air ride at extra cost. But you have to feel Chevy's pulse out on the road to discover all the life and pure driving pleasure that's packed into those long, low lines. Let your Chevrolet dealer arrange it. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

**Optional at extra cost*



CHEVROLET

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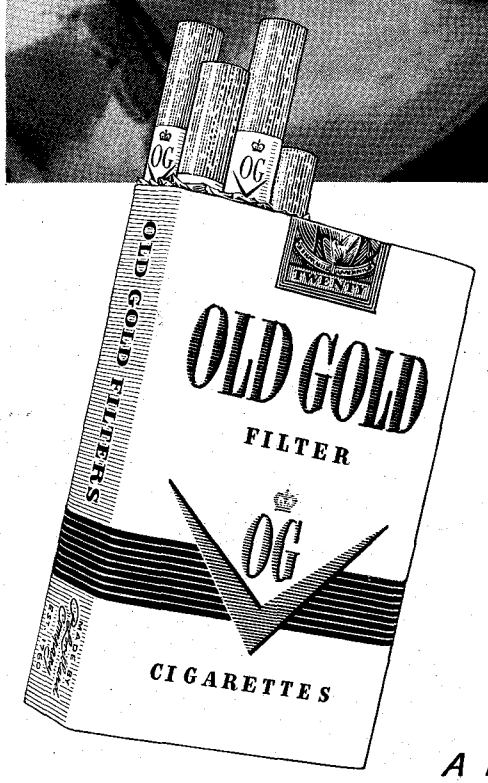
Announcing OLD GOLD'S NEW SPIN FILTER

CIRCULATES THE SMOKE...FOR A COOL, MILD, CLEAN TASTE!

NEW SPIN FILTER
It's a known fact . . . the further smoke circulates—the cooler and milder it becomes.
Old Gold's new Spin Filter creates new filtering channels to give increased filter exposure . . . makes the smoke taste cool and mild before you inhale. Yet the true tobacco taste comes through!



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THE CHAINS OF FEAR

By NIKOLAI NAROKOV

In mortal terror,
each prisoner
awaited his summons.

Evlalia Grigorievna, typist, was caught in the machinery of the Stalinist state. Her husband, Vadim, and father, Grigory, had been imprisoned as subversives. Evlalia herself, through the friendship of an official named Semenov, was placed in a position that doubled her earnings. Happy to have more for her small son, Shurik, and yet wary of Semenov's strangely protective attitude, Evlalia found herself depending more and more on this mysterious, party-minded man.

Meanwhile, iron-handed security boss Lyubkin told his men to get confessions at all costs. But he did not reckon that one of these confessions would implicate himself and his deputy, Suprunov. When the petty official Variskin was enticed to confess to Yakhontov, the interrogator, by promises of prestige in an elite group called the "ten thousand," he invented a group called the Black Hundred, supposedly led by Lyubkin and Suprunov. Now Yakhontov was the unwilling possessor of dangerous information, and he made the mistake of confiding it to Suprunov. Suprunov, under Lyubkin's direction, shot Yakhontov and prepared to liquidate Variskin. And Lyubkin, able to order death for innocent men without emotion, found himself deeply shaken by another confession: his mistress, Elena, told him that she loved him.

V

When Suprunov had gone, Lyubkin sat for a time thinking. At last he got up and began walking around his office. So that was settled—all cleared away. With satisfaction, he noted that his lust for work, so long absent, had returned. He called in the chief of the Administrative Section to ask him about routine. He talked at length with the quarters' commandant. Then he went back to the Trotskyite case. Only yesterday it had made no sense to him; now, without difficulty, he found the point around which to wind all the loose ends.

But all at once he was gripped by an impatient desire, reached for the telephone and dialed the number.

"Hello."

"What are you doing?" he asked tenderly.

"Nothing." He guessed she was smiling. "Will you be coming over?"

He hesitated. "It would be better tomorrow," he said finally. "I only wanted to hear your voice. Go to sleep."

She sighed. "Then you aren't coming?"

"I can't. Tomorrow, perhaps."

"Well, all right then! I don't love you!" Her voice was capricious, teasing, but she hung up and the contact was broken. In the receiver, far-off, indistinct voices hummed and resounded. He waited a few moments, as if loath to part with the receiver, then hung up and went back to work.

In the morning, however, unable to contain himself, he went (Continued on Page 67)

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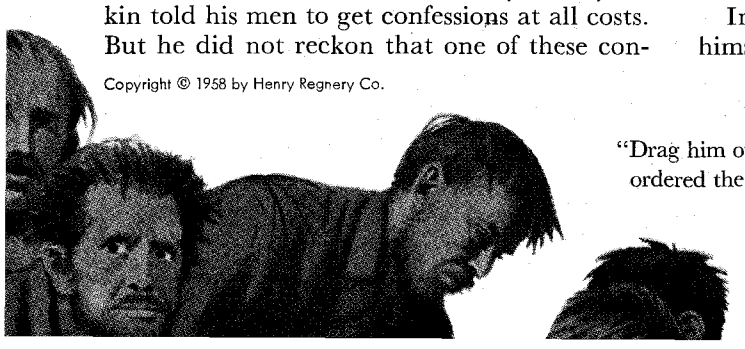

"Drag him out!"
ordered the corporal of the guard.

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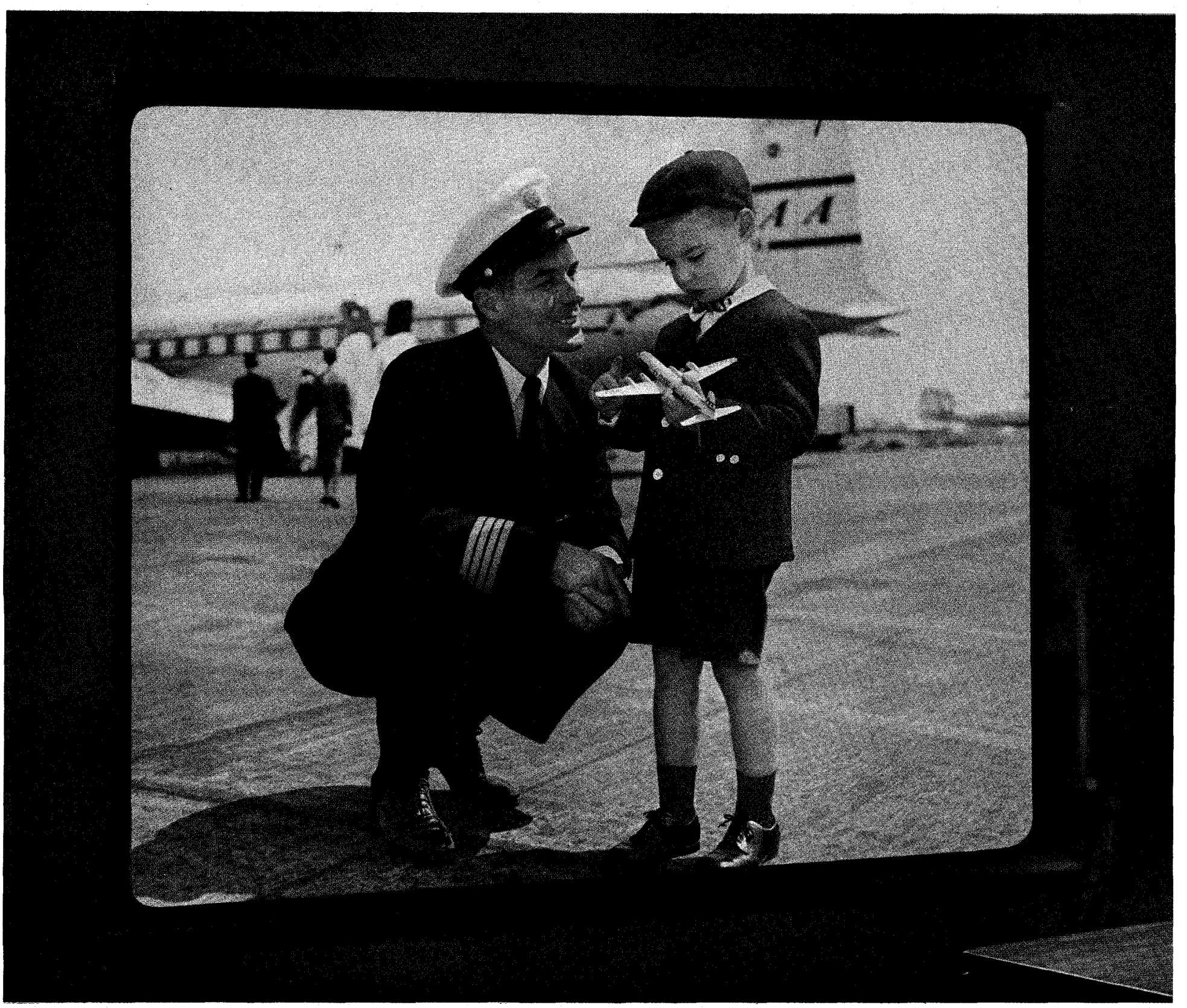
For sparkling pictures <u>big as life</u>



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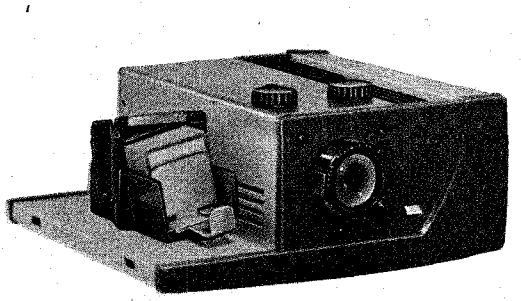
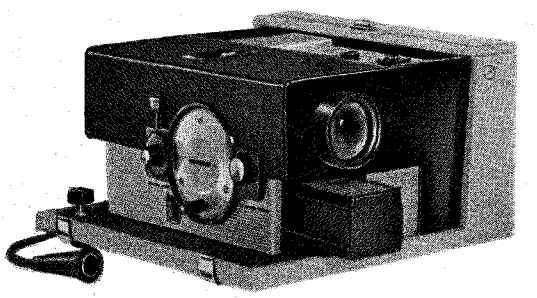
The new Kodak cameras shown here make it really easy to advance to 35mm. Get yours in time for this weekend.



NEW! Kodak 300 Projector. Shows slides *big and bright!* Has exclusive new Kodak Readymatic Changer. $64.50 (with magazine changer, $74.50). New 500-watt model with Readymatic, $74.50 (with magazine changer, $84.50). Or 10% down.



NEW! Kodak Cavalcade Projector. You turn it on . . . it does the rest! Superbly automatic projector changes slides *all by itself.* Dependable, and each slide is safe in its own metal "box." With remote control cord, ***$149.50, or $14.95 down.***

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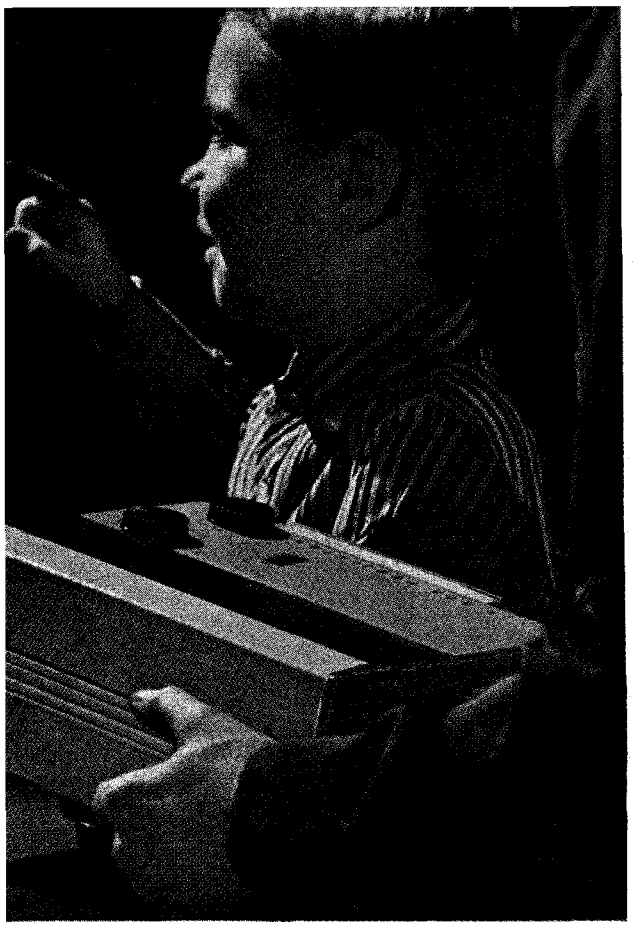
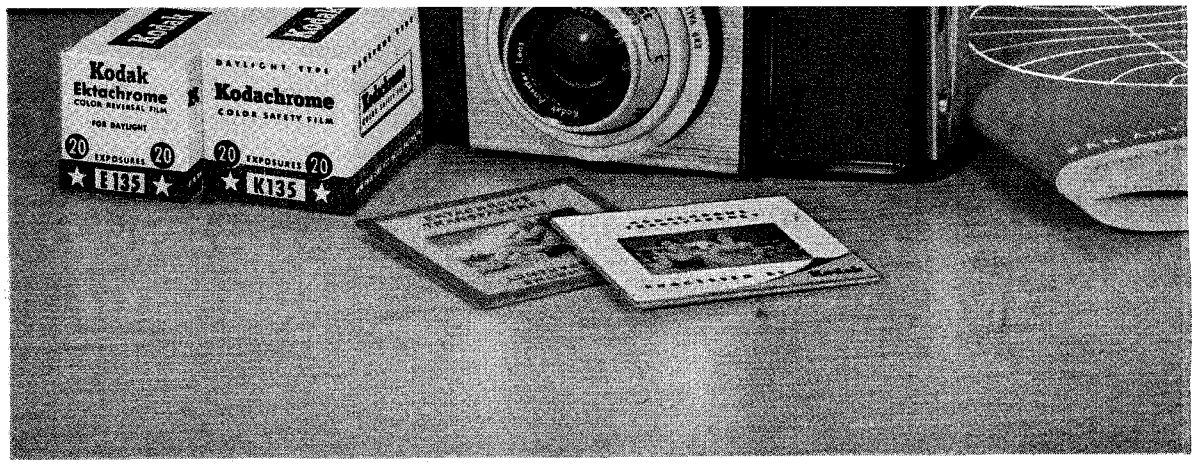


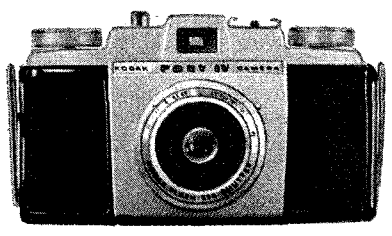


New Kodak Pony II Camera makes beautiful 35mm color slides with box-camera ease. Precision-made, yet it costs only $26.75

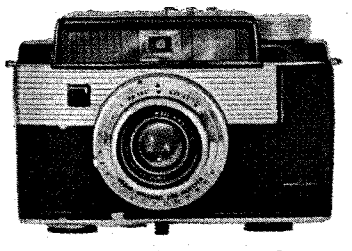
The new Kodak Pony II Camera is handsome, compact, a proud possession. And above all, it's easy to use.

Just dial to close-up, group or scene . . . you're in focus! Make one setting . . . and shoot. No distances or shutter speeds to guess at. Quick loading, too. And it accepts new 135 Kodacolor Film, made especially for color *prints and enlargements.*

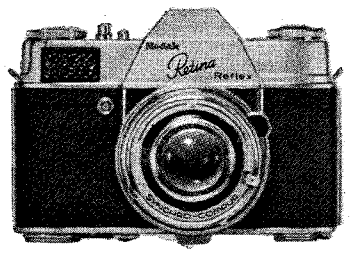
Because this extraordinary 35mm camera value is made by Kodak, you know it's good. Ask your photo dealer for a demonstration before another picture passes by. As little as $3 down. (Prices are list, include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.)



NEW! Kodak Pony IV Camera. Has all the simplified features of the Pony II—plus a fine, fast *f*/3.5 Kodak Anastar Lens, and shutter speeds to 1/250 second. ***$39.95, or $4 down.***



NEW! Kodak Signet 50 Camera. Read correct exposures on built-in photoelectric meter. Ultra-fast *f*/2.8 lens. Modern styling. With flasholder, 2 reflectors. ***$82.50, or $8.50 down.***



NEW! Kodak Retina Reflex Camera. A photographic masterpiece. View and focus through lens at wide-open brilliance. Light meter, range-finder, *f*/2 lens. ***$215, or $22 down.***

Color slides cost only pennies more than black-and-whites—with world-famous Kodachrome Film or fast Ektachrome Film. Processed through your dealer.

Kodachrome processing by Kodak saves time when you travel or vacation. Ask your dealer for Kodak Processing Mailing Labels before you leave. You mail film direct to Kodak, and it's returned to your dealer.

See Kodak's great TV shows—"The Ed Sullivan Show" and "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet."

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

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Our First Man in Outer Space

(Continued from Page 22)

such talk. "Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic," he says, perhaps incorrectly, "was riskier."

The historic journey will begin at Edwards Air Force Base, a testing center for experimental aircraft in the desert flats northeast of Los Angeles. Like its rocketship ancestors, the X-1, X-1A, D558-II and X-2, the X-15 will be hauled aloft and dropped from a mother ship, to gain extra speed and altitude. Long before the sun rises on the big day, the X-15 will be snugged up under the right wing of its mother plane, a B-52 eight-jet bomber which is being converted for this purpose. Wearing a specially designed, lightweight, flexible space suit, a major technical achievement in itself, Crossfield will squeeze into the tiny nose of the rapier-nosed space ship. Then groundmen will bolt the lean, sharply tapered canopy shut.

The B-52 will take off and fly northeast, toward Wendover Air Force Base, Utah, some 500 miles distant. En route, special fuel lines from the B-52 will keep full the X-15's tank of rapidly evaporating liquid oxygen, or LOX. Over Wendover, the B-52 will climb to 40,000 feet, turn toward Edwards and pour on maximum power. In the cockpit, Crossfield will carry out final preparations such as turning on the switches to the fuel tanks and electrical circuits. He will also roll the automatic cameras, which will be trained on the instrument panel. If Crossfield fails to come back, the data will be collected anyway.

Then will come the dramatic countdown: Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one. . . . Drop! The B-52 pilot will pull a release, and the X-15, trailed by a jet chase plane from a nearby base, will fall away. Inside the cockpit, Crossfield, with his left hand will pull the throttle inboard from the "Safe" position and then push it forward. At that instant, the LOX, meeting with anhydrous ammonia in the rocket combustion chamber, will ignite, causing an explosion audible for twenty miles. As the plane zooms skyward, at first Crossfield will be subjected to about 2 G's—or about the same as a pilot of a catapult-launched aircraft. His right hand will be clasping a small, wrist-operated control handle especially designed for the X-15. With it, Crossfield will be able to steer the X-15, in spite of the powerful G forces which may immobilize his arms.

Crossfield will point the hurtling X-15 almost straight up. As he begins to exceed the speed of sound, he will feel a slight turbulence. The remainder of the flight up will be smooth, ruffled only occasionally as the X-15 zooms through the "shear planes" or wind currents that churn between 40,000 and 70,000 feet. Crossfield will have no sensation of speed. He will hear nothing except radio static in his earphones, and the deep, low rumble of the rocket engine gulping fuel at a rate of better than a ton a minute. As the fuel load is rapidly consumed, the X-15 will go faster and faster, and Crossfield will be subjected to increasing G forces. His arms will lie like lead bars in his armrests, but this will not concern him, because he has "flown" the X-15 many times before under similar G forces in a centrifuge.

The entire trip will be closely monitored by radar and electronic listening posts which have been built along the carefully plotted flight course—at a cost of over $20,000,000. In the X-15 cockpit, Crossfield will concentrate his attention on a novel inertial navigating system, which will tell him at all times his position in three dimensions. After a very few minutes, the powerful rocket will sputter out, but the X-15 will continue to coast upward in the virtually airless space above 100,000 feet. Nearing the top of his trajectory, Crossfield will experience weightlessness for a period of several minutes. He has often been subjected to weightlessness for brief flights in jets and rocket planes. He says it is fun—meaning slightly exhilarating. He is not worried.

In the thin air above 125,000 feet, conventional control surfaces such as rudders and ailerons are useless. However, the X-15 is equipped with tiny jets on its nose and wings, which have already been tried experimentally by the NACA in actual tests on the X-1B rocket plane at Edwards. Minute bursts of hydrogen peroxide from these jet ports will push the nose up or down or the wings from side to side. Crossfield will need these controls at extreme altitudes, but he will use them sparingly, lest he overcontrol and throw the plane into a wild maneuver. If this occurred, the X-15 would fall back toward earth out of control, although it would not be damaged structurally until it struck the heavier air.

If an emergency occurred, such as loss of control of the plane, Crossfield believes he still would have a good chance of coming back alive. Since his space suit will be operating from the moment he leaves the mother ship, he will not worry about loss of cabin pressurization, although such a loss could adversely affect the electronic equipment. In any emergency he would ride the plane down until

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he reached an altitude of about 40,000 feet. The cockpit of the X-15 is especially insulated to protect him from intense heat that might be generated by an abrupt or unplanned re-entry into the atmosphere. At about 40,000 feet the ejection seat would automatically fire, catapulting Crossfield away from the stricken ship. The seat itself is quite elaborate and designed for maximum protection, even at extreme supersonic bailout speeds. After a long free-fall, the seat would automatically separate itself from Crossfield, and his parachute would open. Even though he might have blacked out from the extreme G forces encountered in such an emergency, he is confident that he would reach the ground alive.

At his peak trajectory—just how high Crossfield will go cannot be revealed—he will find himself at a point in space higher than man has ever been. The sun, undiffused by the earth's atmosphere, will appear as a sharp point of light, casting heavy black shadows in the cockpit. Special lamps have been installed to light these shadow areas. Opposite the sun, the sky will appear as dark purple, approaching black, and the stars, clearly visible even in broad daylight, will shine with unusual brilliance and clarity.

Crossfield will not be concerned about micro-meteors striking the ship, since, as he explains, as far as the experts can tell, no micro-meteors have ever punctured any of our high-altitude balloons. Moreover, he points out, reports from the satellites which thus far have been orbited around the earth indicate that there are fewer micro-meteors than previously believed. Nor will he be concerned about cosmic rays or other harmful emanations from the sun which, according to some experts who have analyzed satellite data, are much stronger than hitherto suspected. He recalls that Air Force Major David Simons remained aloft in a balloon between 70,000 and 100,000 feet—above 90 per cent of the earth's atmosphere—for thirty-two hours without suffering noticeable injury. Crossfield's trip will take him higher, but will be quite brief by comparison.

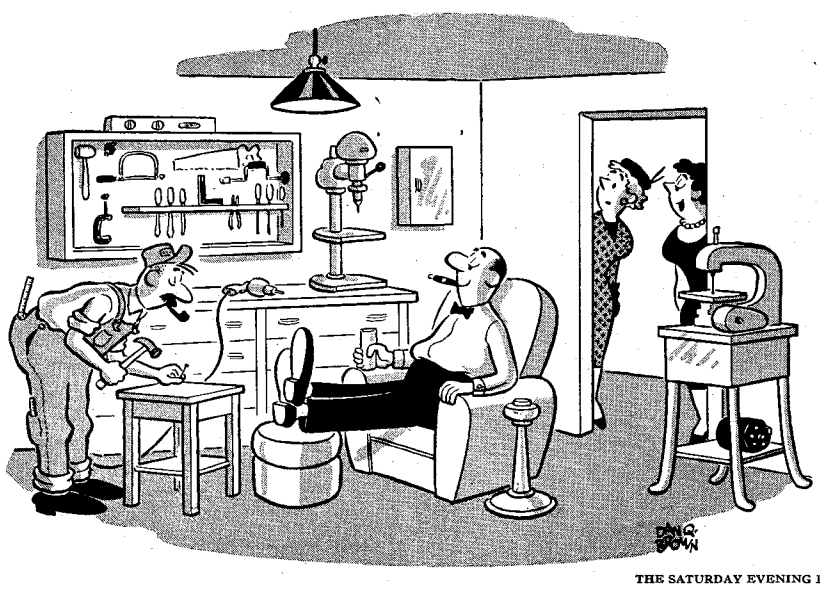
The most ticklish portion of the X-15 flight will be the coast-in back to earth, or the re-entry. The problem here, as with guided missiles, will be to avoid excessive aerodynamic heating. The skin of the X-15 is made of special heat-resistant metal—Inconel—and the supporting members inside, of tough titanium and stainless steel. Even so, the nose of the fuselage, the leading edges of the wings and the tail surfaces of the X-15 will probably reach a temperature of 1000 degrees F., and they will glow red like an iron bar in a blacksmith's forge. A slight error in piloting the X-15 back into the thick air could overheat it in the wrong places, weaken the structure and destroy the plane.

The exact re-entry profile of the X-15 cannot be revealed. One way would be to dive the plane straight down into the thick air, like a man plunging into a swimming pool, hoping to slow the X-15 as rapidly as possible. Another way would be to "skip" in gradually, bouncing off the thick air time after time until the plane had slowed itself down. Still another would be to bring it into the thick air in a shallow, gradual descent. All methods will require the skill of a pilot like Crossfield working at maximum efficiency.

Whatever the method, upon re-entering the thick air, Crossfield will revert to conventional control surfaces, and then glide the X-15 down toward Edwards Air Force Base. A chase plane will be on hand and, if necessary, could steer Crossfield toward the dry-lake landing area. Low over the ground, Crossfield will jettison the ventral, or lower tail fin, and in its place two stubby, steel landing skids will pop down. Normal landing gear has been left off to save weight. A conventional nose wheel will unfold from its housing, and then Crossfield will crunch down on the desert at high speed, kicking up a rooster tail of sand and dust. The entire trip will take less than forty-five minutes. If the X-15 could fly at maximum speed for that same length of time, it could zoom from New York to Los Angeles.

However much the trail-blazing X-15 may thrill armchair spacemen, it has certain inherent weaknesses. Its engine, developing a 60,000-pound thrust, is too weak and its fuel tank too small to sustain it on anything but very brief forays into space. It cannot orbit or take man to the moon or anywhere near it. In short, from the standpoint of long-range space travel, the X-15 is a research tool which can only probe the fringes.

In man's dream to conquer space, where do we go from here? Interestingly, this is a highly controversial question in Washington. Pre-Sputnik, the word "space" was, at the order of former Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson, put off-limits. Since Sputnik, and Wilson's departure, there have been more space proposals dumped on desks in the Pentagon, seemingly, than there are stars in the sky. Today almost every general and admiral has become a ninety-day space wonder; a few, in their enthusiasm, it is



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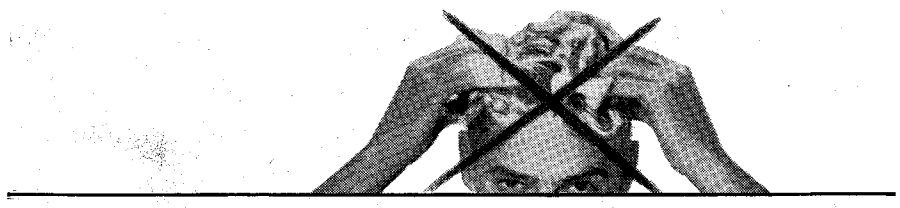

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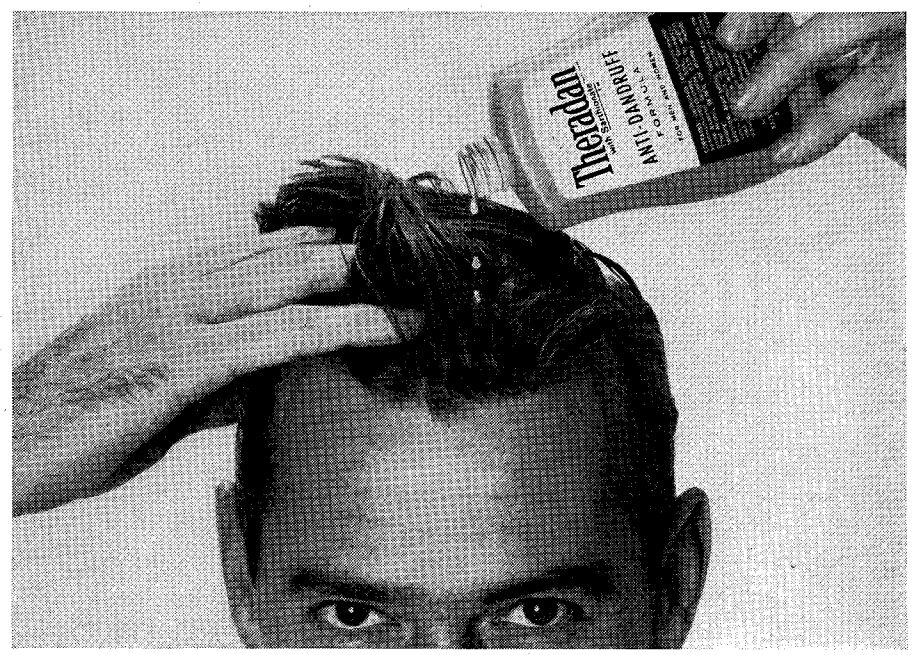

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said, have propelled themselves into orbit. However, in the top echelons of the Government, where the tremendous sums of money for space travel must be doled out, there is considerably less enthusiasm. Apart from the X-15, the only space projects firmly approved thus far are more unmanned satellites and an attempt to fire unmanned rockets to the vicinity of the moon.

Spearheading the drive to propel man into space with rocket force are the generals of the United States Air Force, who hold that the United States must develop the capability to dominate space with manned vehicles in order to insure the security of the nation. Arguing that "space" is only an extension of "air," the traditional area of responsibility of the airman, Air Force Chief of Staff General Thomas D. White says, in effect, "We must control space to control the air and ground beneath it." He is loudly supported by space pioneers such as North American's George Sutton, president of the American Rocket Society, Redstone's Wernher von Braun, Convair's Krafft Ehricke, Bell's Walter Dornberger, and other men of the missile-aviation industry, and by many influential members of Congress, such as Lyndon Johnson.

Amid this clamor of derring-do, some of the nation's most prominent engineers and scientists have urged a word of derring-don't. Caltech's President Lee DuBridge, a titan of the scientific world,

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The lucky girl never catches the bride's bouquet; she throws it.

U. F. NEWLIN

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said recently, "For most scientific explorations in space the presence of man involves quite unwarranted complications and expense not justified by what he can contribute to the success of the adventure." During an Air Force Association whoop-de-do in Washington, at which manned space travel was the number-one topic, Dr. Simon Ramo, a leading contractor in the Air Force's ballistic-missile program, unexpectedly grounded many spacemen with the warning to keep an open mind on the subject, but to go slow in measuring the potential of a space-weapons system against proved and, perhaps, easier ways of doing the job. J. H. ("Dutch") Kindelberger, chairman of the board of North American, a company that has built more planes for the Air Force than any other, agrees.

However, the Air Force is a powerful organization, and it seems quite likely that its drive to send man into space will succeed. Top defense experts say that along with ballistic missiles, conventional and not-so-conventional manned aircraft, there seems no doubt that money will be found to launch the Air Force into some kind of manned-space-weapons program. With this hope in mind, the Air Generals have invited aviation and missile scientists to submit concepts for several specific space projects. They range from a one-man, ball-type satellite to a full-fledged bomber which would orbit the earth. At Air Force centers across the United States, space-oriented medical officers and technicians are conducting doggedly thorough experiments, at a cost of tens of millions, to prove man's ability to survive in a true space machine.

Among the more than 200-odd space proposals being studied in the Pentagon, quite a few are known as "quick" projects. They are called "quick" because they might be completed during 1959. The Army's von Braun, for example, has proposed that a man be put in a capsule on top of a ballistic missile and fired straight up to an altitude of 150 miles. He would return to earth by means of air brakes and a parachute. Dr. Hugh Dryden, director of NACA, which will form the basis of our new civilian space agency, takes a dim view of this project. He describes it as a circus stunt in the same class with shooting a lady out of a cannon.

The Air Force is studying several "quick" projects to orbit man completely around the earth. Most of these plans consist, basically, of putting a man inside a ball on top of an Atlas ICBM and firing the ball into orbit. To get out of orbit, a retro-rocket, or backward-firing rocket, would be touched off remotely from the ground, and this would slow down the ball. In theory it would gradually spiral down into the atmosphere on a carefully controlled re-entry profile, sparing the inhabitant excessive G forces and frictional heat. After the ball had decelerated to subsonic speed, a parachute would pop out and gently lower the ball and the man to the face of the earth.

The "quick" manned-satellite concepts are viewed with great skepticism in many quarters. The first few test flights would be made with apes, but even so, the chances of final recovery of the man are guessed as only "fair." Aside from a possible propaganda advantage of being first to orbit a man, the only useful purpose such flights would serve would be to gather information on prolonged weightlessness, which cannot be simulated in the laboratory. Opponents of the plan argue that this information can be obtained from the apes. If the stunt failed and killed the man, they say, we would suffer a propaganda defeat more disastrous than our failure to get the much-ballyhooed first Vanguard into orbit. Many space pioneers favor the man-carrying trick, and no doubt they would be among the many volunteers to ride it.

Considerably more realistic, space engineers say, is an Air Force plan to advance from the X-15 into sustained space flight by gradual steps. The next step would be a simple extension of the X-15, although not necessarily resembling it in shape, which would be boosted off the ground by a powerful cluster of Atlaslike rocket engines. When the booster burned out, the plane would fire its own rocket and hurtle even farther into space. Depending on the booster power, such a device could be made to soar or glide 5000 to 20,000 miles, or it could be propelled into true orbit like a satellite.

Going up, the problem is primarily one of getting all the rockets to fire properly and to assure a neat and orderly separation of the final stage, or plane. Coming down, as with the X-15, the pilot would face the re-entry problem, only to a much greater degree since his velocity would be much greater. Within the Air Force, this project, which is taken quite seriously, is known as DYNA-SOAR, an abbreviation of Dynamic Soaring, and sometimes called the boost-glide vehicle. Nine major aviation and missile companies have submitted plans employing a great variety of plane shapes and booster rockets for such a system, which could put the manned vehicles in true orbit. It will cost about three quarters of a billion dollars to build a few test models.

DYNA-SOAR planes, the Air Generals argue, could be highly effective military weapons. Stationed at remote posts around the United States, they would be fired into the air like guided missiles. Soaring high over Russia at great speeds, the orbiting or semiorbiting vehicles could carry out aerial (*Continued on Page 50*)

THEY SAID IT COULDN'T

"Couldn't be done, couldn't be done." That's what they said about flying. But at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in 1903, one of the Wright brothers stayed aloft in this plane for 59 seconds. And the air age had begun.

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(*Continued from Page 48*) reconnaissance or, in the event of sudden war, drop bombs on a Soviet target, afterward gliding back to United States controlled bases, where they could reload. Since it might be possible to recover both the launching booster—which might also have a pilot—and the plane, advocates of this system say it could be cheaper than one-shot intercontinental ballistic missiles. With a man on board, they go on, the DYNA-SOAR would be a more accurate and reliable bird. After launch it could shift targets or it could be directed by radio to withhold its bomb in the event the war was called off.

No one disagrees with the fact that the orbiting DYNA-SOAR would be an efficient reconnaissance weapon, probably more efficient than an unmanned reconnaissance vehicle. But many authorities doubt that it would be an efficient bombing platform. In orbit, bombs would not "drop" unless retro-rockets on the bomb were touched off to slow it down. Aiming the bomb for a target would be extremely complex—more so, most engineers say, than aiming an unmanned missile from point to point on the earth's surface.

The President's scientific advisers take a dim view of the orbiting bomber, describing it as a clumsy and ineffective way of doing the job. Dutch Kindelberger contends that a weapons system of this kind, traveling in a fixed orbit, could easily be intercepted and destroyed by a cheap nuclear weapon. Von Braun and other space enthusiasts disagree.

Looking beyond the DYNA-SOAR gliders and the orbiting platforms, the eyes of the Air Generals have risen to the moon as a possible site for a manned missile base or observation post. Not long ago, Air Force Lt. Gen. Donald L. Putt appeared before Congress, and while he admitted there was "divided opinion" as to the real significance of such a base, he seriously outlined the possible military advantages. He said, "Less energy is required to shoot a warhead from the moon to the earth than is required to shoot a warhead to the moon. Since there is no atmosphere, warheads could be catapulted from shafts sunk deep into the moon's surface and sufficient velocity might be imparted to reach moon escape velocity. So from an energy viewpoint, the moon could represent the centuries-old military adage of 'high ground.'"

He hurried on to point out that a missile launched from moon to earth could be observed and guided by United States military moon men from "start to impact," whereas, because of the earth's rotation, "the reverse is not true." A missile attack from earth to moon could be detected immediately after launch, he said, and many hours would be available for counteraction. "If a nuclear detonation did occur near or on the lunar surface, there would be no blast effect since there is no atmosphere." In summing up, he said, "If we had bases on the moon, an enemy would have to launch an overwhelming nuclear attack against those bases one or two days prior to attacking the continental United States. If the continental United States were attacked first, the aggressor would receive sure and massive destruction from the moon shortly thereafter. . . . We should not let another nation establish a military capability there ahead of us."

Many scientists take such moon-base talk with a grain of salt. Says Lee DuBridge, "It is my firm opinion that this is utter nonsense. Why transport a hydrogen warhead, together with all of the men and equipment, 240,000 miles to the moon, just to shoot it 240,000 miles back to earth, when the target is only 5000 miles away in the first place? If you did launch a bomb from the moon to a target on earth . . . the warhead would take five days to reach earth. The war might be over by then." Other experts disagree with DuBridge's figures—a warhead could be sent from moon to earth, they say, in less than twenty hours—but support his general argument that a moon missile base would call for colossal effort.

In its report on space, published recently, the President's Scientific Advisory Committee, in discussing moon trips, said: "Since man is such an adventurous creature, there will undoubtedly come a time when he can no longer resist going out and seeing for himself." However, to land one man on the moon, with any hope of getting him back, they said, would require an expenditure estimated at a couple of billion dollars spent over a number of years. Space engineers say the cost of establishing and maintaining a moon base, would be—and here the word can be used literally—astronomical. The main reason is that even our most powerful rockets can carry only a small pay load. It has been estimated by one group of rocket experts, for example, that to send a can of beer to a manned space station orbiting comparatively close to earth would cost in the neighborhood of $1,000,000 in terms of rockets, rocket fuel and scientific equipment. But von Braun has another set of figures which, while not calculated in terms of beer cans, puts the cost of supplying space stations in a reasonable range.

It is theoretically possible, within the present state of the art, to send a man to land on the moon and return to earth, either by constructing a Gargantuan rocket launched directly from the earth, or by assembling a moon rocket on an orbiting platform in space. If a small party of men is sent to the moon within our lifetime, they will probably "jump off" from an earth orbiting platform. Since there is little or no atmosphere on the moon, backward-firing rockets would be necessary to ease the moonship into a gentle landing. Such a ship would have to have widespread "legs" to prevent its tipping over. Explorers who left the moonship (they might find the surface of the moon covered by a deep layer of dust) would have to wear spacesuits with a built-in breathing apparatus. However, any practical colonization of the moon, such as a manned missile base, must await further development of enormous chemical rockets of one to two million pounds' thrust, or more. (The largest single United States rocket engine fired to date registers 150,000 pounds of thrust.) North American and others are studying 1,000,000-pound-thrust rockets. However, the cost of a full-scale development project for such a rocket was recently estimated by the Pentagon's chief space scientist, Herbert York, at $130,000,000 to $200,000,000.

Another long-range possibility is the nuclear-powered rocket. AEC scientists at Los Alamos, organized as Project Rover, are studying a nuclear rocket. More than $10,000,000 has already been spent for test facilities. AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss says that initial flight tests of this rocket "are somewhat more distant" than two or three years. Convair's space expert, Krafft Ehricke, says he is hopeful the AEC will provide practical nuclear rocket-power plants by the late 1960's, and, if so, it would enable the landing of a small party on the moon by 1970.

Not nearly so difficult but nonetheless a formidable problem yet to be solved is that of keeping our space travelers and moon men alive in their hostile, unnatural environment. This is much too broad a subject to cover here, but a few of the problems can be cited. The average Air Force pilot weighs 163 pounds. He consumes something on the order of two pounds of oxygen and eight pounds of food and liquids a day, a total intake of ten pounds. Five men in a space ship, depending on circumstances, would consume approximately fifty pounds of supplies in a day, a tremendous quantity in terms of present-day rocket pay loads. Air Force space medical men are experimenting with a variety of schemes to make space logistics more economical. Microorganisms, such as algae, are being considered as a synthetic food supply and oxygen source. Some scientists are studying the possibility of distilling urine, to cut down the need for water. "It is not much of a technical problem," an Air Force colonel says, in what is probably the understatement of the year, "but it will probably require some psychological conditioning." To sum up, the Air Force's top space doctor, Hubertus Strughold says: "We can now make the cautious statement that there seem to be no insurmountable medical obstacles to space flight."

In the belief that manned travel to the moon is in the bag from an engineering standpoint, so to speak, manned-space-travel enthusiasts have now focused serious attention on our nearby planets, Mars and Venus. In spatiography—the geography of space—of course, the term "nearby" is relative. Mars, for example, on its closest sweep to the earth, is about 150 times as far away as our moon, or about 34,600,000 miles. Venus comes closer—about 24,000,000 miles, but will probably be explored after Mars because it has a heavy cloud layer through which man with all his fancy instruments has not been able to penetrate. No one knows anything for certain about the surface of Venus. It may be completely dry; or, worse, it may be completely covered with water. To explore Venus, man would first have to orbit the planet and send down unmanned probes to its surface before attempting a landing. All this will take time, not to mention nerve.

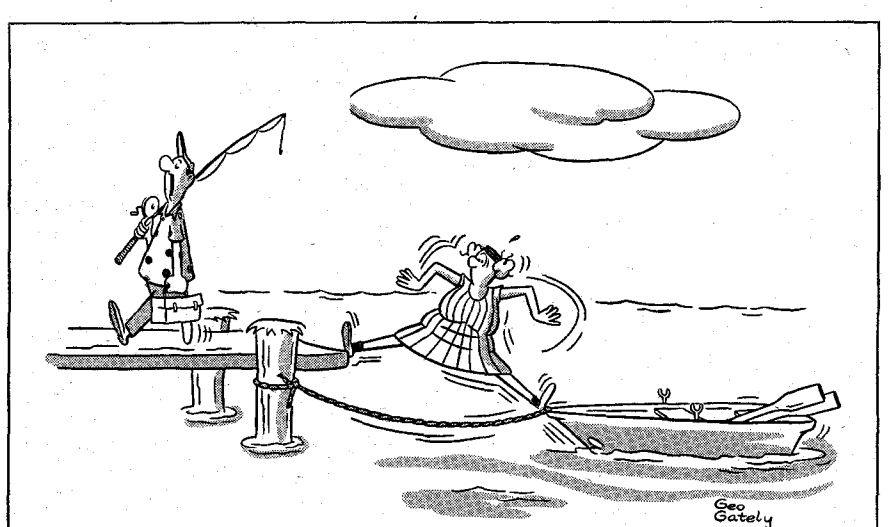
On the other hand, Mars is clear, which means an approach can be made with some degree of confidence. It would be a long trip—a minimum of nine months each way. Both Mars and Venus have atmospheres which could help brake the space ship. In theory, a landing on either of these planets might be easier than on the airless moon. Explorers on Mars would have plenty of time to check on the mysterious canals and search for signs of life, because they would have to wait on Mars about 455 days—until Mars and the Earth once again were in the most favorable positions. Thus, altogether the round trip would take something over two years. Oxygen for the men would have to be supplied for the entire time, because man, the experts say, cannot survive breathing air on Mars.

It is also theoretically possible within the present state of the rocket art to build a space ship which would take men to Mars or Venus. With present electronic-guidance systems, the experts say, navigation would not be impossible. The biggest problem, of course, is to provide a propulsion unit to transport the men and the necessary supplies. Von Braun has proposed a Mars vehicle powered by chemical rockets, that could be assembled in space. However, it would be enormous in size and would cost, he estimates, something like four or five billion dollars.

Other space experts are exploring more refined or more advanced propulsion systems, such as the ion engine, a low-thrust device which could use nuclear energy as a power source and fire electrical particles out of the back end. An ion-engine craft would have to be assembled in orbit, but its proponents agree that it could be lighter and handier than a chemical rocket, and hence more economical. A leading student of the ion engine is von Braun's companion, Dr. Ernst Stuhlinger, at Redstone. The NACA has made intensive laboratory studies of the ion propulsion system in its Cleveland propulsion installation. North American engineers are convinced that large-scale ion engines are feasible. But unless the Government earmarks unexpected billions to the program, it will be many years before man will travel to Mars and return.

The astronauts, such as George Sutton, the Air Generals, space pioneers like X-15 pilot Scotty Crossfield, and many scientists, such as Edward Teller, are concerned over the apparent conservatism that exists in Washington about putting man into space. "So it costs a billion or two to send man to the moon," said one Air General, "what the hell is a billion compared to our gross national product? It's about the same as the Polynesians risking one balsa canoe to explore the world around them." Recently, when Edward Teller was asked what he expected to find if he ever got to the moon, he summed up the fears of many space proponents when he replied, "Russians."

Scotty Crossfield, who admits he would like to be the first man to set foot on the moon, adds it up this way, "Even in the conjectural sense, every generation of Americans has imposed limits on itself. But we have never failed vastly to exceed those limits. What we most need to get to the moon is power—thrust. We will have it far sooner than we expect and we ought to be making plans. Barriers exist only in the minds of men." And cash for United States space travel exists only in the Treasury. THE END



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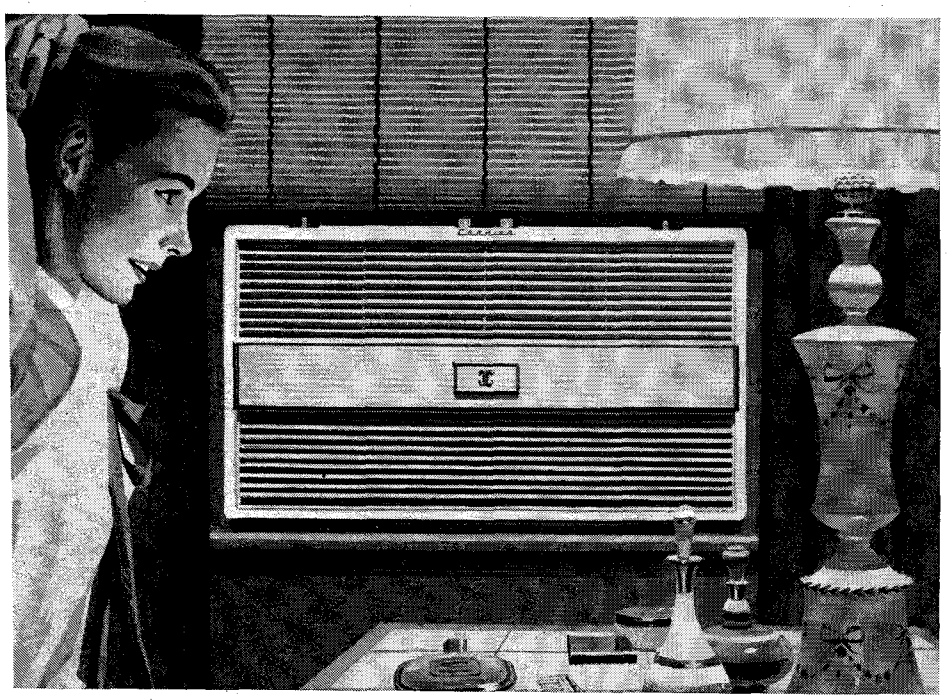

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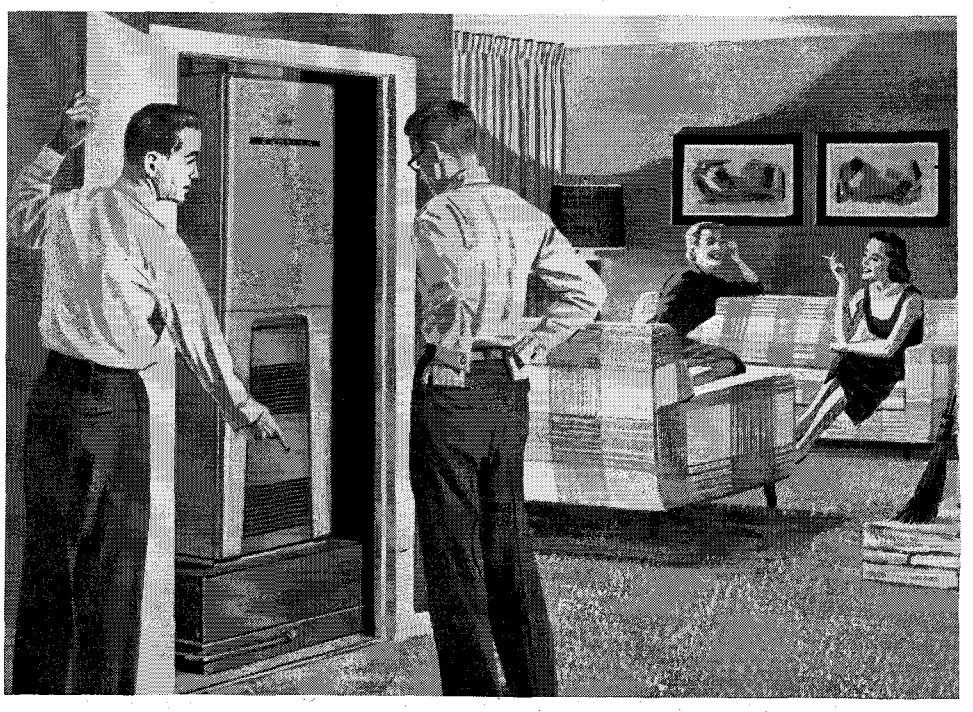

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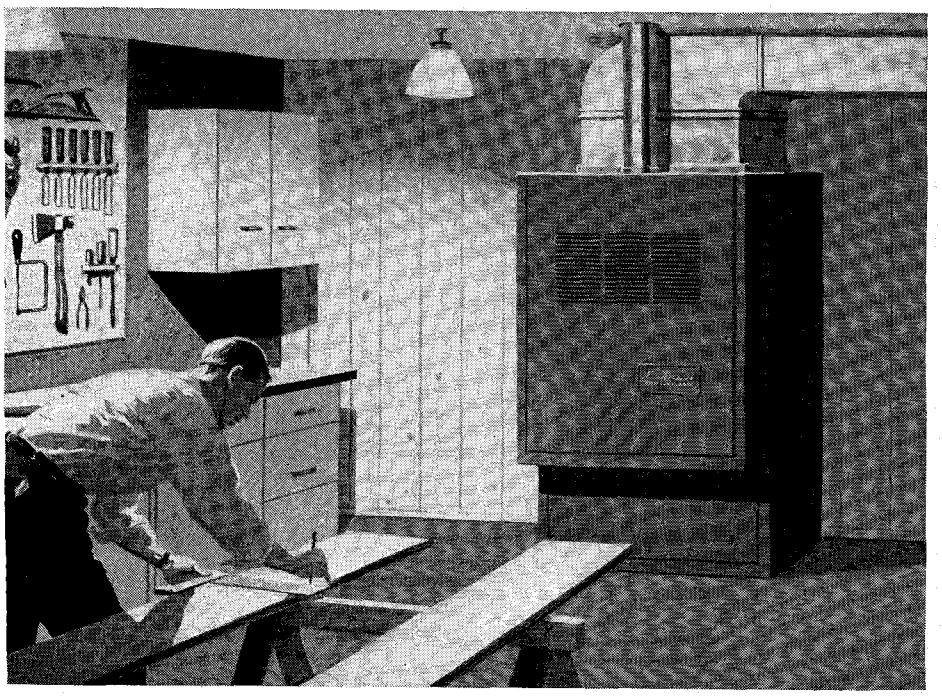

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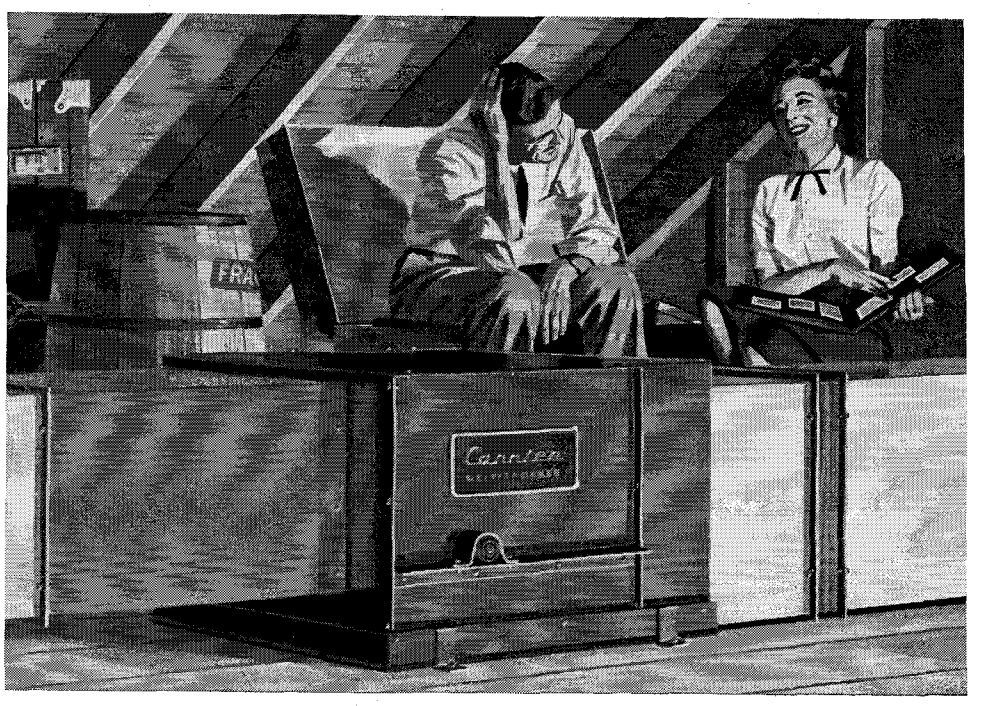

Do you want the ultimate in comfort? Invest in a Carrier Heat Pump Weathermaker. It pumps heat into the house in winter, out of it in summer. This remarkable unit uses no fuel but electricity.

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Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms.

Now from Goodyear..

No more

NEW CAPTIVE-AIR STEEL-CORD SAFETY SHIELD

Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV—every other Monday, 9:30 P.M., E.D.T.

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his new safety principle that can mean:

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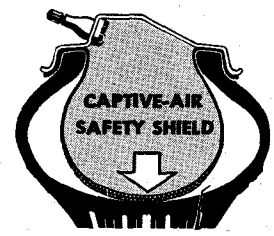
esigned to end blowout worries! Only the r in the outer chamber escapes in the event a blowout. Reserve air inside the nylon-and-eel "inner spare" supports your car safely!



Designed to end puncture worries! This new Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield acts like a suit of armor—actually bends nails! You drive safely on . . . on air.

ow *you* pick the place for repairs—ot your tires! Goodyear's new Captive-ir Steel-Cord Safety Shield is actually inner spare. It is so strong—so safe that it fully supports the car in the ent of a puncture or blowout.

This nylon-and-steel built-in spare s you drive 100 miles or more, if nec-sary, to a service station.

oved in 3 million miles of driving. axi fleets equipped with this revolu-nary new safety principle drove 3 mil-n miles with only 4 roadside delays. hat's only *one* tire change for the uivalent of 30 trips around the world.

The Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield fits two great Goodyear tires—the new Double Eagle and the new Nylon Custom Super-Cushion.

Both are made with triple-tempered 3-T Nylon Cord (a Goodyear exclusive) to give you a rugged *first line* of defense against all road hazards.

Goodyear tires with this incredibly safe tire-within-a-tire principle are now original equipment on some of America's finest automobiles. Aren't they the tires for your car—especially if your wife or children drive?

They're at your Goodyear dealer's now. Liberal allowance for your present tires. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

THE BLUE CIRCLE OF SAFETY means that these tires can be equipped with the new Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield at moderate extra cost.

3-T NYLON DOUBLE EAGLE

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oodyear gives you a spare where you need it—in the tire that's on the road!

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The Girl Who Had Accidents

(Continued from Page 28)

decided, and the wisest course was to get rid of her before she wrecked the joint.

But Miss Herkimer, head of Display Advertising, put in a good word for her. "She's one of my best workers, a nice kid. She's never had any trouble before. Let's give her a break. Let's try to find out if there is something bothering her."

The Big Brains decided to turn the case over to Doctor Dillon. Doctor Dillon was a psychologist from Yale who was doing field work in the realm of Human Behavior in Industrial Relationships. He was good-looking in a scholarly way and he was interested in two kinds of women, normal and abnormal. Sometimes he was inclined to think that with the ladies there was no such thing as normal.

He had Melissa's case history on his desk when she came for her first interview. He explained that he was a doctor of psychology and he wanted to help her by getting to the bottom of the reason for these accidents.

"Nothing like this ever happened to me before," she said. "It's kind of embarrassing."

It took him only a short time to ascertain that she was not clumsy or handicapped, and that she was wholesome as an apple. The trouble lay somewhere else.

"It looks as if the cause were in your mind. You want to involve yourself in accidents."

She was clearly surprised by the idea. "Why would I want to do that? They scare the wits out of me."

"It's a question of motivation. There are all sorts of possible motives. There are people who have accidents because they wish to punish themselves. And there are people who have accidents because they wish to call attention to themselves." He let this sink in.

"You mean," she asked, "that there are people who deliberately have accidents so people will notice them?" She was shocked. "People like that should be locked up."

"Not deliberately," he said. "It is the wish of the unconscious mind."

"But why?"

"That is what we are going to find out. We are going to probe into your past life."

Once he convinced her that he meant what he said, she was quite willing to talk about her past life—what there was of it. She chattered away about Eastham Falls, her home, her brothers and sisters, her dog, her cat; but for Doctor Dillon it was slim pickings. There were no Deep-seated Environmental Frustrations, no Symptoms of Withdrawal, no Schizophrenia—nothing but the ordinary wear and tear of growing up. The worst thing that ever happened to her—and he had an unconscionable time digging it out of her—was the time her skirt was rolled up in the stage curtain at the high-school commencement.

"I'll never forget that!"

"You might as well—everyone else has."

Even her love life was noncomplex and empty of conflict. She was sort of engaged to Mervin Anstey, who was carrying on his father's hardware business in Eastham Falls.

"I've known him all my life; we grew up together. He was the one who always came to the rescue when I got into trouble. Like the time I got stuck in a tree, he was the one who showed up with a ladder. Not like Tee McKinley."

"Who was Tee McKinley?"

It seemed that a family of McKinleys had lived next door when she was small, and one of the boys was a neighborhood pest and always mean to her. Pressed to tell in what way he was mean, she could only remember that once he had chased her cat up a tree, and when she had gone after it, he had taken the ladder away. If Mervin hadn't brought the ladder back, she'd be up there yet.

"What else do you remember about him?"

"Once I hit him with a baseball bat."

"Why?"

She had forgotten. "But I bet he deserved it. And once I scared the daylights out of him." She laughed at the recollection. "I was hanging around his yard one night after dark, and I peeked in the window and there he was, reading. I picked up a rock. I only meant to hit the side of the house and give him a start, but that rock sailed right through the window—and he nearly went through the roof."

"Where is he now?"

"Oh, the family moved away to Illinois right after that. Funny, I don't think I've thought about Tee McKinley in years."

Doctor Dillon was beginning to think that there was nothing in her case to interest a psychologist when she reestablished her claim in a way that shook the scientific world.

He had a friend, Dr. Hugo Wittner, a paleontologist of repute, with whom he used to talk over his cases. He mentioned Melissa to him. "I've got a case of pseudo-auto-destructive tendency and no motivation."

"Bring it along to see me," said Doctor Wittner. "Some of those characters will fool you every time." . . .

"Come along," said Doctor Dillon to Melissa. "We're going to call on a paleontologist."

"What's that?"

"He's a fellow who studies the past by means of fossils—bones and things like that. Just now he's reconstructing the skeleton of one of the giant lizards. Diplodocus, I think."

They found Doctor Wittner in the Museum of Natural History, perched on a ladder, working on the skeleton of a dinosaur.

"That's Doctor Wittner on the ladder," said Doctor Dillon, "and the other one is diplodocus."

"Be with you in a minute," said Doctor Wittner; "just as soon as I secure this vertebra."

It was impossible not to be impressed by diplodocus, an herbivorous sauropod of the Jurassic period. The skeleton of this specimen stood fourteen feet high and was a cool seventy feet in length. Melissa, dwarfed by its bulk, stood looking up at it. It seemed to sway a little. She put a hand on one of the gigantic knees.

Afterward Doctor Dillon said it was a terrible thing to do.

"But I didn't do anything!" cried Melissa. She was beginning to feel indignant about the way things happened to her. "I just barely touched it and bam!—I was hit by about ten thousand bones!"

"It will take them months to put it together again. Well, I think that this points to a little environmental investigation."

"What does that mean?"

"It means I go to Eastham Falls."

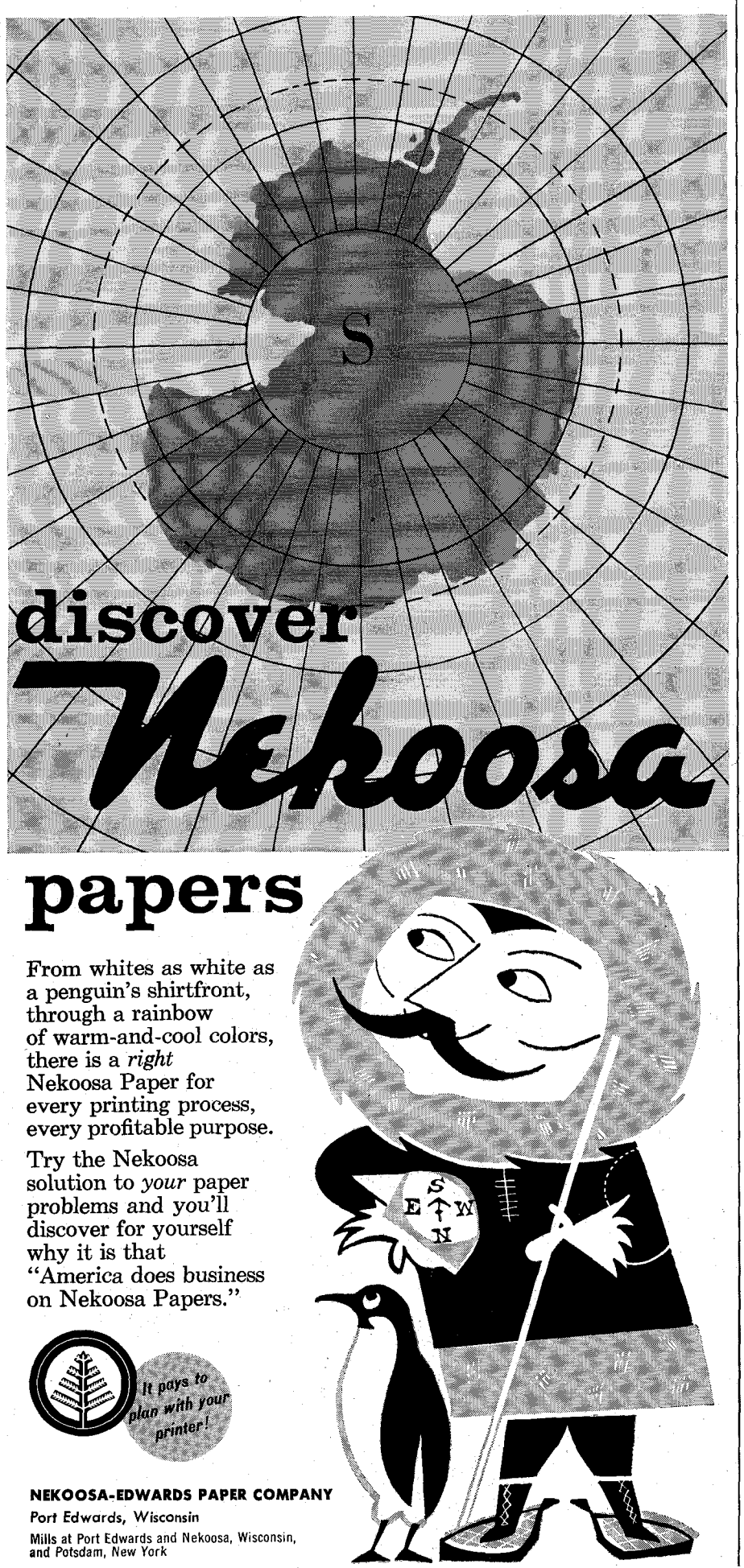
Desert Doubles

By Margaret Grahame Collins

Penciled etchings on the sand
Where thorny branches
stiffly slant—
Which is footprint drawn
by mouse?
Which is shadow cast by plant?

Who can differentiate
Between a seed pod's drifting
husk
And a white moth fluttering
In the quail-gray veil of dusk?

Which is lizard's token trail,
Faintly traced in transient night?
Which is hasty scratching by
Tumbleweed's erratic flight?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Doctor Dillon found Eastham Falls to be a typical upstate village adorned by fine old elms and crusted characters. His first call was upon Mervin Anstey, who ran the hardware store.

From the outside, it looked as if the hardware business was prosperous. As he stepped inside, Doctor Dillon became aware of a forest of signs. They hung from the ceiling, they were nailed up in every available space, and they bade him WATCH YOUR STEP, BEWARE OF ACCIDENTS, TAKE CARE—and the signs were reinforced by cartoons of little men with bandaged heads and arms, or stretched on hospital beds because they had not looked before they leaped. Doctor Dillon made a mental note that someone here was suffering from a bad case of latent insecurity.

Mervin Anstey turned out to be a tall, thin young man with a worried expression.

Doctor Dillon introduced himself and said he had come on behalf of Melissa Blix, and Mervin sprang out of his chair.

"Nothing wrong, doc, I hope!"

"Nothing wrong with her physical health, no. But she seems to be suffering from a form of auto-destructive neurosis. In other words, she seems to be having too many accidents."

The news made a profound impression on Mervin. He stared at Doctor Dillon as if the scientist had told him his fiancée was a firebug who held up banks in her spare time.

"That's awful, doc! She used to be a harum-scarum kid, but I never thought it would come to this!"

"That's why I am here. I am hoping to have a talk with the people she grew up with, her friends, her teachers."

"Then you'd better talk to Old Lady Fox. She taught school here for years; she knows the outside and inside of every kid who grew up in Eastham Falls."

As he left the store, Doctor Dillon noticed the young lady at the cashier's desk. She looked neat and efficient; she was as calm as a milk pudding. He was sure that there was no latent insecurity there.

He called on Miss Fox and found her pleasant and informative and not stricken in years—the "Old Lady" being a courtesy title bestowed on schoolteachers by the village. She was retired now, and Doctor Dillon often thought that a retired schoolteacher had everything a practicing psychologist had but the license.

"I remember Melissa well," she said; "I lived across the street from the Blixes when she was growing up. Have you met Mervin Anstey?"

"Yes."

"It is not easy to surprise me, Doctor Dillon, but the news that those two had an understanding did. I thought that after the dance she led him when they were children, he wouldn't come within ten yards of her when he grew up."

"He had an unhappy childhood?"

"Not in that sense. He was sweet on her and she bullied him. She was a very active child, she would swarm up a drainpipe before you could say wet paint—and Mervin hated to leave the ground. He was always about twenty feet behind her, protesting and worrying. And he hasn't changed a bit. That's why I was surprised to hear that they were going to be married. Rather hard on Lydia Overstreet."

"Lydia Overstreet?"

"She works in the hardware store as cashier. She's just the girl for Mervin, and she has been sweet on him ever since she came there, but I don't suppose Mervin ever noticed. You know, doctor, I sometimes think that people live the best part of their lives when they are about ten years old. I see Melissa occasionally and she is a nice, well-behaved young person, but she isn't a patch on the child she was about ten or eleven. I can remember her vividly—a fiery little sprig all eyes and black pigtails chasing Tee McKinley with a bat."

"Why was she chasing McKinley?"

"Because he carried another girl's books home from school and she wouldn't stand for it. The McKinleys lived next door and she chose Tee for her own. He never paid any attention to her that I could see—he was too busy being a boy—but that didn't matter to her. Now I suppose she's grown up and forgotten all about it."

"What happened to McKinley?"

"The family moved away to Illinois. Quite suddenly, as I remember it. Mr. McKinley was transferred. But I heard recently that Tee was living in New York."

He went around to have a look at the house in which Melissa had grown up. It was a pleasant old place with trees and a swing. He was still looking at it when a personable young man, obviously not one of the villagers, came along and stopped to look too.

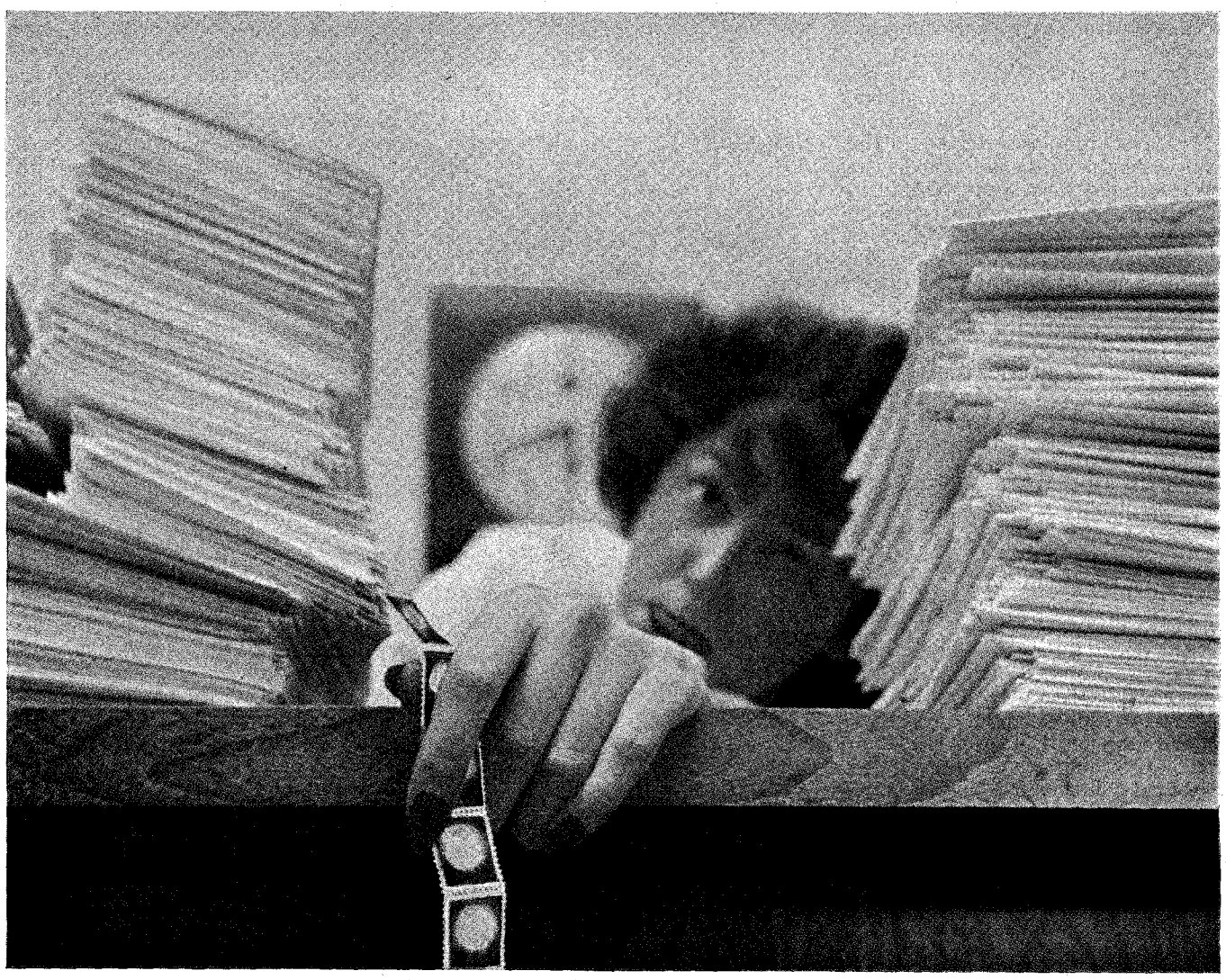
"Nice old place," said Doctor Dillon.

"I'll never forget it," said the young man. "There used to be a black-haired little pest by the name of Blix lived in it. We used to live next door."

"Would your name happen to be Tee McKinley?"

"That's right. How did you know?"

Doctor Dillon explained that he was a psychologist interested in the village past and he knew that the Blixes had lived



"Most likely to succeed"

"Girl most likely to succeed, it says in my class yearbook. And look at me now. Stuck with all these darn bills to mail out—in the old messy way, licking and sticking stamps and envelope flaps. Phooey! Tomorrow I make another pitch for a postage meter . . . and they better listen!"

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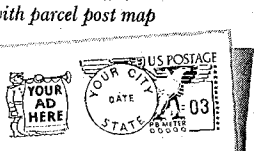

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next door to the McKinleys. It transpired that Tee McKinley, now living in New York, had stopped at the village between trains to look up old friends.

"And I'll tell you this, doctor: living next door to the Blix kid was no sinecure. It needed nerves of steel. I remember one night I was reading by the window and she slammed a rock through it. Nearly cured me of reading. I often wonder what happened to her."

"She's working in New York, I believe."

"You surprise me. I thought she'd be in jail."

"She's grown into quite a pretty girl."

"The world is cluttered with pretty girls," said Tee McKinley. "They come raining down on you like intercontinental missiles."

Doctor Dillon said he hadn't noticed it.

"Then let me tell you about something that happened to me. You're a psychologist; maybe it means something to you. I am walking along the street minding my own business when bam!—this dizzy dame falls out a window three stories up, bounces in an awning and knocks me through a store window. Not a scratch on the dame. And when they ask her how come she falls out the window, she says, well, she is mad at her boy friend. Does that make sense to you, doctor?"

"It figgers," said Doctor Dillon, in the vernacular. "It is one of the common motives." He was struck by a sudden thought. "Was this incident reported in the press?"

"Certainly was. Just about every paper in town. Bum picture of me too."

"By the way, what business are you in?"

"I sell accident insurance."

"In that case, I presume you are pretty well covered?"

"Oh, one of these days I'll get around to writing up myself. But I always say, what could happen to me?"

"Well, as a psychologist, I advise you to take out some, right away. Here is my card. Come and see me in the city. I might put a little business in your way."

In the city, Doctor Dillon repaired to a public library to look through the files of the daily newspapers. The search did not take long—he found the picture in several afternoon editions. The caption read, WOMAN FALLS THREE STORIES, PASSER-BY SHAKEN UP. The story said that Miss Doris Wheatspoon had fallen three stories from her apartment window, landed unhurt in an awning, and dropped on a passer-by, T. McSkinney, 1090 Greenleaf Road, who was knocked through a shop window by her impact.

The picture showed Tee McKinley, his hat bashed over his eyes and looking as if he had walked into a truck, lifting the young woman in his arms from the debris of a shop window. Miss Wheatspoon, a shapely creature, seemed gratified by the attention she was getting.

Doctor Dillon was pleased with the picture; it was the clue for which he had been searching. *What a wonderful thing*, he thought, *is the subliminal mind.*

Doctor Dillon waited in his office on the seventh floor of the Big Store. He had just received a phone call from Tee McKinley, who was on his way over to persuade him that to take out accident insurance was the smartest move a man could make. While he waited he thought about the Big Store. It throbbed and pulsed and hummed around him—buyers buying and sellers selling and women shoppers returning the articles they had bought yesterday—a veritable hive of industry. And in Doctor Dillon's eyes it was nothing but one big accident trap set for a young man named Tee McKinley.

Something was going to happen to him—he had no doubt of that. The mysterious power had already proved its strength by drawing him into its field. He thought of the mishaps that might occur in the ordinary course of events: he might fall down the freight hoist, he might set off the sprinkler system, he might step on a roller skate in the Toy Department or be transfixed by an arrow in the Sport Goods. The possibilities were many and varied.

And as if there were not hazards enough already, down in Linens and Drapes they were setting up another. Mr. Byrntassel, the chief of that section, had had an inspiration—he would dramatize a shipment of new fabrics by a display featuring a Maypole. So now a hundred shoppers stood around a roped-off enclosure, watching every move of a team of workers from Display Advertising putting the finishing touches on a Maypole. Miss Herkimer stood on a stool, securing the lower ends of the streamers; Mr. Donkin held the legs of a stand-up ladder from the top of which Melissa Blix adjusted the ribbons about the extremity of the pole.

Mr. Donkin, though not very bright, was capable of holding up the ladder even in a high wind, but at the moment his mind was not on his work. Miss Herkimer had just called him a clumsy oaf, merely because he had dropped his hammer on her, and the insult rankled. He was searching his mind for a snappy comeback when suddenly it began to rain hammers. Or to be more precise—one hammer. Melissa, reaching backward for her hammer, had knocked it off the top of the ladder and it fell on Mr. Donkin's sore toe. Mr. Donkin made an agonized hop and bumped into the stool which supported Miss Herkimer, who gave a squawk and stepped off backward into the folding leg of the ladder, which folded.

"Eee-yii!" cried Melissa, feeling the ladder go from under her. She grabbed at the streamers and flew through the air in an arc like a jet-propelled Maypole dancer, descending on a young man who happened to be passing, felling him.

"Why, Tee McKinley!" said Melissa.

"Melissa Blix," he said, not much surprised. He took a second look and saw that many changes had taken place. "Why, Melissa Blix!"

The spectators, who had mistaken it for an ordinary accident in which an innocent bystander is knocked down and suffers grievous injuries, crowded in with advice. They told him to lie quiet till the doctor came, to wiggle his toes to see if his legs were broken, and if his legs were broken, they promised him big damages. Everyone was solicitous about his welfare except Melissa, who prepared to go back to work, not caring whether his legs were broken or not.

"Hey, Melissa, don't go!"

"I hear you are going to be married," she said.

"Married!" Apparently he had never heard the word before. "Who's going to be married?"

"I hope you'll be very happy," she said coldly.

"Hey, listen!"

Doctor Dillon appeared on the scene. "Come along, you two," he said, and separated them from the crowd. He ushered them into the store infirmary.

"Now," he said, "are you all right, McKinley?"

"Of course, he's all right," said Melissa. "Girls fall on him all the time and he loves it."

"Now just a minute!" began Tee McKinley.

Doctor Dillon interrupted. "Kiss her," he said.

Melissa flared up. "He'd better not!"

"This young lady is my patient. She is suffering from a temporary neurosis. As a doctor, I prescribe this treatment. Kiss her."

Tee McKinley kissed her—once on the doctor's orders and once again on his own initiative. For some curious reason, probably having to do with black magic, this had a mollifying effect on the girl.

"Well, all right, I forgive you. But why did you go off like that without telling me?"

"Off where?"

"Illinois or wherever you went when you moved."

He struck his brow with his hand. "Good night, that was years ago! I was only thirteen; I had to move when my parents went."

"Well, you might have said good-by."

Doctor Dillon led the young man to the door and pushed him out. "Go ask the nurse to put a bandage on you or something. I want a word with Melissa."

He spread out a newspaper for her attention. "Have you ever seen this before?"

She looked at the picture of T. McSkinney with the shapely Miss Wheatstone in his arms. "They've got his name wrong," she said. . . . "No, I've never seen it before."

"Not consciously, perhaps, but your subliminal mind did. You saw it somewhere—on a newsstand or on a train when someone was turning over pages beside you. It passed too quickly for your conscious mind to register, but your subliminal mind took notice and right away it triggered off a series of alarms and reactions. You are a normal young woman, so your conscious mind repressed all the nonapproved reactions—anger, jealousy, resentment—and they sank right into your unconscious, which you can't control. And which went baldheaded for a remedy. Hence you became accident-prone, not a self-destructive type, but an attention-calling type."

She was truly surprised. "What will they think of next?"

"You were trying to call McKinley's attention back where it belonged. To you."

"But why him?"

"Because when you were a child you picked him for your own. That's why you hit him with a baseball bat. And you haven't changed or forgotten him. And don't try to tell me different."

When he returned to his office, Doctor Dillon remembered a loose end. He called Eastham Falls and got Mervin Anstey on the phone.

"Something wrong, doc?" asked Mervin, worrying.

"No, nothing wrong. Everything is going to be fine. But about Melissa—you're not going to marry her. As a psychologist, I forbid it—and besides, she's got her eye on someone else. So I advise you to marry Lydia Overstreet."

"What?" Mervin appeared dazed.

"Ask her now. I'll hold the line."

There was a short pause. Then Mervin came back on the line with a shout which nearly broke Doctor Dillon's eardrum. "She said yes, doc! She said yes! Oh, boy, I'm the happiest man in the world. . . . Hey, she wants to know how you knew."

"Psychologists know these little things," said Doctor Dillon. "Now you can take down all those signs, before they fall on someone's head."

He strolled to the window and stood looking out. This was one of the days it felt good to be a psychologist, arranging people's lives, spreading the sunshine. Down in the street a couple were jaywalking. He recognized them, Melissa and Tee McKinley. The traffic lights changed, a line of cars came charging at them like a troop of cavalry. *Better look out there*, said Doctor Dillon, and he was addressing not Melissa and Tee McKinley but the drivers of the oncoming cars. At the moment when an ordinary pair of pedestrians would have been knocked right into the statistics on traffic accidents the line wavered and cars crashed into each other with a screeching of brakes and a crumpling of fenders. Not noticing, absorbed in each other, the couple went their bemused way.

Doctor Dillon watched them go. He had not feared for their safety for an instant. He knew that there is nothing so accident-proof as an accident-prone girl who has been cured. THE END

Can You Name This Star?

This bright-eyed boy of four saw his first movie at the age of five. From then on, film stardom was his ambition. His family indirectly furthered his aim by moving from Detroit to Hollywood when he was eight. But his father insisted that he learn the steel business and enter the family firm. After one year, he begged off. He met film figures by polishing their planes and by caddying for Clark Gable, Randolph Scott and Fred Astaire. His many contacts led to a role in The Halls of Montezuma. Next came a real break in With a Song in My Heart. He has since made a success in television also. Can you name him?

Raymond R. Stuart

CORRECT ANSWER:
Robert Wagner

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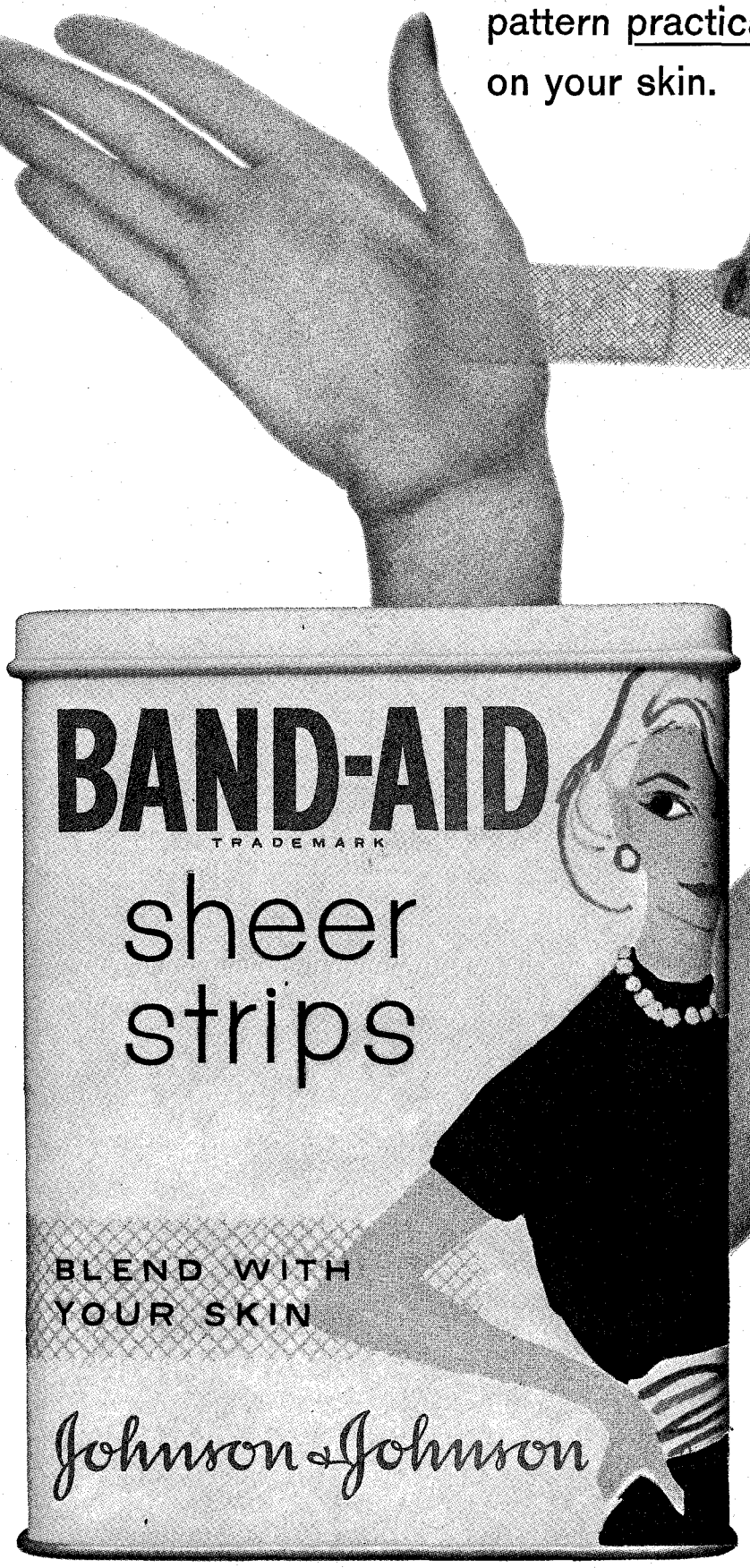

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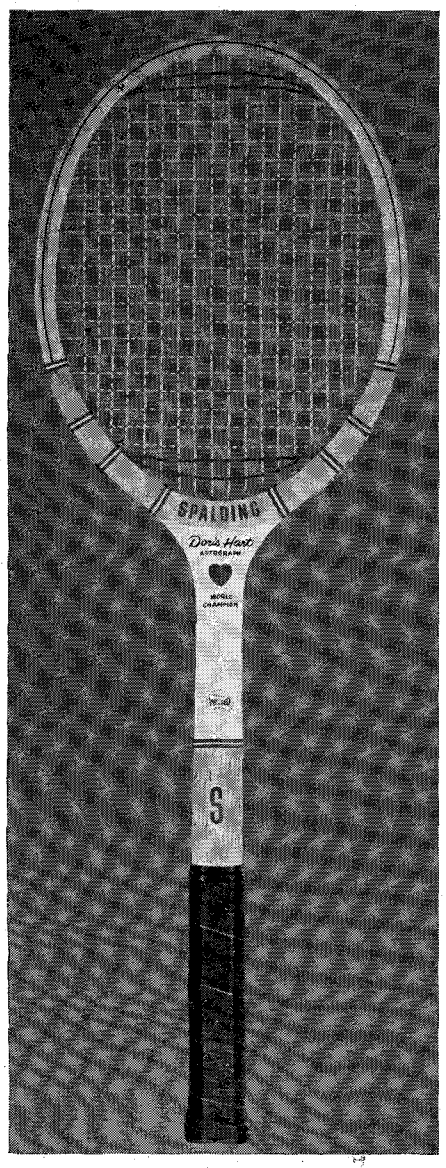

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SPALDING
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Miss Carlsen is Mine

(Continued from Page 24)

cigarettes and he had taught himself to light a match in a gale of rain and keep it lighted for her. She never had to think about him, and he rarely thought about anyone else.

They did six warm-up holes and came in. "You and Mr. Baxter are on the board for eleven o'clock," he said. She nodded and went into the clubhouse.

The caddie shack was full of kids, and Johnny said hello to some of them. He drank two bottles of pop and ate a big chocolate bar. He was wondering if he shouldn't go get another one when old Mr. Hazlitt came by. Hazlitt was a big man—a banker, past president of the club, played a fair game and tipped as if he got his money free.

"Do you want to go nine holes, Johnny?" he asked.

"I can't, Mr. Hazlitt," Johnny said. "I have to wait for Miss Carlsen."

"She's up for eleven," Hazlitt said. "There's time."

"I know, Mr. Hazlitt," Johnny said, "but she might want to hit a few drives or something. I have to wait."

Old Hazlitt crooked his finger at one of the other kids and stumped away. Johnny contemplated the departure of two dollars and a half with perfect equanimity. He rolled over and looked down into the miniature jungle of the grass under him. A little black ant came along, tugging what looked like half a beetle. Johnny found a twig and smoothed the path, cutting down towering blades of grass, moving huge boulders, some of them as big as raisins. The little ant covered a remarkable amount of ground, a foot or more, in ten minutes. Then he dropped the beetle and dashed away. A red ant, one of the big ones, rushed out of the tangled grass, ran excitedly around the beetle and picked it up. Johnny killed the red ant carefully and impersonally with his twig. He sat up then. He could count twenty-two people on the course now, moving doll-like on the greens or the fairways. There was a hum of insects everywhere, if you listened, and the smell of the thousands of roses banking one side of the clubhouse lay in the still air. Johnny got up and sloped off to the pro shop, where the candy machine was. He was still hungry.

The morning wore on. He waited placidly. He saw Baxter go to the putting green. Baxter was somebody's son. He drove a Mercedes-Benz 300 SL and his heavy leather bag held fourteen clubs. Johnny marked his putts with a caddie's hard eye. He knew Baxter's game: not much on the greens, pretty sharp on short approaches, often in the bush, hit a long ball. He leaned against the big tree in front of the porch and watched the door for Diana Carlsen. She waved to Baxter and they walked together; smiling, they danced at each other. Johnny missed the kiss. It was easy: he just closed his eyes and counted to three. He picked up her bag and started for the tee. He whistled once and jerked his head at Bud Connelly, the kid who lugged Baxter's big bag. They had to wait for a foursome to get off.

"A dollar she beats him," he said to Connelly.

"Keep it."

"A buck," he said, "to fifty cents she takes him."

"All right, sucker," Connelly said. "I got news for you. She wants to marry this guy. I hear they might be engaged. She don't want to beat him."

Johnny swung his big head around and looked flatly at the kid. "You'll pay," he said. "You'll pay me."

The girl drove first, her regular drive—walk up to it, waggle, one look, bang down the middle for two hundred yards. Baxter reached out another fifty. He was on, and off, with a 3 iron, laid it up close to the pin and dropped it for four. Diana Carlsen took five. *It figures*, Johnny said to himself. *He'll win the long ones, she'll win the short ones, but he's handicapped five; she'll win on that and the breaks.*

They moved along the clean, well-tended turf, out of the smooth even heat of the sun into the cool woods and back again, up hill and down. Johnny ambled along behind, all knees, elbows, ankles and feet, burning energy with the profligacy of seventeen: he could carry two bags thirty-six holes in a day and restore himself with a bottle of pop and ten minutes' rest. He lifted his eyes from the girl only when a ball was in play or when she was close to Baxter. Once or twice they touched hands, their fingers intertwined briefly, and then he looked away in fury. *No way to play golf*, he thought; *the idea is to beat him, pound him, drive him down disgraced.* He

... ...

Little Calypso

By Nancy Garbett Wilbur

Sad, sad, the sound of rain,
Cold, cold, the snow;
When the sound of weeping
come,
All gladness go.

Sweet, sweet, the summer
sky,
Bright shine the sun;
When the heart be warm
again,
Old sorrow done.

... ...

loathed the conventions of the game, the nonsense about your honor, sir; nice shot, old boy, all that. Old ladies, old men walking around for the exercise, all right. But players playing to win, then try. Cheat, if you have to. There were four or five men in the club who knew how he felt. Before a big match, they'd say, "I need this one, Johnny," and slip him five dollars. It was understood: that five then, and the regular fee and the regular tip, plus five more, if they won. His man always won, if the match was reasonably near even. There were ways, and Johnny knew all of them. Some of the caddies claimed they wouldn't do it, not for any amount of money. Johnny thought they were liars or crazy—which, it didn't matter.

The girl was two down, turning the ninth hole. She was off her game, and Johnny began to worry about her. After all, she held the club title, she was women's champ; she ought to dust this bum off. *We'll lose, this keeps up*, he muttered to himself.

Driving off the tenth tee, Baxter hooked hard into the tall grass and a scattered grove of trees. Diana Carlsen hooked her shot, too, but not so badly. She lay in the grass just at the edge of the fairway. Johnny bent and parted the grass gently to identify the ball, and as he did he lifted it with two fingers, squeezed the dirt into a little tee under it with his thumb and little finger, and set it back. The girl herself wouldn't notice, but it was the difference between a 5 iron and a 3—perhaps twenty yards. He gave her the stick and noticed the look that passed between them before he marked the fall of the ball and shuffled into the woods. Connelly was five yards off the line of Baxter's ball. Johnny knew where it was, a freak bounce barred. He cut the ground into six-foot squares and found it within a minute. He kept on shuffling through the grass, head down, dribbling the ball before him like a soccer player. He rolled it between the eroded roots of a maple tree and left it for Connelly to find. Baxter took three strokes just to reach the fairway.

They were even going into the 12th, and halved the hole. Baxter hooked again off the 13th, the ball rolled into mushy ground near a brook and again Connelly was off the line. Johnny heeled the ball out of sight into the ground, scuffed the mud over it with his other foot, barely breaking his jerky stride. He looked fondly at Diana Carlsen, watching Baxter drop a new ball and take the penalty. *For you, darling*, he said to her to himself, *the ten-dollar job, and for nothing. This bum is lucky if I don't steal the shoes off his feet before we hole out.* The blood sang through his head; he knew the glory of virtuosity unleashed; the rich, sensual joy of the merciless conqueror loosed the saliva in his mouth. On the 14th green, when Baxter needed a twenty-foot putt to halve the hole, Johnny tossed off his specialty, his own invention. As he lifted the flag he stared hard off the green, and as the other three flicked their eyes away, following his, he dragged the pole, ever so lightly, diagonally across the path of the ball. This was a chancy one; you could be caught if your timing wasn't exact. The almost invisible trench he made wouldn't turn a ball coming strong and dead center, but if it were slow, the legs off it, and an inch from the center line, it would miss, and it did.

That one broke Baxter and he blew up. He was a dead man from there in, and there was no more hand-holding either. The girl was playing stiffly, mechanically; the fun seemed to be out of it for her. Although he caddied for her three or four times a week, Johnny didn't speak unless spoken to once a fortnight, but when she undershot an easy approach to the 16th, he said, as to himself, "Some men might think you were letting up on them." She didn't answer, but her drive off the 17th was the longest ball he'd seen her hit all summer, and Baxter came in three holes down. He was bloody. She paid Johnny and thanked him and left.

"You were hot today, Miss Carlsen," he called softly after her. She didn't answer him.

After he had put her sticks away, he got a bottle of pop and a sandwich and leaned against the caddie house, stuffing it down. He stood because he wanted to watch the parking lot. Connelly came along with half a dollar.

"I can't use your money, kid," Johnny said. "Keep it. Have a ball."

"I'll keep it all right," Connelly said. "You gave him the business, didn't you."

Johnny swung his head around. "Say that again, kid?" he whispered. Connelly moved a little way off, stood for a second, went away.

Just a shower's length of time passed and Baxter came out, jerked up the gull-wing door of his car and blasted off. He turned down the hill. Five minutes more and Diana Carlsen was moving across the lot, no bounce, but moving in her unbearably beautiful lady's way, all sex and glory and control. Her car rolled off and she went up the hill. Johnny watched her out of sight, his heart bursting with his love and the purity of it. THE END

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THEY SING WITH BEAUTY

Botts Takes the Bait (Continued from Page 34)

end of a machinery shed. Mr. Markham, a middle-aged, rugged-looking man, was seated behind a table covered with papers.

"I am Alexander Botts," I said, "sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company."

"All right," he said, "you can tell that little pup of a dealer of yours that I have a perfect right to cancel an order if I feel like it. And I don't want any back talk out of him—or out of you either."

At this point I decided that Mr. Markham was in a hostile mood and looking for an argument. I am pleased to report, however, that I followed the excellent advice contained in your letter. Instead of arguing back, I brought out the good old melted butter.

"I agree with you entirely, Mr. Markham," I said. "If you want to cancel your order for that shovel, you have a perfect right to do so. I would not even dream of objecting to your action. And I want to apologize for any unfortunate remarks which Tom Fenton may have made over the telephone."

Apparently Mr. Markham had not expected any such soft answer. He looked surprised. Then he began to soften up a bit. "You don't have to apologize, Mr. Botts," he said.

"But I want to," I replied. "I want you to know that Tom Fenton is sorry for what he said."

"All right, then, let's forget it. And I guess I was a little sharp-tempered with you when you first came in. I have been having a rather tough morning, Mr. Botts. First I had a big argument with the cashier at the bank. Then I called up Tom Fenton and got into an argument with him. But the main trouble was that cashier at the bank. He was trying to meddle in my affairs and telling me what I ought and ought not to do with my own money. I told him that what I do with my own money is my business. Was I right or was I wrong, Mr. Botts?"

"You were a hundred per cent right."

"Mr. Botts, you are the first sensible person I have talked with this morning. And now I suppose you would like to know why I canceled my order for the shovel."

"Well, I wouldn't want to pry into your private affairs."

"That's all right, Mr. Botts. I want to explain the situation because I don't want you to think I am dissatisfied with Earthworm machinery or with Earthworm service."

"I am glad to hear that," I said.

"I am especially pleased with your new-model Little Wonder power shovel. It's just what I need for small odd jobs, like digging ditches, carving out small excavations for footings and foundations, and shaping up slopes. Someday I hope to buy one, but right now I can't spare the money—not even the fifteen thousand for the down payment."

"I am sure," I said, "that Tom Fenton would be glad to reduce the amount of the down payment."

"No, Mr. Botts, I don't want easier terms. I am old-fashioned. I am conservative. I never want to get myself too far into debt. When I ordered this shovel I had the fifteen thousand on hand. But I have now found another use for it. I have discovered an amazing opportunity for investment in a project which is not only safe but offers the possibility of truly fabulous profits."

"Then why not buy the shovel on time and pay for it out of the fabulous profits?"

"Again, Mr. Botts, let me remind you that I am a conservative businessman. Although this proposition is as safe as any investment I can think of, there is a very small element of risk involved. I have therefore decided not to buy the shovel until the profits from this other venture are actually in my hands in the form of cold cash."

"I respect your judgment, Mr. Markham," I said. "I would not think of asking you to change your mind. And—even though you have not explained the details—I am sure you will be successful in your new venture."

"I have not explained the details, either to you or anyone else, Mr. Botts, because I don't want to spread the news around too much. However, you seem to be a man of discretion. You have the same conservative point of view that I have. So I would like to tell you the good news and get your opinion of the project."

"I shall be most happy to oblige," I said.

Mr. Markham reached into a drawer in his work table and brought out an instrument which I immediately recognized, from my previous contacts with prospectors, as a Geiger counter. He then pulled out a large hunk of rock. "Test it out," he said.

I flicked the switch. I adjusted the earphones. There was a slow and irregular clicking. I then moved the little gadget on the end of the wire next to the piece of rock. The speed of the clicking increased tremendously. "Uranium?" I asked.

"Exactly," said Mr. Markham. "This is a sample of some of the richest uranium ore that has ever been discovered."

"And where did you get it?"

"It's a very interesting story, Mr. Botts. Yesterday evening, just as I was about to close up my office here, I received a visit from a man named Luke Hoskins. He and I went to high school together many years ago. I had not seen him since we graduated, and we had a wonderful time talking over the good old days. I certainly was glad to see him."

"This man Hoskins has some connection with the uranium ore?"

"Yes, indeed. He told me that about a year ago he met an old prospector called Krimsky, who claimed that he had discovered, somewhere in Nevada, an enormously rich deposit of uranium ore. It seems that Krimsky, who was born in Russia, is a very cautious old bird. He would not tell anybody where his big strike was located. He wanted to sell off his rights first. But he was ignorant of business matters and did not know just how to go about it."

"And that is where your old schoolmate, Hoskins, got into the picture?"

"Yes. Krimsky hired him to carry on the negotiations, and he arranged a very clever scheme. He got several big corporations to send out geologists. Old Krimsky would blindfold them and drive them hither and thither over the desert until they had no idea where they were. Finally he would stop right on top of his discovery, and the geologists would make a survey and pick up samples, after which he would blindfold them again and drive them back to civilization. He took out several groups in this way."

"And none of them ever discovered the exact location of the ore?"

"Apparently not. And he would never take Hoskins along, so he doesn't know either."

"And what sort of reports did the geologists make?"

"Very favorable, indeed, Mr. Botts. And the companies that employed them made some very good offers. Take a look at these, Mr. Botts. Good old Luke Hoskins was kind enough to leave them with me so I could study them at leisure."

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He handed me a sheaf of letters from high executives of the companies involved. These letters offered to buy up Mr. Krimsky's uranium rights at prices ranging all the way from four million to eight million dollars.

"So Krimsky sold out to the highest bidder?"

"No. Hoskins was holding back—letting the companies bid against one another so as to push up the price. And before he got around to make a deal, an almost unbelievable thing happened. One day last winter, Krimsky suddenly disappeared—without leaving a trace."

"And was that the end of the whole thing?"

"No, Mr. Botts. Several days ago Luke Hoskins received a letter from Krimsky. Here it is." He handed me a letter written in pencil on cheap paper. The English was illiterate; the handwriting was clumsy; but the message was plain enough.

The writer said he had been kidnaped by a group of Russians, smuggled aboard a plane and flown to some prison behind the Iron Curtain. The Russians were trying to brainwash him and learn the location of his uranium. He had told his captors that it was almost impossible to describe the road through the desert, and he had tried to persuade them to fly him back, so he could lead them to the place. Apparently they had considered this too risky. So he had been playing them along by giving them directions so vague as to be impossible to follow.

Meanwhile he had made a secret deal with one of his jailers, by which the jailer agreed to fix it so they could both escape across the border to Vienna. For this the jailer demanded one hundred thousand dollars paid in advance in United States currency. The letter closed with a solemn promise that if Hoskins would raise the hundred thousand dollars and deliver it to a certain address in Vienna, Krimsky, as soon as he got back to the United States, would lead Hoskins to the uranium deposit and would turn over to him half of whatever they could sell it for.

The letter, which had apparently been smuggled out by the jailer, was signed, "Nikolai Krimsky."

"Is the signature genuine?" I asked.

"Hoskins says it is, and he should know."

"There is one thing I don't understand," I said. "These Russians must want this uranium in Russia. How can they ship it over there? Wouldn't it be against the law?"

"That's what I asked Hoskins. He says they could probably set up a company which they could secretly control through a bank in Switzerland. Then they could install their own engineers, who would falsify the records so they could ship out most of their production labeled as something else. But it's all too complicated for me."

"Is Hoskins going to send over the hundred thousand?"

"He wants to, Mr. Botts. But he hasn't got it. That's why he came to see me. He had heard that I had been successful as a contractor. He thought I might be able to raise the money."

"Why didn't he try some of these big companies that wanted to buy the mine?"

"Honestly, Mr. Botts, it's amazing the way your mind works along the same lines as mine. That's exactly the question I put to Hoskins myself. And he had a very good explanation. He said if any news about this deal leaked out and was picked up by some Communist spy, it might ruin everything. The whole transaction has to be done secretly. And it is almost impossible for a large corporation to pay out a hundred thousand dollars in cash without a lot of clerks, bookkeepers and other office workers knowing about it. That's why he came to me. And he made me a very generous offer. He said if I would put up the hundred thousand dollars he would give me one half of his share of the mine. That means, Mr. Botts, that I would get one quarter of a piece of property worth from four to eight million dollars. He would be signing over to me anywhere from one to two million dollars."

"But you had to turn this down because you don't have the hundred thousand?"

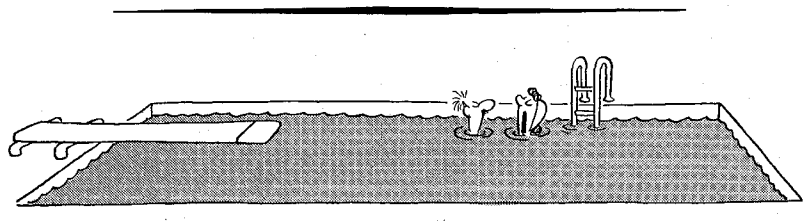
"I had to reduce the amount, Mr. Botts. I told Hoskins I could raise fifty thousand, but no more. So he said he would go to Indianapolis to see a friend who might raise the other fifty thousand. In this case the quarter interest in the profits would be divided between me and the man in Indianapolis."

"It sounds all right to me," I said.

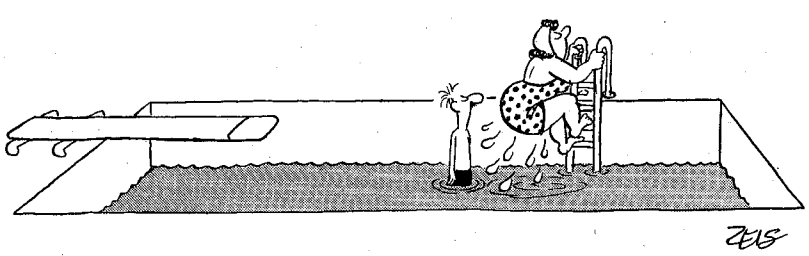
"It sounded good to me, too, Mr. Botts. So I told him to go ahead. He will report back here tomorrow morning. I promised to have the money ready for him. And that is how I got into the big argument at the bank."

"How so?"

"It was like this, Mr. Botts. I already had fifteen thousand dollars in my checking account that I had planned to use for the down payment on the shovel. So I jerked some securities out of my safe-deposit box and put them up as collateral for a thirty-five-thousand-dollar loan. There was no trouble about that. The argument began when I asked for the cash. They acted like they had never heard of such a thing."



"I think I've had enough."



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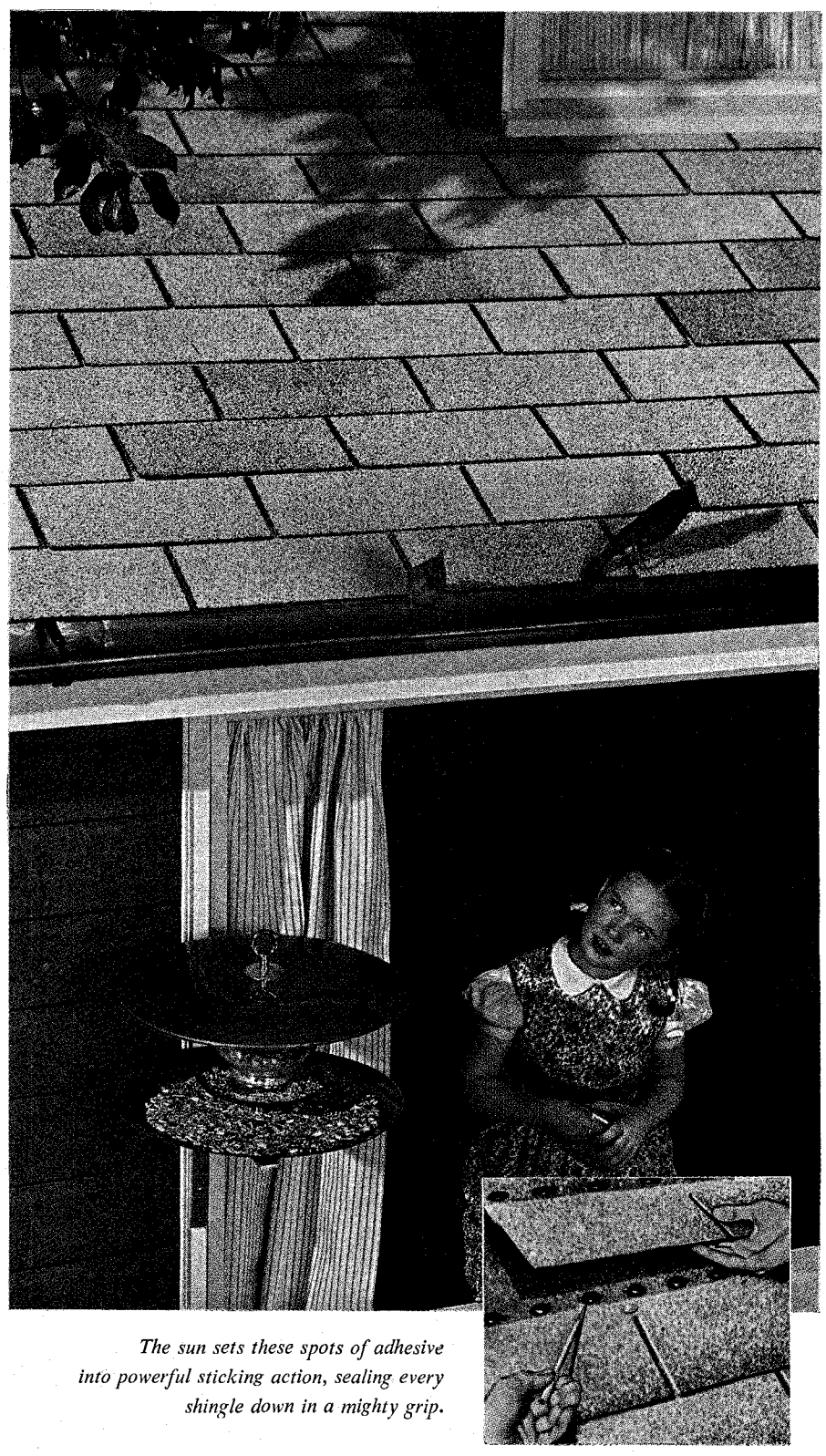
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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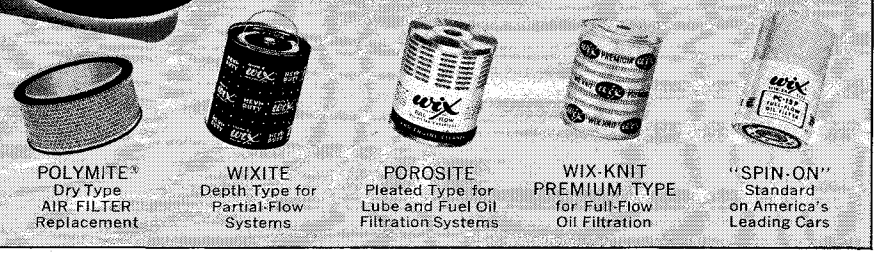

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"You mean you asked for the whole fifty thousand dollars in cash?"

"Certainly. It has to be in cash. That's how they want it in Vienna. Hoskins will call for it tomorrow, which is Saturday. The bank is closed on Saturday, so I had to get the money today. Naturally I wasn't going to tell all this to those meddling busybodies at the bank. But they began asking questions and insinuating that I didn't know what I was doing."

"Probably they wanted to protect your interests."

"That's what they claimed. They said it wasn't safe for me to carry around that much money. I might lose it. I might even get slugged and robbed. The cashier called in the president and a couple of tellers, and they talked and argued until I finally told them they could give me the money or I would take my banking business elsewhere."

"So they handed it over?"

"Yes. I had asked for it in worn bills—tens and twenties. At first they wanted to make a record of all the serial numbers. I guess they thought I was being blackmailed or something, and they ought to have some way of tracing the cash. But recording the serial numbers would have taken all day. So I told them to throw the stuff together and wrap it up as fast as they could."

"And you finally walked out with the money?"

"Yes, after one final argument. Those people actually wanted to send along the bank watchman with a gun to protect me. But I wouldn't stand for any such foolishness. So they had to let me go."

"And where is the money now?"

"It's locked up right over there." He pointed to a medium-sized safe in the corner of his office. "Nobody knows the combination but me. I have a watchman on duty all night. So I figure the money will be just as safe here as it would be in the bank. Do you agree?"

"I do."

"And now, Mr. Botts, I would like your honest opinion on this whole project. Are you going to argue with me and tell me I don't know what I'm doing? Or are you going to advise me to go ahead?"

Up to this time, Henderson, I had been feeling my way very cautiously. I had avoided committing myself too definitely. But now that I had learned all the facts, I made a quick decision and spoke up without any hesitation at all.

"Mr. Markham," I said, "during our entire discussion I have been deeply impressed with the thorough way you have investigated this matter. You have asked Mr. Hoskins the same sort of searching questions which I would have asked if I had been talking to him. You have tested the ore with a Geiger counter. You have examined the letters and other documents with the greatest care. Even though Mr. Hoskins is an old and trusted friend, you have taken nothing in his story for granted. You have been conservative. You have demanded proof; you have received proof. In short, you have so completely convinced me of the soundness of this project that I have no hesitation in advising you to go ahead."

"Thank you, Mr. Botts. You have no idea how I appreciate your saying that."

"I will go even further. If that man in Indianapolis is unable to raise the money, I would very much like to contribute the extra fifty thousand myself. I hope you will use your influence with Mr. Hoskins to let me do this."

"I would be delighted. But do you have that much money with you?"

"No," I said. "And I would not be using my own money anyway. I have decided that this is an ideal investment for surplus funds of the Earthworm Tractor Company. When this uranium mine gets into production there will be a lot of heavy excavating. If the Earthworm Company owns a share in the mine, it will not only make a handsome profit but will also be in a favored position for selling Earthworm equipment. If you can persuade Mr. Hoskins to let us in on this deal, I hope you will let me know at once. I will then make out a draft for fifty thousand dollars on the treasurer of the Earthworm Tractor Company. I will hand you the money just as soon as I get it."

"I am expecting Mr. Hoskins at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. If you will be here at that time I will introduce you, and I trust that everything can be arranged."

"Thank you," I said. "And now I would like to revert to the matter of that shovel—which is what I came here to discuss in the first place. I appreciate your reasons for canceling the order, but I also feel that you need this shovel. So, in appreciation of your efforts to get the Earthworm Company in on this uranium project, I am going to make you an offer based on the new Earthworm Progressive Credit Policy."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"When I say 'Now for a word from our alternate sponsor,' pause between strokes and take a sip."

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"What does that mean?"

"It means, Mr. Markham, that the Earthworm Company is adjusting its credit terms to modern practices. If a veteran can buy a home for practically nothing down and thirty or forty years to pay, why should the Earthworm Company demand one third down and the balance in two years?"

"You don't mean you're going to let me have thirty or forty years to pay for this shovel?"

"As a matter of fact, Mr. Markham, I am going to do better than that. I'm so convinced that you will like this machine that I am going to send it out on trial. You can keep it as long as you want. And you won't owe us a cent until you are convinced that it has more than paid for itself in what it saves you. If at any time you decide you don't want the shovel, you may return it and you will owe us nothing."

"Those are very generous terms," said Mr. Markham. "Do you think you can get your dealer here to agree to them?"

"Tom Fenton does not have to agree to them," I said. "These terms are offered by the Earthworm Tractor Company, which will reimburse Tom for anything he may lose."

"Very good, then; I accept."

"And now," I said, "I will bring in Tom Fenton so you can tell him you are taking the shovel."

I found Tom still sitting in his car. When I explained to him how the sale had gone through and how the Earthworm Company was assuming all the risk, he was so pleased that he rushed in and actually apologized to Mr. Markham.

"I am sorry I yelled at you over the telephone," he said. "You have always been one of my best friends and one of my best customers. I hope you will forgive me."

"Don't give it a second thought," said Mr. Markham. "I was entirely too abrupt in telling you about that cancellation. I deserve to be bawled out. I do not hold it against you at all."

The two men shook hands.

"From now on," said Tom, "it is going to be my policy never to argue with a customer."

We said good-by. Tom drove me back to his agency, where he ordered one of his mechanics to deliver the shovel to Mr. Markham at once. He then drove me here to the hotel, where I have been writing this report. I know you will approve of how I have followed your policy. I have refrained from arguing. By soft words and wholehearted agreement I have completely healed the breach between Fenton and Markham. And by the sheer power of my good example I have inspired Tom to announce, of his own free will, that from now on he will never argue with a customer. This I consider a real triumph in human relations.

I have some slight doubts as to whether you will entirely approve of all the arrangements I have made in reference to the uranium mine and to the easy terms on the shovel. If I had time, I am sure I could talk you out of all your objections, if any, but I must take this report to the post office at once if it is to catch the last mail this afternoon. I will therefore bring my remarks to a close.

With all best wishes,
Most sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF GILBERT HENDERSON,
PRESIDENT
Monday, May 12, 1958

Dear Botts: When I told you it is our policy never to argue with a customer, I did not mean that you should go to the opposite extreme and weakly agree with every crackpot plan that a customer may propose. I am particularly astounded that you should fall for this obviously fraudulent get-rich-quick scheme sold to Mr. Markham by his old schoolmate. The whole thing is nothing but the ancient and well-known Spanish-prisoner swindle partially disguised by shifting the prisoner behind the Iron Curtain and substituting a uranium mine for pirate gold.

I would suggest that you call on Mr. Markham at once, point out that an old schoolmate may be just as big a fraud as a total stranger, and advise him—if it is not already too late—to investigate this man Hoskins before he lets him get around the corner with even as much as a nickel.

You will tell Mr. Markham that the Earthworm Company refuses to have any part in this project. I have instructed our treasurer that he is not to honor your proposed draft of fifty thousand dollars, and you are to have no funds beyond your normal allowance for legitimate expenses.

You will also inform Mr. Markham and Mr. Fenton that the Earthworm Company is emphatically not adjusting its credit terms to what you call "modern practices." We have no desire to imitate the Veterans Administration in promoting easy credit. Our policy remains the same as formerly, which means that if Mr. Fenton wishes to deliver a shovel for nothing down and the balance when the customer feels like paying for it, he will have to assume the entire risk himself. Mr. Fenton has been charged with this shovel, and we expect him to pay for it.

Very sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON

Hotel Lorraine
Lorraine, Indiana
Tuesday, May 13, 1958

Dear Henderson: Your letter is here, and I will now try to do what I probably should have done in my previous report. I will try to talk you out of your objections to my recent activities.

I have already described the events up to Friday night. I will now pick up the narrative at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, when I arrived at Mr. Markham's office and found him conferring, not with Mr. Hoskins, but with a couple of state policemen. They were looking at a large hole which had been battered into the side of the building.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

Mr. Markham explained. "About two o'clock this morning," he said, "the night watchman here noticed a fire about a mile away, at the other end of the airport. He jumped into his car and drove over to investigate. What he found was a spectacular but harmless fire in a pile of oil-soaked rubbish. He watched the fire for a while to see that it did not spread. When it had died down he drove back here, and that was when he discovered this big hole in the wall of my office."

"What had happened?"

"There had been a robbery, Mr. Botts. You remember that Earthworm Little Wonder power shovel that Tom Fenton sent over here yesterday?"

"Yes."

"That shovel, Mr. Botts, had been parked right beside this building. While the watchman was away, somebody must have started the engine, used the dipper to break a hole in the building, scooped up my office safe and driven away with it. So the watchman called the police, and they set up roadblocks and started a half-dozen cars converging on the area ——"

"Did they catch the robbers?"

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"No. They found the shovel half a mile down the road, and we brought it back."

"And the safe?"

"The safe was gone. The cops think it was probably transferred to a truck."

There was a knock on the door. Mr. Markham said, "Come in." The door opened. A man stepped in. He had an unusually long, thin and ugly-looking face. He took one look at the police, turned and ran out.

"Hey!" said one of the policemen. "Come back here!" He darted out the door. The other policeman followed.

Mr. Markham looked surprised. He turned to me. "That was Mr. Hoskins," he said.

We both ran outside. The police had grabbed Mr. Hoskins. They explained that he was a wanted criminal.

"What has he done?" asked Mr. Markham.

"I forget," said one of the cops, "but nobody could miss that ugly face. We have a picture here." He reached into his car and pulled out a couple of leaflets and handed one to Mr. Markham. The picture was a perfect likeness of Mr. Hoskins.

"We'll take him down and lock him up," said one of the policemen. They hustled Hoskins into their car and drove away.

Mr. Markham and I returned to his office. We read what the leaflet had to say about Mr. Hoskins.

He had operated under various aliases, but the *modus operandi* was usually the same—a story about a uranium mine, a lot of forged letters, a prospector kidnaped and held behind the Iron Curtain, and a request for a large sum in cash to get him out.

"I seem to have made a fool of myself twice," Mr. Markham said sadly. "First I planned to give that money to a swindler. Then I left it where it could be stolen. Those people at the bank will certainly be able to say 'I told you so.'"

"That gives me an idea," I said. "Maybe that safe was carried away by somebody who wanted to protect you rather than rob you."

"Those boys at the bank may be crazy, but they're not that crazy."

"Don't be too sure," I said. "Try to use your imagination. You have a lot of friends in this town. One of them might have said to himself, 'There is good old Ed Markham. He is such a kind person that people try to take advantage of him. He's so impulsive and warmhearted that we've just got to protect him.' That's what they said at the bank, didn't they?"

"Well, they said that they wanted to protect me."

"All right, then, let's use our imaginations some more. Suppose one of these friends of yours wanted to protect you. What would he do? If he was afraid he could not talk you out of it, he might very well try to put the money in a safe place and keep it there until you had a chance to change your mind."

"He might, at that."

"So how does he carry out his plan? He sneaks out in the middle of the night and pours kerosene over a pile of rubbish at the other end of the airport. He lights a candle inside a box so it will burn down and set fire to the rubbish in maybe half an hour. Then he sneaks over here. When the watchman dashes to the fire, your friend starts up the shovel, bashes in the side of the building and scoops up the safe. He drives the shovel down the road merely to fool the cops."

"But what has he done with the safe?"

"Let us continue," I said, "to use our imaginations. Let us suppose that this friend of yours wants to protect you. If that is the case, he does not have to take the safe away. All he has to do is hide it."

"But where?"

"When I came in," I said, "I noticed a pile of fresh earth outside. Apparently it had been scraped up out of an excavation. It would be pretty easy for a man with a power shovel to dig a hole in that pile of earth, push in the safe, bury it and smooth up the earth so it would look the same as before. Let us see if we can find anything."

Mr. Markham and I walked outside. I started the shovel. Thirty seconds later I had dug up the safe. Mr. Markham opened it. The money was all there.

"I'm the happiest man in the whole state of Indiana," he said.

"No happier than I am, Mr. Markham. You agreed to pay for this shovel as soon as you were convinced it had saved you more than its purchase price. All right. This shovel has just saved you fifty thousand dollars."

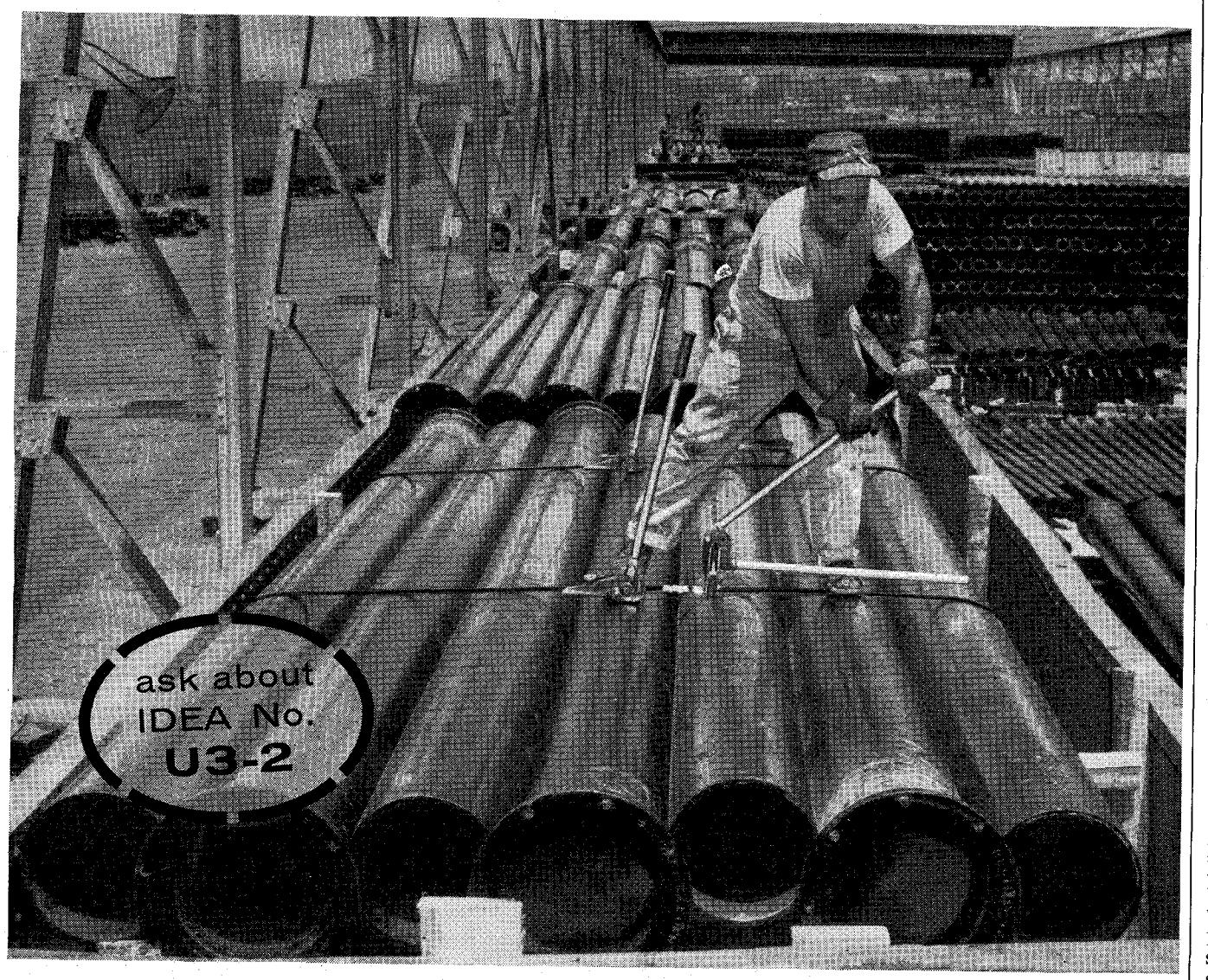
Mr. Markham thought this over. "That's correct," he said. "And just as soon as I can get to town I will pay Tom Fenton the entire purchase price of forty-five thousand. But, in the meantime, I want to say that although I may be a sucker for a plausible story, I cannot believe it was anybody from the bank that pulled off this stunt with the shovel and safe. Tell me honestly, Mr. Botts, did you have anything to do with this?"

"As to that," I said, "I decline to answer on the ground that I might incriminate myself."

And with those words I bring this letter to a close.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

THE END



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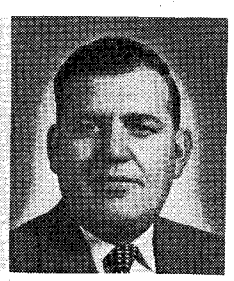

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The Chains of Fear (Continued from Page 43)

over for an hour or so. The same evening he went over again. He began to make trips each day.

Previously, whenever he made a visit, he would arrive so fully preoccupied that he hardly took time to look around. Now he would sit on the couch, chatting lightheartedly, enjoying the talk. Filled with pleasure, he would take her in his arms and ask, "Do you love me?"

"I love you," she would repeat softly.

A week went by. One day Lyubkin, during one of his visits, spied a book on the couch. He picked it up absentmindedly and opened it. He was amazed to see that it was a Rumanian-Russian dictionary.

"What's this nonsense?"

"This? Just one of my silly things."

Her answer disturbed him. It seemed to him that she would have liked to snatch the book away. He said nothing and asked no questions, but there rose within him a feeling of doubt, even of distrust. He spoke only little after this, and with some coolness. He left early.

After his departure, Elena Dmitrievna hurled the dictionary to the floor as if it were somehow guilty. Then her anger stilled, she became reflective, her lips turned downward with disgust. "Fool!" she murmured to herself.

Lyubkin drove gloomily to the directorate. A splinter had lodged in him, but he would not admit it to himself. Even though he felt the splinter, he set it completely aside. *Variskin*, he said to himself. *Damn it, he's the one who has me so worked up. It's time to finish that up.*

Immediately he called Suprunov and asked him angrily about Variskin. Not at all surprised, Suprunov gave him a cold look. "Tomorrow, very likely."

Suprunov had been far from forgetting Variskin. Every day—sometimes twice a day—he had summoned him, not for interrogation, for he said hardly a word to him, but simply to seat him at a separate table and order tea and food for him from the cafeteria. Variskin began to take this treatment for granted, convinced now that he had passed the test for a ten-thousandist.

On the evening of September twenty-second Suprunov looked into the cafeteria and examined the day's offering. "Cutlets with sausage," he reproached the cafeteria manager. "Don't you have anything spicier? Something hot on the tongue?"

"We have pickled herring."

"To hell with pickled herring."

"Marinated fish?"

"In cans or how? If you'd marinate them yourself, they'd taste better." He hit on it all of a sudden. "Do you have any sauerkraut?"

"Yes."

"Fry some up with lard and sausage. And put in as much onion as possible. And a lot of pepper. I like it that way. Have you got that? It had better be tasty or I'll dump it over your head."

In half an hour the tray was brought in. When the waitress left, Suprunov critically tasted the cabbage. Without a trace of furtiveness or haste, he took a small capsule out of his wallet, broke off its tiny end, stirred its contents into the mass, and put the empty capsule with the broken end back in his wallet. Then he sat down calmly and sent for Variskin.

Variskin came in and greeted him with a handshake.

"Eat, if you're hungry." Suprunov nodded toward the corner.

"It's not that I'm very hungry, but——" Variskin took his customary seat and began leisurely to eat. Suprunov read the papers on his desk, making notes with a thick pencil and looking up from time to time to see if Variskin was eating.

When Variskin was cleaning up the last remains of the cabbage, Suprunov asked as he always did, "Had enough?"

"It was fine—just fine, thank you, comrade!"

"Good."

On the point of pressing the bell to call the guard and send Variskin back to his cell, Suprunov hesitated. "This Suprunov—you say he has two fingers missing from his right hand?"

"Two missing. Exactly," repeated Variskin with blunt conviction.

"You've seen him often?"

"Well, you could say often."

"But he says that he has never seen you and doesn't know who you are!"

Variskin stared. "The swine's raving!"

"If I put him face to face with you, would you show him up? You wouldn't let him slip out of it, would you? He might make you back down. He's a strong man, you know."

"That's right. Strong!" agreed Variskin. His lower lip protruded. "But I'm nobody's weakling either."

Suprunov looked at him with penetrating interest. As to Lyubkin earlier, it seemed strange to him—horribly strange. Variskin spoke so assuredly about a nonexistent Suprunov. *Even if I were to send him back to Zhorka*, he thought, *he would still go on believing that he knows Suprunov, and that Suprunov was in their organization, even though there never was such an organization.* He kept looking at Variskin, who broke into an absurd answering smile. And he realized that he hated Variskin. An overpowering loathing seeped into him.

"All right. Now go back to your cell," he ordered rudely. "I've got work to do. I can't just sit and talk."

"Surely, comrade." Disquieted in spite of himself, Variskin got up from his chair and left the room.

Throughout the night, until four in the morning, Suprunov went on working, observing with satisfaction, as Lyubkin had earlier, that his habits of concentration were flowing back.

At nine in the morning they were waiting for him at the directorate. Hardly had he seated himself in his office when the commandant reported to him an incident that had happened soon after dawn. The prisoner in Solitary No. 11 had died in his sleep.

"A sudden heart attack, I guess," the commandant said. He shrugged his shoulders. "He was all right last night." The commandant glanced at Suprunov, but he looked neither carefully nor long. He became absorbed in studying a corner of the desk, while Suprunov appeared to be pondering the matter.

"Well, the devil take him!" Suprunov waved his hand. "Don't make a case of it. Draw up a statement, have the doctor look him over and make a report."

"Yes, Comrade Director."

When Lyubkin learned from Suprunov of Variskin's death, he asked no questions. He showed interest only in the official side of the case. It was irreproachable. He glanced at Suprunov. "Then it's all wound up?"

"Wound up," repeated Suprunov with quiet assurance.

Lyubkin opened the safe, rummaged in it and took out the statement that Variskin had given Yakhontov. "Well, Pavlusha?" He smiled at his friend. "Shall we burn it?"

"We're not going to give it to the Revolutionary Museum," said Suprunov.

They went out on the balcony. Suprunov struck a match and lit the sheet of paper. After a moment, the flame heightened and he could no longer hold it in his hand. He dropped it and, scraping together the charred pieces with his foot, shoved them through the iron bars of the railing over the ruined garden. As Lyubkin watched, the largest flitted out like black butterflies and fluttered aimlessly in the breeze.

The few remaining hours of the night, after Grigory Mikhailovich had been arrested and carried away, were like a troubled dream for Evlalia Grigorievna. Disordered thoughts flitted through her mind, and her heart was seized by a dreary, aching pain. The neighbors poured into the room, speaking a jumble of incomprehensible words, trying to comfort her, giving her advice: "Why don't you go to —— You'd better ask ——"

When morning came, the neighbors dispersed. What had happened during the night had happened yesterday, and now today had dawned and the things of yesterday were only memory.

Sophia Dmitrievna remained alone in the room with Evlalia Grigorievna. Together, then, they began to straighten the disorder, trying to appear calm, as if by calm countenances each sought to convince the other and herself that it was all a misunderstanding, it would soon be cleared up, and of course, there was nothing to be afraid of.

"You tell Semenov about this as quickly as you can, Little Bluebird!" said Sophia Dmitrievna quietly but firmly. "Maybe he will be able to help you."

Evlalia Grigorievna came to herself, passing her hand over her temple and her cheek. "Semenov? Why, yes! Of course! But where is he? I don't just know!"

"You'd better find out. A man isn't a needle, and Semenov is a prominent person. Someone should know him."

"Who shall I ask? Maybe Chubuk?" Evlalia Grigorievna wavered. The thought of going to Chubuk to ask his help in seeking out Semenov was almost unbearable.

"Yes, Chubuk! He's just the one!" exclaimed Sophia Dmitrievna. "Hurry now, put something on, and go to see him, with the help of God! It's already after nine o'clock."

And Evlalia Grigorievna knew that it was only through Chubuk that she could find Semenov. Mastering herself, she got dressed, cast Sophia Dmitrievna a mournful look and departed.

The secretary did not treat her quite so haughtily this time. There was even something obsequious in her voice, and she went straight in to announce Evlalia Grigorievna's arrival to Chubuk. He received her at once. The mistress to whom Semenov had been paying such persistent

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Can a team fail to win a game simply because its last batter belted a home run? Here in simulated major-league setting is an odd problem, indeed.

On an overcast afternoon in New York, after the Yankees have taken a 2–1 lead in the sixth, the Kansas City Athletics go ahead in the seventh with three runs.

With the score now 4–2, Gil McDougald leads off for the Yankees with a single to left. Mickey Mantle smashes a homer into the right-field stand. It ties the count at 4–4. As Mickey rounds the bases, a torrential rain pours down. Time is called after he crosses the plate. With the field a quagmire, the umpires call off the game half an hour later.

Kansas City claims a 4–4 tie. The Yankees contend that as they never completed their half of the seventh inning, the score must revert to the last full inning—giving them a 2–1 win.

If you were umpiring, how would you decide?

See page 69 for answer

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attention called for courtesy. He greeted her not in his previous careless, playful manner, but with consideration—awkward and inept perhaps, but nevertheless clear.

"Well, how are things going?" he asked welcomingly, leaning with his open hands on his knees and rocking slightly backward and forward.

Evlalia Grigorievna looked at him and stammered, "Today—that is, last night, I—they arrested my father."

"Your father?" Chubuk stopped rocking. His face hardened. "Your father? And wasn't your husband arrested, too, a while back?"

"Yes, my husband too. I wanted to ask: How can I let Semenov know about this? Maybe he ——"

"Ah, Semenov!" Chubuk's face softened again, as if the name of Semenov permitted him a closer interest in Evlalia Grigorievna's misfortune. He chewed his lips. "Yes, that's the thing to do, of course. Tell Semenov. But I don't know whether he's in town now or whether he's gone away. Don't you know his address? Or at least his telephone number?" He eyed her suspiciously.

"No. He didn't tell me."

Chubuk pursed his lips. *The lad's clever*, he thought approvingly to himself, *very clever*. He decided to support the lad. "Well, don't be surprised that he didn't," he said. "He has to do it that way. I'll tell you what we'll do. Today I'll give him a ring, and if he's in town, I'll tell him you want to see him. All right? And look"—he lowered his voice—"you've told me about your father, but see that you don't tell anyone else here until ——"

When Evlalia Grigorievna returned home, the whole room had been cleaned and put in order. Sophia Dmitrievna had even shifted the furniture about, moving the bureau to fence off Grigory Mikhailovich's bed. Evlalia Grigorievna started to ask why, but then felt that somehow the old woman had done exactly the right thing.

Sophia Dmitrievna walked about the room, looking around as if trying to find more to put in order. Obviously, something was troubling her, but she did not want to come out with it. Finally she went up to Grigory Mikhailovich's desk, opened the middle drawer, and turning away, said sternly, "Here, Evlalia Grigorievna, this box! You should put it away so Shurik won't find it, God forbid!"

Evlalia Grigorievna noticed immediately that she did not say "Little Bluebird," but "Evlalia Grigorievna," and from this alone she knew Sophia Dmitrievna was very much in earnest.

"Why, what is it?" she asked.

"You don't know? You never saw it?" Sophia Dmitrievna gazed at her with a changed expression. "Well, while I'm here I'm not going to allow you to look at it. See for yourself after I go!"

Hardly had she left the room when Evlalia Grigorievna went to the desk, took out the little box and opened it. It was the one which had been broken open during the search. Its cover was off, and Evlalia Grigorievna saw a post card on top. At first it meant nothing to her, but when she looked at it closely and realized what it was, her cheeks burned with a sudden flush. It was a pornographic photograph, lewd in pose, with an equally lewd four-line verse underneath. Both photograph and verse were beyond shame.

Nausea took possession of her. She realized that this was "papa's collection." But, without considering what she was doing she dashed to the stove, opened it and threw all the cards into the fire. Then, her mouth working in disgust, she slammed the door and stepped back. She walked to the balcony and looked out, but saw neither the streets, the houses nor the passers-by.

Shurik came in, and she had to think about dinner. Afterward, as she began to wash the dishes, she was aware that there remained not a trace of the pain which had surged through her when they had taken Grigory Mikhailovich away. She was not even sure that she was sorry. Sophia Dmitrievna came in to ask whether she had seen Chubuk. Evlalia Grigorievna answered indifferently, almost absent-mindedly. The older woman looked at her in wonder.

When Sophia Dmitrievna had gone, Evlalia Grigorievna lay down on the bed and closed her eyes. She tried not to think about anything, but thoughts about Grigory Mikhailovich continued to harry her. It began to get dark; it was time for Shurik to come in from the yard. Starting to rise, she saw the bureau which Sophia Dmitrievna had used to fence off her father's bed. She thought of the veil with which one covers the face of a corpse, and suddenly she had the feeling that Grigory Mikhailovich was dead. But it struck her even more deeply that her father had not simply died, he had been sacrificed—to that power which she had felt close to her on the night of his arrest. It had sucked out his blood, his brains, had pierced his heart, destroyed his soul. She saw the dry dead fly in the spider's web.

Then all at once it was clear to Evlalia Grigorievna. No one had the right to judge a man whom this evil power had chosen for its own. It was the enemy of everyone, it menaced everyone, and therefore united everyone—the clean and the unclean, the just and the unjust. Bitter shame flooded her heart. "How could I! How did I dare!" Distraught, she jumped up from her bed. "I must help him! I must help him!" She felt nothing now but a desperate desire—to rush out wildly—to go somewhere—to do something.

Cell No. 15, to which Grigory Mikhailovich was brought, was small—ten strides long and eight wide. There were no bunks, no table, no stools. The window was almost underground; only its upper half was above the surface, and through this half there was nothing to be seen. Three paces away stood a bare fence, lined with boiler-plate metal and topped with rusty barbed wire. Day and night, a weak lamp burned on the ceiling. In the corner stood a portable toilet, which the prisoners by common agreement tried not to use during the day. There were thirty-seven people in the cell. Grigory Mikhailovich was the thirty-eighth.

When he came in, he could not at first make out what he saw; from threshold to window, a mass of bodies lay sprawled and heaped together on the floor; men, with heads and feet on one another, constantly shifting, vainly seeking room to stretch themselves out. The thick air, sour and suffocating, rose before Grigory Mikhailovich like a wall. The cell breathed the inexpressible despair which these imprisoned, shadowlike men exhaled with every heartbeat, day and night, sleeping or waking.

It was a little after six in the morning. Already some had awakened and were smoking. The others still lay moaning in their sleep. A tall man, still rumpled by recent sleep, made his way to Grigory Mikhailovich. His uncouth but intelligent face showed both courtesy and kindness, but Grigory Mikhailovich's attention was drawn to a more unusual feature. The man had no eyebrows.

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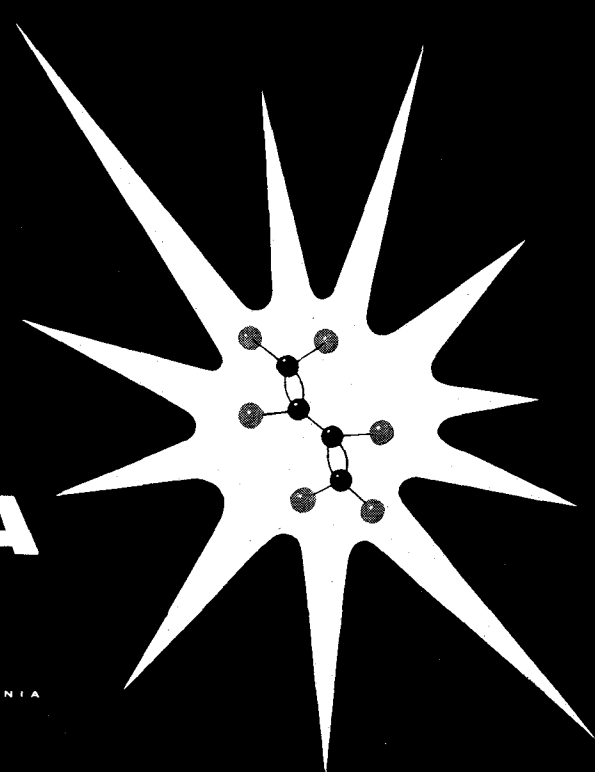

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In their place appeared two swollen reddish weals. Grigory Mikhailovich learned afterward that he was constantly plucking out his eyebrows, hair by hair. Even now, when there no longer seemed to be one hair remaining, he kept running his fingers over the red protuberances above his eyes, pawing and pulling.

"I'm the cell elder," he said. "Mirolyubov, Nikolai Anastasevich. May I know your name?"

"Ah, charmed to meet you," said Grigory Mikhailovich in a trance, stretching forth his hand as if he were greeting someone in a drawing room. "Volodeev, Grigory Mikhailovich."

"You'll find out later who is who here, and what their names are. But"—Mirolyubov lowered his voice and indicated something in the corner of his eyes—"right now there's something you should know. Over there, there's a man lying—Kozakov—do you see? Don't disturb him. He came back last night from interrogation. They questioned him for seventy-two hours."

"Seventy-two hours?" Grigory Mikhailovich did not understand what that meant, but he grew frightened.

"He's been thrashed to a pulp," Mirolyubov explained. "He stood for ten hours. They didn't allow him to sit down."

For years Grigory Mikhailovich had heard about beatings and tortures, but these accounts had seemed unreal, almost imaginary, but now he felt despair clamp tightly on his heart.

Later in the morning the prisoners were led out to a barren little courtyard, where, by forming pairs in a tight circle, they could walk around.

Mirolyubov walked next to Grigory Mikhailovich. "You understand, of course," he said softly, "that we don't talk much in the cell. But there's one of us who sometimes talks too much. Be careful of him. He's walking over there on the right, four rows ahead. Do you see him? It's Rusakov, an engineer, accused of being a German spy. So you—you just listen to him, and don't be surprised at what you hear. Actually, there's a great deal of sense in what he says, but there's something in his words that —— He had a tough time of it during the interrogations, and the way I see it, he couldn't take it. He's not insane, but he's got a screw loose somewhere, that's for sure. He's just peculiar, and his speeches are peculiar too. Don't get upset by them."

"Then that means," Grigory Mikhailovich asked in a choking voice—"that means that they sometimes beat you during the interrogations?"

"They beat you," Mirolyubov answered shortly. "I advise you quite sincerely to be prepared for anything. Do you have strong nerves? You'll need them. And remember one thing. Don't call the investigators 'Comrade Investigator.' They don't like it. An investigator and an accused person can't possibly be comrades. Although—although I know of one case, and I don't doubt it in the least, since a good friend of mine told me about it. He was taken into the cellar to a mock execution. And he told me that the Chekist who took them there put them in column formation and then ordered them, 'Condemned comrades, march through that door!' So, you see, in a certain sense the executioner can see his victim as a comrade."

After they had circled the courtyard for half an hour, they were taken back to the cell. A pail of tea-flavored hot water was brought in, and half a pound of bread per man was passed out. The prisoners ate as slowly as possible. The day began to drag along.

Grigory Mikhailovich looked around the cell. Some were sitting, others were half lying in their places. A young man with a simple face and tousled reddish hair sat not far away, embracing his bent knees and singing to himself in a plaintive monotone:

"A hot day has come,
A chill is in the shadows."

Except for the song and the rustle of a whisper creeping over the reclining prisoners, all was silence. Not far from Grigory Mikhailovich, a man spoke in a hushed voice to another, whose lost, dead face gave no sign of hearing what was said to him.

Suddenly the bolt thundered and the door flew open. The shout of the sentry cracked like a rifle shot, "Kozakov! Interrogation!"

Kozakov—brought back only that night from his seventy-two-hour questioning period, his legs swollen, the skin of them ruptured from standing up for ten hours—moved in his corner. Throughout the cell, heads raised in a ripple of alarm. How could this man, already interrogated almost to death, be interrogated again? No one spoke a word, no one uttered a sound, but every heart began to pound with anger and abhorrence.

Mirolyubov got up. "Report to the corporal of the guard," he said in a quiet, businesslike tone, "that Kozakov is sick and he needs a doctor."

The sentry hesitated, seemed about to retort, but said nothing. He stared into the cell; then, without turning around, backed out, closing the door.

"I ——" wheezed Kozakov, raising himself up a little on his hands and knees. "I ——"

"Lie down!" ordered Mirolyubov.

Kozakov lay—almost fell—back into his place.

"Who is he?" Grigory Mikhailovich whispered fearfully, trying not to look into the terrible corner.

"The director of a cotton factory, a party man," a prisoner on his left explained cautiously. "Strong as a bull, with fantastic stamina, but—he's giving out."

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 67

It is a 4–4 tie.

(Section 4.11b: "A regulation drawn game shall be declared by the umpire-in-chief if he terminates play because of weather . . . if, after five or more completed innings, the home team is at bat when play terminates and scores enough runs in an incompleted inning to make its total score equal the visiting team's total score. . . .")

Had Mantle struck out, grounded into a double play, or even stopped at third base when the rain started, the score would have reverted to the previous inning and the Yankees would have won, 2–1.

MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE •

Men moved about Kozakov sympathetically. They covered him over with someone's ragged coat, placed a wad of clothing under his head and whispered incoherent words of encouragement.

"They'll put him in Zhorka's box," somebody muttered. "Yesterday he stood outside the box. Now they'll put him in! I know they will!"

The bolt flew back so loudly and the door was thrown open with such violence that everyone was startled. Across the threshold, with rapid, firm steps, marched the corporal of the guard, holding a revolver in his hand. Behind him stood several sentries with rifles.

"Kozakov!" the corporal of the guard cried imperiously. "Interrogation!"

Mirolyubov, straining every nerve to master himself, turned and said softly. "Comrade Corporal of the Guard, Kozakov is very sick."

"That's no business of yours!" The corporal of the guard cut him short. "It's not your concern, cell elder." His voice was not angry, but formal, carrying perhaps even a note of persuasion. "Kozakov, let's go!" he called roughly.

Kozakov staggered to his feet, but hardly had he stood up when his legs gave way. Trembling, he leaned face-to against the wall, trying to hold onto the smooth surface with the palms of his hands. The men next to him jumped to support him silently, with strained faces.

"I can't!" he cried hoarsely. He fell to the floor like a sack of meal.

"Drag him out!" ordered the corporal of the guard.

Two sentries walked into the corner, took Kozakov under the arms and raised him up clumsily, with effort.

"Comrade Corporal of the Guard!" Mirolyubov said pleadingly, almost reproachfully. "You can see —— You can report ——"

The corporal of the guard rounded on him. "It's none of your business, I tell you!" he screamed. He breathed deeply, seemed almost to collapse. "I have reported it—just now," he muttered gloomily, without looking at Mirolyubov. But then he drew himself up again, apparently angry at himself. "Take him out!" he ordered loudly. He glanced all around, as if daring the prisoners to do something.

Kozakov was dragged out. The corporal of the guard was the last to leave the cell. In the doorway he looked back. "I—I'll report it again," he growled in the direction of Mirolyubov, and went out, bolting the door.

Hardly had it closed when everyone began to move. Many, in their agitation, stood up and tried to pace the floor, if only to take two or three steps forward or to the side. But it was impossible to take a real step in the crowded cell, so they moved their feet nervously in place and sank down again. The man with red hair swore a harsh, bitter oath.

"My God, my God!" cried Grigory Mikhailovich hysterically. "How—how can they do that?"

No one answered him.

Later, another man was called to interrogation, a student from the Construction Institute. He returned within two hours. They all turned their heads and looked at him questioningly. The student flashed a youthful smile and said cockily, "Nothing to it." He went to his place.

During the two days he had been in the cell, Grigory Mikhailovich had thought about how to conduct himself during the interrogation. The main thing was to have a plan—to set up a general defense principle, so to speak—he told himself. But for all his conviction he could not hit on a plan or set up a defense.

The investigator to whom he was brought, Bukhteev by name, was a man about thirty-five, whose loose features might have been pleasant had they not been marred by an expression of unconcealed conceit and mockery. Bukhteev considered himself a sharp operator and was sure he could break anyone. He never used physical measures, maintaining that it was easier and quicker to break a man with psychological pressure than with Zhorka's box. Perhaps he was right, but perhaps, as his detractors affirmed, he had had the good fortune to deal only with "soft cases." Nevertheless, he was intensely proud of what he called "his" method.

He received Grigory Mikhailovich with his usual look of cold annoyance and began by handing him a questionnaire to fill out. "Sit over there at that table and write. Accurately, clearly, put it all down, but don't waste words. Think before you write. Don't hurry; we have a lot of time. Don't lie, and don't try to deceive me. If you lie, I will know it, because I know everything about you anyway. Look here!"

With a flip of his hand he brought Grigory Mikhailovich's attention to a thick dossier in a gray-green binding lying before him. On the binding was written in large, clear letters "G. M. Volodeev," followed by a series of numbers, letters and hyphens.

"If you lie, I'll know it," repeated Bukhteev coldly, placing his hand flat on the dossier. "Your every step is recorded here, so there's no use trying to cover anything."

Grigory Mikhailovich's confidence gave way to a sinking feeling.

"Sit down and write!" ordered Bukhteev.

Grigory Mikhailovich sat down at the table in the corner and turned slightly; he felt that it was dangerously impolite to sit with his back to Bukhteev. Twisted sideways, he went over the questions, but, in spite of their simplicity, he could not absorb their meaning. DATE OF BIRTH. PLACE OF WORK. CLOSE RELATIVES. TRAVEL ABROAD. POLITICAL AFFILIATIONS. These questions required only formal replies. There was nothing tricky about them, nor anything which suggested that the prisoner had committed a crime. The answers were easy: Born in such a month and year; worked at such and such a place; went abroad in 1903. But Grigory Mikhailovich reacted to them the same way everyone reacted to any Soviet questionnaire, and especially any NKVD questionnaire—with a desire to escape by cunningly concealing the facts without ambiguous statements.

When Grigory Mikhailovich had finished reading the questionnaire, he began filling in the blanks, trying to write not only precisely but elegantly. His handwriting was superlative. He wrote his full name, noted his date and place of birth, lengthened the tail on the letter *R*, added a cursive flourish to *V* and considered the next rubric: SOCIAL ORIGIN. The following was almost the same: CLASS AFFILIATION. Both these items were so obviously dangerous that Grigory Mihailovich wanted to gloss over them.

His father had been a landowner with no modest holdings, a hereditary nobleman and a leader of the local gentry. His mother's father had been an aide-de-camp to Emperor Alexander II, and his grandmother had been born Princess Ustoeva. Each of these facts was ruinous, and Grigory Mikhailovich's mind wandered helplessly. He looked at the ceiling with a frown. Then carefully, with hardly any pressure on the pen, he wrote in answer to the first question: "Farming people." And, after a moment's consideration, he wrote audaciously in answer to the other: "Small holder."

Racked with doubts, afraid to state the truth, but at the same time afraid to lie openly, he sought neutral expressions which would not contradict, but also would conceal the truth. He filled in each blank with great care, barely touching the paper with the pen point, ready every second to raise his hand, afraid to compromise himself. He could not be frank or direct. His thoughts kept twisting and turning as if the questions had turned his mind into an eel.

Grigory Mikhailovich had thought he would need several hours, if not days, to fill out the questionnaire, but to his amazement he finished within an hour and a half. He read over his answers carefully. He announced to Bukhteev that he had finished.

"Already? You're fast!" Bukhteev looked at him mockingly. "Well, let's have it." He started to go over the questionnaire, but after the first few lines he was overcome by unbearable boredom—one more questionnaire, one more set of answers, one more exhausting routine of seeking out the contradictions and exposing the lies behind which these abominable people tried to hide. He yawned involuntarily, threw the questionnaire aside and looked fiercely at Grigory Mikhailovich. "Good, I'll study it over," he said threateningly. "You can go; I'll send for you later."

Grigory Mikhailovich was taken back to the cell. He went along a plush corridor with an ornate carpet and flowers in the windows. The strain he had been under while filling out the questionnaire did not abate. The pounding in his heart grew stronger and stronger. *Have I written everything correctly? Did I make any mistakes?* he asked himself in agony. It terrified him that he had been dismissed so quickly.

In the cell he was met with guarded looks of compassion. He realized from these looks what a good place this was. Here there was no Bukhteev with his cold, mocking smile and mysterious threats; here were no dangerous questionnaires, no imminent peril. This cell, though it was no more than an animal den in which a man could not turn around for lack of space and where he could scarcely breathe now seemed a happy, homelike sheltered place, almost "his own." Here were people to share his torment and help him. Here one could talk, ask questions, complain; and another would listen, answer and give friendly advice. Here one could find sympathy. His lips trembled and his eyes blinked, holding back the tears.

"Was it hard?" Mirolyubov asked, very gently and with great warmth.

"I filled—I filled out a questionnaire!" Grigory Mikhailovich quivered, and burst helplessly into tears, like a child.

Everyone in the cell was asleep when Bukhteev called Grigory Mikhailovich again. Grigory Mikhailovich had not expected a summons on the same day. He went along the corridor, repeating senselessly to himself, *What can it be? What has happened?*

And, in truth, Bukhteev's reception was puzzling. He waved Grigory Mikhailovich to a chair in the corner and muttered, "Wait a bit."

Then he went back to his work and appeared completely to forget about the prisoner. From time to time his brow would furrow as he wrote.

Grigory Mikhailovich sat straight, hardly moving. He had a craving to smoke, but dared neither to light a cigarette nor ask permission, and only waited patiently. When Bukhteev lit one, he could no longer hold back, and asked timidly, "And I—do you permit me to smoke too?"

Bukhteev gave him a cold look. "No." He did not go back to his work, but continued to stare at Grigory Mikhailovich. The latter was at a loss how to act. He realized that he should not look away, but he felt uncomfortable and almost ashamed to sit silently, returning the gaze of a man who was so persistently looking at him. He wanted to say or do something. He broke into a tense, careful smile.

"You're smiling?" asked Bukhteev in threatening tone. "Let's see if you'll be smiling later." He snatched the receiver off the telephone. "Operator? Give me twenty-eight." He waited a minute and, when an answer sounded in the receiver, said curtly, "Yes, it's time. Come over." Again he went back to his work. Grigory Mikhailovich sat waiting.

Within ten minutes a young man in uniform came into the room, went up to Bukhteev, leaned over and whispered in his ear. Bukhteev raised his head and looked at him seriously. "Yes, of course."

The man straightened and turned his gaze on Grigory Mikhailovich, as if by chance. He looked at him dispassionately, studyingly. (*Continued on Page 72*)

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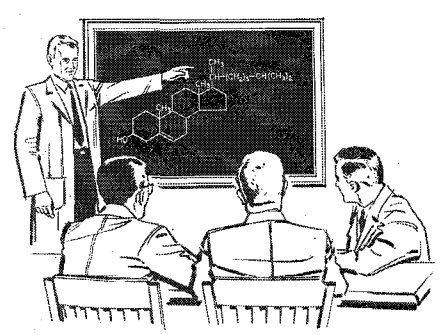

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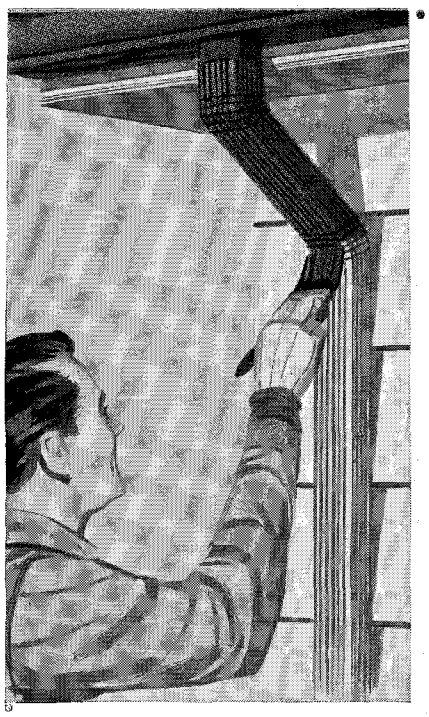

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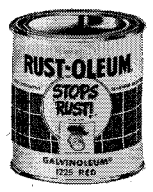

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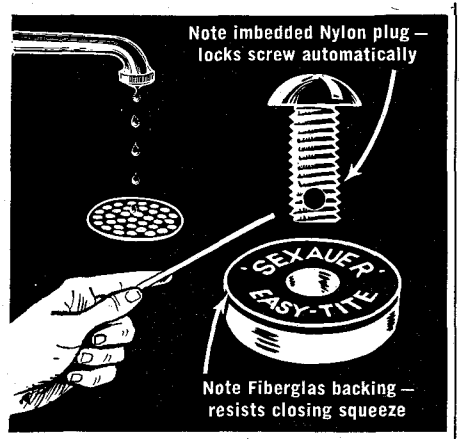
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(*Continued from Page 70*)

"Is this Nogaev?" he inquired of Bukhteev.

"No, that's Volodeev."

"Ah," drawled the other. His eyes widened. "Volodeev, himself?"

"Yes, Volodeev, himself." Bukhteev smiled rigidly.

"Volodeev, himself" seemed to Grigory Mikhailovich full of foreboding. He twisted on his chair, wanting to explain that he was "only Volodeev," not "Volodeev, himself," but he was unable to utter a word, and only looked at them pitiably. The man who had come in leaned over to Bukhteev again and asked him something.

"Yes, yes," replied Bukhteev in a loud voice. "From that very gang."

Grigory Mikhailovich's heart sank. *From what gang? I'm not from a gang*, he protested silently, afraid to protest out loud. The man who had come in looked at him curiously. He gave Bukhteev a squeeze on the shoulder and then withdrew. Bukhteev took up his work again and paid no more attention to Grigory Mikhailovich. A half hour went by. Then another half hour.

It never occurred to Grigory Mikhailovich, of course, that Bukhteev was making him wait on purpose, as he had called in his comrade on purpose.

It was two in the morning when Bukhteev gathered his papers together into a neat pile, raised his head and looked once more at Grigory Mikhailovich.

"Sit over here," he ordered curtly, indicating a chair near his desk.

Grigory Mikhailovich obediently crossed the room and sat down, feeling as if something icy were being placed on his heart. *Now it's going to begin*, he thought with a feeling of dread, not knowing exactly what was going to begin.

From a folder Bukhteev took out Grigory Mikhailovich's questionnaire and several other typed sheets of paper. "You've already half ruined yourself with this questionnaire of yours," said Bukhteev, looking directly at him.

"I —— Please! For pity's sake!" Grigory Mikhailovich shifted in anguish on his chair. "Please believe me! I have nothing to conceal and—let me assure you that I want to tell the whole truth—to my very depths I want to, because the truth is favorable to me!"

"All right, we'll see about that," Bukhteev muttered threateningly. He reached for a sheet of paper and a pen. "First question: Why did we arrest you? Do you confess?"

"But—but ——" Grigory Mikhailovich was completely taken aback. "That's just what I wanted to ask you," he said naïvely.

"Oh, knock it off!" Bukhteev slammed the desk with his fist. "You won't get anywhere here with tricks like that! Once more I'm asking you—and I warn you, it's for the last time—why did we arrest you?"

"I've got no idea!" said Grigory Mikhailovich, desperately, but with conviction. "As much as I have been scratching my head over it, I've got no idea! Probably," he added ingratiatingly, trying to smile in a friendly way, "it's a terrible mistake, a misunderstanding."

"We don't make mistakes here," Bukhteev interrupted him coldly, "and we don't allow misunderstandings either. So—you refuse to answer the question. All right!" With an abrupt movement of his hand, he wrote something on the sheet of paper.

"I don't refuse!" implored Grigory Mikhailovich in panic. "I don't refuse at all! I'd be glad to answer you, but—but—as I sat there in the cell, I thought it out and I decided I'm going to tell the truth. I assure you, I'm absolutely innocent. Guilty of nothing before—before the party and the government. Quite the opposite, I ——"

"I know this 'quite the opposite' of yours." Bukhteev cut him off contemptuously. "Your 'quite the opposite' isn't worth a tinker's damn. To hell with it! So—now that we're finished with the first question—we'll try another: Who brought you into the organization?"

"Please! I don't know what you're talking about! What organization? Where?"

"Refused to answer," Bukhteev said ominously, and wrote the words, so Grigory Mikhailovich could see them, opposite a line on the paper before him. "Refused," he repeated with an emphasized threat, and gave Grigory Mikhailovich a sharp look. "Third question: How many people have you recruited for the organization?"

"I don't understand! I don't understand!" Grigory Mikhailovich squirmed in agony. "Please don't be like that. I repeat, I'd like to answer. I don't refuse in the least, but—explain to me! What organization are you talking about?"

"It's not up to me to explain; it's up to you," Bukhteev replied coldly. "And it's not up to you to ask questions, but up to me. Understand?" Again he wrote on the sheet of paper: "Refused." "Now the fourth question: The address of the apartment where you held your meetings? What is it?"

"For the love of God!" wailed Grigory Mikhailovich.

"There's no use for you to summon God. He's not on the staff here." Bukhteev smirked. "You won't give us the address? Then, fifth question: What responsibilities were assigned to you by the organization?"

Grigory Mikhailovich could not answer a word. Completely unnerved, he looked at Bukhteev and blinked in stupefaction.

"Sixth question: What instructions did you receive and to whom did you pass them along? You won't answer? Refused! Seventh: With whom did you maintain contact in the organization, and who maintained it with you? Still silent? Refused! Eighth: How much money did you receive? To whom did you give the accounting? Refused! Ninth ——"

He posed each question, waited five or ten seconds and, pausing no longer, wrote on the paper. "Tenth. . . . Eleventh. . . . Twelfth. . . . Refused! . . . Sixteenth question: When did your daughter get into the organization?"

Everything swayed in a blur before Grigory Mikhailovich. Through the mist, Evlalia Grigorievna's large eyes seemed to be looking at him. During the three days he had been under arrest he had not once thought about her. Now his heart suddenly flooded with inexpressible longing for her. He gave a little cry, and tears began to trickle down his face.

"May God—may God punish you!" he cried chokingly.

"Oh, dry up!" Bukhteev screwed up his face in disgust. He tossed the sheet of paper across the desk. "Read it over and sign it."

Holding back his tears but trembling convulsively, Grigory Mikhailovich read the sheet in full realization and total incomprehension. Opposite each typed question there was written: "Refused to reply." He looked at these words in horror, wanting to state that he had not refused anything, but had simply been unable to reply. He did not speak, however, and only kept reading, blinking his terrified eyes. At last he looked up.

"Well? Is that correct?" asked Bukhteev derisively.

"But I didn't refuse!" implored Grigory Mikhailovich. "I haven't refused to

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Lawyer

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answer at all, and I don't refuse. I—if you only would tell me ——"

"It's all the same," Bukhteev interrupted him majestically. "'Daniel did not die, but one of his wounds killed him.'" He laughed. "Whom are you trying to charm with such nonsense?"

Grigory Mikhailovich signed the statement, sighed, and handed it to Bukhteev. The latter looked at the signature, shifted his gaze to Grigory Mikhailovich and said evenly, "I think you should know that you have just signed your death sentence."

In horror, Grigory Mikhailovich tried to speak; he even pressed both hands against his heart, but he could not utter a word, and only stared, tormented by his pain.

Bukhteev pressed the button calling the sentry.

"But, Comrade Investigator—Citizen Investigator!" Forgetting himself, Grigory Mikhailovich rushed forward, whining and wringing his hands. "After all, I am—you—you ——"

"I warned you that you should realize your situation. If you ——"

"But I ——"

"Save it." Bukhteev stopped him with an actor's gesture. "I'll report to the chief. But I'm sure that he'll agree with me."

"Citizen Investigator ——"

The sentry came in.

"Take the prisoner away," said Bukhteev.

Everyone was still asleep in the cell, but it was nearly dawn, and the square at the window was gray. With the noise of the bolt, several awoke and looked at Grigory Mikhailovich. Apparently they saw something in his face, for they asked him no questions and pretended to go back to sleep.

Grigory Mikhailovich turned round and round and somehow squeezed down into his place. He doubled up in a twisted position and closed his eyes. His whole body seemed to dissolve and become weightless. His head felt empty. Bright sparks and black spots flashed and fluttered behind his eyelids. A light nausea tickled his throat; his fingers grew cold, and falling into strange drowsiness, he lost consciousness.

He slept only a short while. When his eyes opened, for several minutes he could remember nothing, not even where he was. Then it all came back to him with agonizing clarity. The death sentence. He jerked himself up, and with trembling fingers was trying to roll a cigarette, when suddenly he remembered Evlalia Grigorievna.

Something overpoweringly warm and tender swelled within him, and his whole face quivered. *Lalochka*, he called her to him silently, by an endearing name he had never used in his life. Tears dripped from his eyes. *Lalochka.*

The men began to wake up and move about. Seeing Mirolyubov, Grigory Mikhailovich rushed up to him hysterically. "Nikolai Anastasevich!"

"What? What is it?"

Inarticulately, Grigory Mikhailovich began to relate his experience, contradicting himself, remembering what was unnecessary and leaving out the essential. Those who were awake stood up and crowded around, frowning and looking at one another.

"And he said 'the death sentence'?" Mirolyubov asked. "Is that exactly what he said?"

"Yes, yes! That's what he said! 'I'll report to the chief,' he said, 'and—to the wall.'"

Mirolyubov thought. "Nonsense," he said decisively. "Such a thing doesn't happen! It's not possible. One interrogation, and then the wall. Bosh!"

And students who had returned from earlier interrogations supported him. "Bukhteev is trying to frighten you."

Others joined in: "And who's permitting that little pipsqueak to prescribe the death sentence all by himself?"

Grigory Mikhailovich's heart lightened. He turned from one to another, almost laughing. "They're trying to frighten me, is that what it is? It's all a bluff?"

"It's easy to send someone to the wall, but not quite that easy," said the student self-importantly, as though he had a knowledge of the facts. "No one has the right to execute a man without the approval of the troika."

"Tell that to your grandmother," said a thickset, stocky man, the former president of the District Executive Committee, who rarely joined the conversations of the cell. "If you don't know what you're talking about, then shut up! Approval of the troika? It's supposed to be necessary, of course, but they can do away with a person without it if they want to. With a blank. They have blanks."

"What do you mean blanks?" The student turned to him, ready for an argument. "What blanks?"

"Just blanks. Special ones. They'll do well enough for you and me."

Grigory Mikhailovich shrank. *Blanks—yes, yes*, he thought, *they probably have blanks.* And immediately he recalled what Bukhteev had said about his "special" situation. His new aplomb instantly vanished. He blinked at the former president of the District Executive Committee, expecting him to say something more, but the man only glowered at him and sat on the floor. *After all, he is a party man*, thought Grigory Mikhailovich, his courage dissolving. *He knows things no one else knows. Blanks.* Numbly he made his way back to his place and fell into it.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Flower Eater

By Herbert Merrill

Above the cow the sky is blue
And honey-sweet with clover smell,
But all she does is pluck and chew
And play ding-dong on her cowbell.
Beneath her nose the buttercup,
The daisy and the bluet rise,
But all she does is eat them up
Or stare at them with vacant eyes.
Tell me now, old lump of leather,
If you find the season sweet
And take delight in bright June weather
Golden as the flowers you eat,
Don't you think the thing to do
Would be to moo a thankful moo?

Tinker

Tailor

Soldier

Sailor

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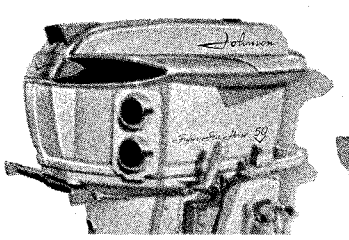

Johnson

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Our Houseboat Vacation (Continued from Page 27)

will move the houser slowly; a large motor will permit the boat to plane a little and achieve speeds up to near twenty miles per hour, a smart clip for an elephantine object. The outboard has also given houseboats the maneuverability of any runabout.

For livability the boats have borrowed heavily from the auto trailer, or so-called mobile home. Modern houseboat cabins mimic the trailer's structure, use its hardware, windows and fittings, and borrow its compact designs. There is, in fact, one model on the market which is an actual trailer, sitting on a hull designed especially for it. Several houseboat models are hybrids. They have wheels for the highway and retracting gear which turns the amphibians into water craft once they are backed into lake or river. The penalty for this dual role is the type of head, or bathroom, which may be used.

There are hulls available on which you may build your own house, or design it to your taste and have it built. Probably the smallest and most skeletal of potential house craft is the product of an Indiana manufacturer. It is a simple floating platform circled by a railing and with a stern bracket for a motor. The owner may use it as a floating porch or erect on it a coop or tepee or whatever pleases him.

Major demand in today's market is for the stock boat in the under-$3000 to $5000 class. A typical one of these will be twenty-five or thirty feet long. It will have a beam of eight feet, the width of a bus, because highway restrictions are almost universally eight feet, and houseboats in this class are frequently trailed around the country. On water, catwalks will be added to make the beam ten feet. The houser will carry a forty-two-gallon pressure water system, a small stove, and an icebox which, for a little extra, may be a gas or electric refrigerator. There will be an enclosed head with a cold shower, clothes closets, and a double electric system for battery use afloat or for plugging into 110-volt house current when docked. Either back or front porch, or deck, will be a covered lounge area, and atop all this will be a sun roof approximately equal in area to the floor of the cabin below.

Essentially the houseboat is a lightweight scow of perhaps a ton and a half that floats in as little as six inches of water. Its prow will be squarish and rolled up like a toboggan front, or it may be drawn into a V shape for better speed, but requiring more draft. It is the gypsy equivalent of a summer cabin, with about the same room and facilities. And, just as there are fancy summer cabins, there are houseboats of forty or sixty feet costing $20,000 to $40,000 which are luxurious in both space and appointments.

A rapidly developing phase of houseboat growth is the rental boat, available in several regions as a sort of motel unit that travels. This spring my wife and I tested the rental idea and houseboat life in one of the smaller and less expensive models, a boat which sells new for $2595, sleeps four and is twenty-five feet long. It follows that whatever we found good about this boat would be better in a larger model. For weather reasons, which turned out to be invalid in the South's abnormal spring, we chose a TVA lake as a locale for cruising, sitting, dawdling or doing whatever we were to find out a houseboat is good for. We planned all three of these pursuits and wound up with others—exploring shore lines, nosing into coves, examining creeks and other people's houses along with them, and collecting islands.

We rented our boat from the Fierbackers on Honeycomb Creek, Guntersville Lake, Alabama. The Fierbackers were as new as renters as we were as rentees, but they have since decided to buy more rental boats. Terms of the rental were fifteen dollars a day, one day free with a week's rental. In Florida, leader in houseboat population, the rate would have been higher, perhaps twenty-five dollars a day. California or Wisconsin or Missouri would also have been a bit higher than Alabama. But in any of these areas the rental would compare favorably with motel rent plus hire of a small boat and motor by the day. The deal struck us as an interesting recreational bargain.

The houser which we acquired on Honeycomb Creek was equipped down to blankets, pans, mop and broom. It was powered by a single thirty-horsepower outboard motor with electric controls. We had a top speed of about ten miles an hour, and a ten-hour day at full throttle would consume fuel costing about seven dollars. This is theoretical. We never cruised that hard or long. Houseboats are for fun, not distance records.

Our craft was a Dreamboat Vacationer, 43M761, made by the Dreamboat Manufacturing Company of Guntersville, Alabama, which is a romantic name for a young ex-truck operator named Bob Goodman. It was made of plywood, with Fiberglas-covered hull, and our particular boat was three years old and third-hand. We accepted it under miserable weather conditions. A cold rain was driving on a wind that kicked up two-foot waves on the open lake. With five persons aboard—we could have carried twenty and at one time did have ten aboard—we put-putted out of Honeycomb Creek, between Goat Island and Caney Hollow, and upstream to Guntersville for provisioning, checking and fueling.

It was an informational first run. The craft turned out to be delightfully stable in the choppy water. Its big sides did act as sails, which meant close attention to steering in the gusty wind, but swerving from wind push was by no means uncontrollable. The steering station on the rear deck was covered and the pilot's forward view was protected by isinglass curtains. The fact that it was cold kept us switching pilots, but also made the cabin appear cozier than it might otherwise have been. We made the nine miles to Guntersville in an hour and docked without difficulty in spite of the wind. A minor quantity of rain had found its way into the cabin, but the leak was fixed overnight. Throughout subsequent days we had bilge water under the flooring, which required no more control than normal pumping of the head and one session with a mop.

The waterway we were to travel was magnificent. When the Tennessee River was dammed, the backed-up water spread over the topography like low cloud banks in mountainous areas. Hilltops became islands. Tributary-creek valleys became bays and arms. The water is too new to have defined a clear shoreline. Hillside pines are growing at the water's edge, and much of the former cleared land, the farms and meadows, lies under the hull of the passing boat. The effect is a woody one. Stumps, hidden and visible, dot the lake floor. They are the only menace, but the channel is marked for large craft, and the waterway charts show stump areas for the safety of small boats. There is so little current that it is of no significance.

We set out on this pleasing waterscape in warm and fair weather the next day. We carried twenty-four gallons of gasoline-and-oil mixture, enough for a long day. We had a full water supply taken through a garden hose from a faucet on the City Boat Dock. It lasted three days. We had one battery for the six-volt light system, another for the motor. Not until six days later did the light battery require recharge. We had ice enough for two and one-half days and the good wishes of the operators of the City Boat Dock, Hoot Word and his sister. We never found out why Hoot is called Hoot, but Hoot's sister thinks it may have been the fact that he was the fifteenth child and new names were getting scarce.

We had aboard a load of staples, quantities of fresh vegetables and canned goods from soup to stew. We had pots and pans in plenty of cupboard space and a Swedish alcohol stove with two burners. We had a sink with running cold water—water heater optional at extra cost in any houseboat—which was transformed into a washstand at washing and shaving time.

Also we had a cruising plan, which is not strictly in the pattern of carefree houseboating. We would cruise downstream as far as the border of Mississippi and pick up friends there who would help us try out houseboat life in wholesale numbers. The friends turned out to be in Arizona. Amendment No. 1—we would go upstream to Chattanooga. Pulling out of the neat, small boat harbor at Guntersville, we stepped up to a rushing ten miles an hour, breathed deeply of lake air and tingled with exhilaration. There was a tall highway bridge off in the wrong direction. Amendment No. 2—we would go over and examine its wet feet, because bridges are so much more interesting from underneath. Then for Chattanooga.

The freedom of movement aboard the craft was a very welcome surprise. Our small model had no door through the

NEXT WEEK

I LIVE ON WHEELCHAIR ISLAND
A Hospital Patient's Story of Life Among the Handicapped — and the Courageous

The Intrepid Kids of Disneyland
Adventurous Small Fry in Walt Disney's Domain

A VISIT WITH EDDIE ARCARO
Secrets of a $150,000-a-Year Jockey

IN COLOR:

DISHES FOR THE BRIDE
Haviland China: France's Finest Dinnerware

WISCONSIN'S STEAM-ENGINE RODEO
One of the World's Most Curious Contests

Is the Turnpike Era Doomed?
Why the Tollways are in Trouble

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cabin to the foredeck as most larger models do, but it was a simple matter to walk the catwalks at either side or nip up the ladder to the roof, go on over and down to sit on the blunt prow. Chairs could be moved around at the slightest whim or change in breeze. The foredeck would hold three or four, the roof top ten, the back porch four and still leave a tiny island of walking space. The cabin was available for napping on the lounge seats, which became amply wide beds at night. The floor area of the cabin was a little like a Pullman-car aisle, but no ducking was required anywhere. Headroom on our model was six feet three inches; on some houseboats it is more.

Looking like an errant trailer, we waddled along past Buck Island and inspected the summer places on shore. Our chart, conveniently taped to the roof under the pilot's eyes, said there was plenty of water at the rocky bend, and an old-timer told us fish came there to feed on moss. He couldn't prove they did. He just kept on landing fish there.

Around this sweeping bend the lake opened out and the weather closed in. Clouds were piling up ahead, rain was falling and the wind was rising. Amendment No. 3—let Chattanooga take care of itself. No set goal was going to shake our independence or indolence. We would steam up there tomorrow or perhaps the day after.

We swung away from the storm toward a point that promised a sheltered cove behind it. The cove was there. We ran our flat nose aground, tied to a couple of trees and had a leisurely lunch. We never did get to Chattanooga—nor did we ever regret it. In the first ten miles we had seen five creeks and a dozen islands that needed exploring, and we could see more on the northeasterly horizon.

In the days that followed, our pudgy 43M761 displayed a surprising versatility. We could turn on a dime, run aground, back into tight spots or plow ahead fast enough, we calculated, to give a water skier a medium run. We took short trips merely to find a beach for a cookout, to see what was behind an island or to find out what was up a creek. We cheated a couple of times. Our photographer, Bill Shrout, and his accomplished daughter Kathy, tailed us in our erratic travels. They had their own boat, a fast convertible, and on occasions we all used it to make speedy trips to towns or docks for something forgotten, fresh supplies, telephone calls, and twice to restaurants for a change from cabin and beach cookery.

This is not to imply that our meals aboard were seriously deficient. The little stove and the icebox were equal to meals of four courses, excluding roasts or baked dishes, and the pull-out dinette table was adequate for four hungry diners. Nor was the presence of Shrout's fast boat entirely out of the houseboat pattern. Many houseboaters on extensive trips tow a small open boat behind them. It may have its own motor or, less frequently, can borrow the big boat's motor, but in either case the big boat is left sitting while the little one scampers off to town or other destination.

We happened upon this sort of combination, working in what appeared to be a commercial manner. A homemade houseboat beached near us on an island. The occupants were not sociable, but there appeared to be two families aboard. Two men untied a small boat and raced off. In time they returned with full strings of fish, dumped the fish into a live well alongside the mother boat, then sped off to repeat the process.

We were nonfishermen, although we tried it a few times with just one limited success. A big one was pulled out of the water five feet and lost at that point. We were certainly exceptions, because fishing from a houseboat is just natural for most people. A houser at low speed is right for trolling, and a houser at anchor provides the equivalent of fishing from your own sunny front porch or shady back porch at home. Guntersville Lake was obviously well supplied with sizable bass; nearly every fishing boat showed results. Houseboats also are used as luxurious duck blinds. If they can find enough concealment, the hunters aboard can sit in deck chairs and wait.

A houseboat is a method of traveling without leaving home. The home is restricted, to be sure, unless your boat is up around forty feet and costs as much as a house. We had no television, but many housers do. We had no piano or fireplace, but we had radio and fine views of the rising and setting sun over a beautiful lake. Only once did we indulge in the luxury of spending a night at a dock where we plugged into shore current and kept a small automatic heater going. Our battery circuit would not permit the drain of a heater, of course, so on those nights when the temperature dropped into the thirties we buttoned up the cabin, slept more than fully clothed and under blankets five deep. It was still cold.

This was not the fault of the boat. It was simply a season that was a month late, and it horrified Alabamans as much as it did us. There were warm nights too—not quite warm enough to make the cold shower useful, but pleasantly sleepable.

In selecting beach wear, some women go almost all out.

FRANK G. MCINNIS

And here was the other way we cheated. Our photographer had relatives, the hospitable Cahoons, on the east shore of the lake a few miles above Guntersville. We tapped them for a couple of warm baths and an outdoor meal with the best steaks this side of Buenos Aires. They came out on the short end of it. We gave them a ride in the houseboat to an island and a beach meal of hot dogs.

Houseboats are made for reciprocal visiting. A few days after we descended on the Cahoons we returned to Guntersville to receive visitors ourselves. A young engineer from the nearby Redstone missile base, John Goodrum, and his two delightful children came aboard for a day. We put the catwalks out of bounds for the children while we were under way, but they had a riotous time on the roof, the ladders and the two decks. Had they needed naps we could have bedded them down in the cabin and had room for six more. But for adults our craft was advertised to sleep four. It would, too, on those wide berths, but it would be pretty close quarters unless the four were one family. In a pinch, of course, passengers could always sleep on deck or on the roof.

Our island-hopping, creek-exploring houseboat life was, of course, only one phase of the family fun that the houseboat has opened up to large numbers of people. The houser is used in many ways on many waters. At more than one dock the craft are used as regular dinnertime conveniences. Families chug up lake or river every evening for a mile or two, cooking on a beach or eating aboard. Other owners make swimming rafts out of their boats, anchoring them in suitable water to serve as a base for a dozen or more swimmers. In March the Wall Street Journal reported that the governor of Illinois pushes his houseboat out for a short spell of fishing and then comes in, fully relaxed. There are also housers who get out in the middle of the water and throw noisy parties. Some houseboats never move at all, but pay a dock fee of five to twenty dollars a month for sitting still. These are simply low-rent, tax-free houses.

Whatever the use, however, the number of craft sold this year should be at least double that of last year, and there is a definite trend toward demand for the larger boats. Bill Scott, executive vice president and general manager of Outboard Marine Corporation, believes there is logic in the houseboat rise. He is devoted to his own houseboat, which cost under $5000, and he points out that to obtain the same comfort in a cabin cruiser the original cost would be three times as high or higher. It is, of course, a matter of choice in what an owner wants his nautical life to be.

Scott also believes that manufacturers of houseboats have not yet really sensed how large their market may be. This is understandable. The industry is young, and present houseboat makers jumped into it for a variety of reasons. Some were boatbuilders before, like Richland Manufacturing in the Missouri Ozarks, who report an "unbelievable" demand for their aluminum products. Flotel, in Indiana, is run by a man who hawked the Ohio River for years in his own houseboat. The River Queens, built in Gary, Indiana, by R. J. Peterson, exist because the Peterson family always wanted a boat that would run up on the sand dunes at the foot of Lake Michigan. Peterson owned a factory which made other products, so he simply designed a boat and added it to his products. The boat end has since ballooned.

In Louisville, Kentucky, the makers of the Marinette are people who were experienced in building aluminum aircraft components and for seasonal reasons added houseboats. Bob Goodman's Dreamboats exist because he fell in love with a homemade houseboat on Lake Wawasee as a kid in Indiana. Years later in Florida, laid up by a motor-truck accident, he had time to design the two models he now builds. This year, at last report, every one of his backlog orders for more than thirty boats is for the larger Sunliner, five feet longer than the twenty-five-footer we rented from one of his customers. A large share of Goodman's boats are for customers who operate Botels, a motellike rental system which he devised.

The use of large numbers of relatively static houseboats in limited waters raises the delicate matter of sanitation. This involves not only houseboats but innumerable cruisers and other craft with marine heads. All such boats have been the target for legislative efforts to have all heads sealed on specific bodies of water. Boating people are impatient with these efforts, claiming that even where the problem is not exaggerated there are now small, simple and inexpensive treatment gadgets which render harmless all boat discharges.

On our last day afloat we took inventory of houseboat life. We had been cold. We had been sunburned. We had lived in an atmosphere of the most complete relaxation, but could not remember a time when there was not something stirring, or about to be—tying up or untying, pulling up anchor, starting, stopping, creeping slowly into shore to investigate a beach or a flower, chugging full ahead up or down channel, in rain or sun or the kind of wind which Jack Cahoon claims has blown his minnow baits clear out of the water. We had tested the wakes of the big tugs and the tows they push, and had found our craft as steady as a cradle. We had plied water so mirrorlike it seemed a shame to ruffle it.

On nights at anchor we had been startled by the splashes of the big ones. We had had good meals aboard and some wonderful ones on the beaches. We had explored uninhabited islands and had shared others with fishermen and water skiers. We had been approached and stared at by small boats who then whizzed off at three times our speed. We had never cruised at night. We had running lights, but there seemed no point in risking the navigation.

We had examined water-front homes in a nosy fashion, concluding that there is no way of telling which is prettier—a tidy green lawn sloping down to quiet water, or a rocky cliff plunging down. We had been baffled by bridges across arms of the lake where our height would not let us get through to water that may have stretched a couple of miles beyond the barrier. The small boats had us there; they slipped under.

No animal or insect life bothered us—it could have been due to the unusual weather. We never once donned street clothes, but lived entirely in dungarees and other rough clothes. We had done a bit of laundry now and then, kept clean with water warmed on the two-burner stove and used only part of the available storage space in cupboards, drawers and clothes closet. We had napped in the cabin, dozed on chairs everywhere aboard and sunned on the roof. We had climbed ladders and skinned along the catwalks in mid-lake at full throttle or snugged to tiny bits of beach.

Our gas consumption said we had cruised over 100 miles, but it is not likely that at any time we were more than twenty-five miles either upstream or down from our starting point. We had docked at many strange docks, which were plentiful and all equipped with the vital threesome—fuel, water and ice. We had encountered no difficulty bringing our fat craft alongside any dock where there was a reasonable amount of space. Now it was time we buzzed back to Guntersville, where we had arranged to leave the 43M761.

It was near noon and we had only ten miles left to travel. There was time to kill. So we swept into Siebold Branch, looked over the installations along the shore and watched the automobiles on the highway. We circled out and once again passed the rocky bend of Buck Island, where "fish feed on moss," then sped across a three-mile expanse to the entrance of Town Creek. Would this be prettier than Little Sauty? Who cared? It was beautiful. We beached and tied, and prepared a final, profligate cleanup meal.

We toured Town Creek with its tall hills rising from the water and came out along a rugged hillside peppered with dogwood and redbud blossoms just now daring to break through. We poked into one more creek, into two interesting private harbors, and then there was nothing for it but to go for home straight across the open mouth of the big harbor toward Hoot Word's domain, the small boat harbor. On this run we jettisoned a final egg and two whole oranges and decided that vacationing on a houseboat had its merits, indeed.

On that note we reached the little harbor entrance. A sign on the pilings read: DO NOT ENTER AT MORE THAN 2 MILES PER HOUR. In a burst of bravado we defied the sign. We raced in at three miles per hour. THE END

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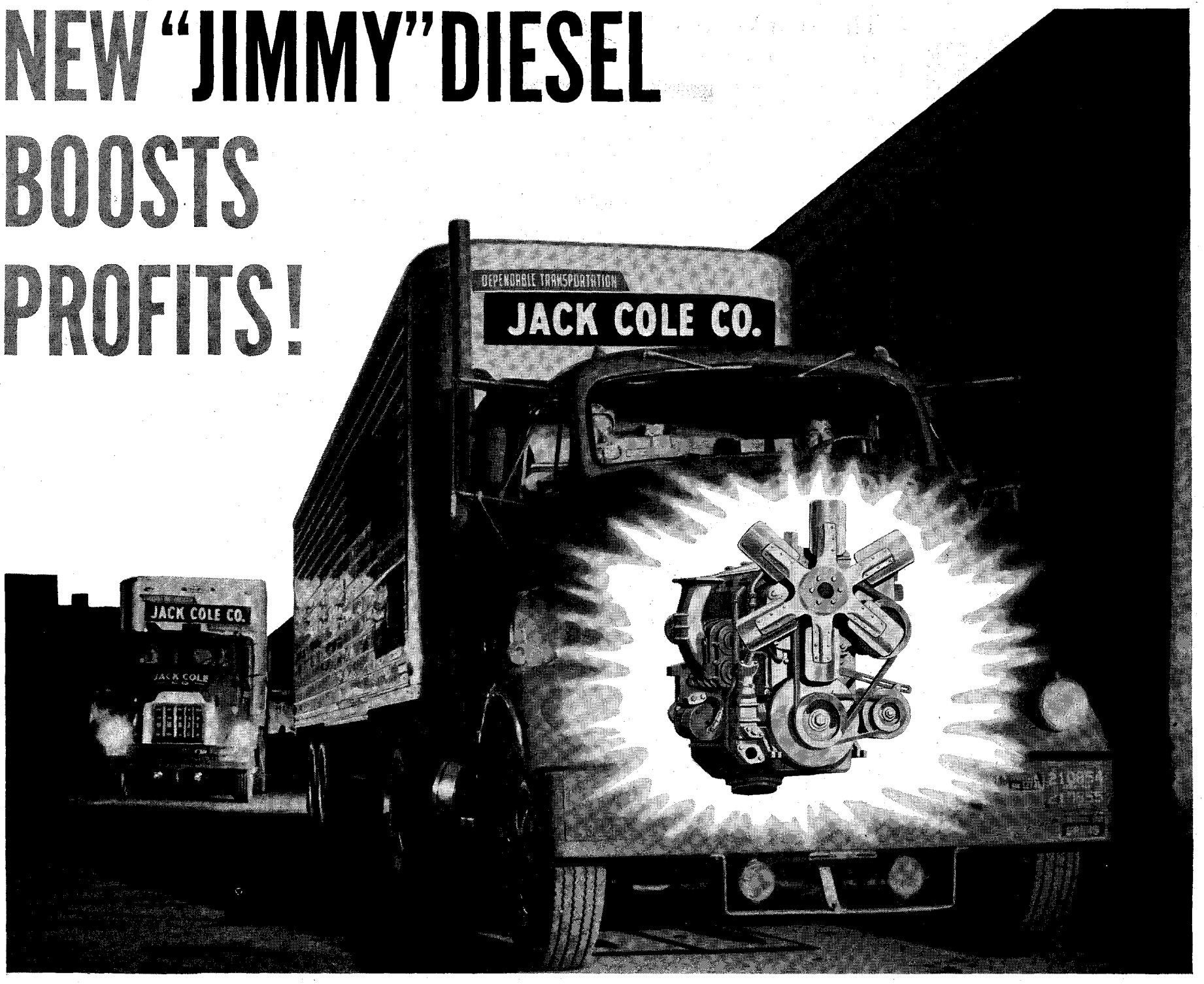

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The Man Who Talks to Tapirs

(Continued from Page 25)

or flies, for he wants to examine it and try to tame it. But if anybody kills or hurts an animal, he gets in a rage. When he isn't running around the jungle barefooted, petting pythons and talking to the elephants, he is treating some poor native for snakebite or trying to cure his malaria. You want a story, you go find old Harry."

Finding old Harry is not as simple as it sounds. First you must fly 300 miles, to Lirik, an oil town set down in the middle of a jungle where, the books say, Stone Age tribes still make their residence in trees. Here Standard Vacuum Oil Company, which operates the Lirik field, houses its American employees and their families in a pleasant community complete with golf course, swimming pool and supermarket—and a whistle which blows at twilight to call the children in before the tigers begin to prowl. Gillmore is not to be found in any such center of civilization, of course. He is 100 miles farther on, at Buatan, on the Siak River, where the Standard Vacuum pipeline ends. Harry is superintendent of this terminal station for the oil company.

The civil war out here has caused Harry little trouble, probably thanks to the remoteness of his station. As this is written he is in perfect health. After the Central Government forces of Indonesia landed on the east coast of Sumatra, some "desultory shooting" was heard at a distance from Buatan. For one week the oil pipeline was emptied of its black gold and filled with water as a precaution against the chance of fire. But then oil operations were resumed at a normal rate. Harry was minding his store in peace—and ministering to his beloved animal constituents.

Or rather, the way they tell the story around Lirik, Harry's animals were ministering unto him. At his Buatan bachelor camp, they tell a stranger solemnly, the old menagerie maestro has trained an elephant to serve as his alarm clock. Every morning at six o'clock it sticks its head in his window, and trumpets shrilly in his ear. He has breakfast in bed—a banana brought by a small brown monkey.

When they talk about Gillmore's doctoring, though, they forget the spoofery. When the pipeline was finished and the pipeline crews pulled out, the Buatan warehouse was left with a supply of drugs and medicines designed to cure every ill that besets men in the tropics. These Gillmore has used generously to treat the sick who flock to him from the little kampongs round about, and one small girl is alive today, they claim, only because Harry for three weeks nursed her as gently as a mother, cleansing and bandaging and healing with sulfa drugs the foot she had burned severely in a fire.

"He takes care of everybody but himself," one Lirik housewife said in affectionate exasperation. "You'll know him when you see him. He'll be limping because an elephant stepped on his foot, nursing a bruised arm where a python squeezed him, or all swelled up where something stung him."

The road from Lirik to Buatan, where Gillmore lives, runs for 100 miles through the jungle, a broad highway crossing swamp and bog and climbing steep slippery hills traversable, in the rainy season, only by trucks and jeeps. My driver and guide was Bill Bierhuys, pronounced "Beerhouse," a hawk-nosed Eurasian of Dutch-Sumatran parentage who looked like a blue-eyed American Indian. It is Bierhuys' job to ride the pipeline road to see that the men in the pumping stations along the way are keeping the water hot in the warming pipes strung beneath the buried oil line. This is necessary, Bierhuys explained, for though the Sumatran oil comes from one of the hottest regions on earth—the pipeline crosses the equator—the waxy oil "freezes" in the pipe like black shoe polish, at night or on rainy days when the temperature falls below 105 degrees.

Here and there along the road were great clearings in the jungle where upland rice, sown broadcast, grew like weeds among the tall fire-charred stumps. In the clearings were little houses, framed with poles, walled with rough reddish bark and thatched with palm fronds. Near each house a small, indignant-looking monkey was tethered to a pole by a slender vine. These were watchmen monkeys, Bierhuys said. When snakes came near the house at night, or dangerous animals, the monkeys sounded the alarm. When the people went to the river to bathe, the monkeys went along as bodyguards.

Strung between the tall stumps in the rice fields were long vines from which dangled old oil cans and dried gourds. These, said Bierhuys, were for the purpose of scaring elephants. These cans and gourds contained small stones, to make a noise. A vine ran from the field to the sleeping mat where the householder lay, and when he heard the elephants in his rice field he would jerk this vine, causing the cans to rattle. Sometimes it scared the elephants, sometimes it didn't. Sometimes they ate all the rice in the field, then came and tore the house down, eating the last year's rice that was stored there.

The elephants, said Bierhuys, in his Dutch-flavored accent, were a "dampt nuisance." In the oil fields they liked to uproot the "Christmas trees," the valves that controlled the flow of oil from the wells. Where the concrete culverts poked out on either side of the road, they liked to stamp on them and crush them. When Stanvac (Standard Vacuum) put up a huge metal sign across the road where the pipeline crosses the equator, they buried the steel posts deep in concrete so the elephants could not uproot them. Then a skidding truck, with no other work of man to collide with in forty miles, slammed into it and tore it down.

As we stopped to look at the crumpled sign, two women, with the wild fixed stare of the jungle folk in their eyes, came by, burdened with heavy baskets full of primitive household gear. Between them walked two little naked boys with baskets on their backs. The older woman carried a tall iron-bladed spear. The younger was armed with a long knife. Bierhuys stopped them and spoke to them in dialect.

As he got back into the car he shook his head. Four nights ago, he said, a tiger had killed the younger woman's husband. All the village had gone to bury him, and then the elephants had come and torn down the unguarded houses. Now the people were moving to another place.

Actually, he said, the moving didn't matter much. These were a migrant people. Each year they cleared a piece of jungle, harvested one rice crop and then moved on, for the thin jungle soil would not produce two good crops in succession. Eight years later they could come back and burn and plant again, for in that time the trees would grow and the soil would restore itself.

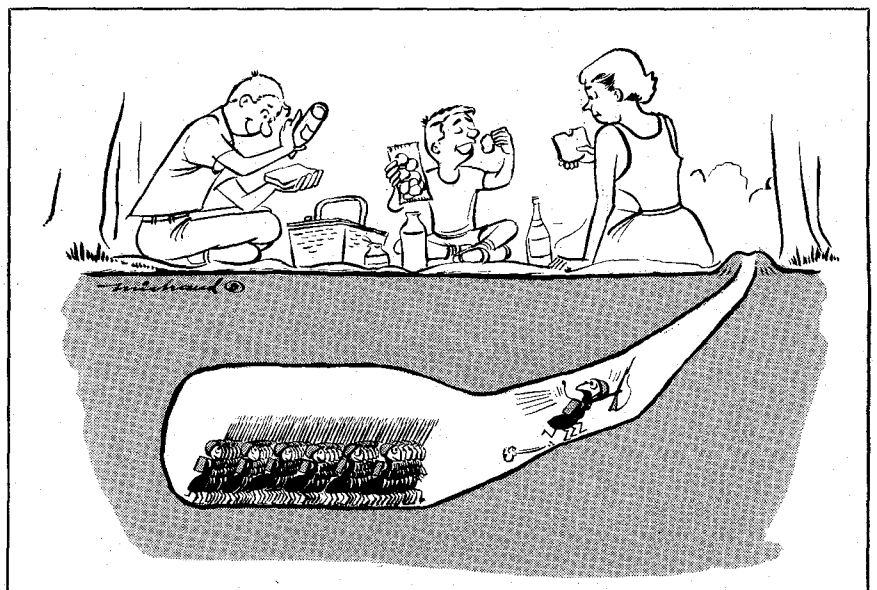
Beside the road as we neared Buatan were piles of fruit, and green gourds, and round brown balls that looked to be made of mud, and little cages made of twigs, with small birds in them. Each mound was guarded by a small boy. They were waiting for Harry Gillmore, Bierhuys said. Every afternoon Harry came down the road, picking up the brown balls, which were ants' nests and not made of mud, but wood, chewed by the ants to the thinness of paper. He loaded his jeep with ants' nests and fruit to feed his birds and monkeys, and he bought the little caged birds which, as often as not, he turned loose. Then he chatted with the boys awhile, learning all the news of the jungle—who was sick and needed treatment, and where a python had been seen, and what traps were being set for what beasts or birds.

"He is the Tuan Besar out here," Bierhuys said; "the Big Man. He is more powerful than a witch doctor."

Gillmore, when we drove up, was standing by the washhouse, seemingly engaged in friendly discourse with a small, unhappy-looking monkey tethered to the water tap. A tall, wide-shouldered, narrow-hipped man, with a roughhewn, sorrowful face, like the pictures of Abraham Lincoln before he grew a beard, he was wearing a short-sleeved batik shirt, a pair of faded khaki pants with a hole in the seat, and open-toed sandals. His left big toe was bandaged.

He introduced himself and then the monkey. "This is Hector," he said. "He's a pig-tailed macaque. He knows how to turn the water on, but he won't turn it off."

We went into the mess hall, where Gillmore opened a beer. He noticed me look-



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ing at his bandaged toe. I asked him if an elephant had stepped on it. He grinned and shook his head. One rainy night, he said, Marwoto, one of his native assistants, had come running in, yelling that his wife was having her baby too soon. She was bleeding and unconscious. Harry had gone running out barefooted in the dark to break out a speedboat to take her to the Caltex (California-Texas Co.) hospital up the river. In the excitement, he had knocked the end of his toe off.

Bierhuys told Harry about the woman whose husband had been killed. That made thirteen men the tigers had killed in the past three months. Bierhuys could not understand it. Never before had there been such an epidemic of tiger disease. Harry said it was simple. It was because of the road. Before the road came, there were plenty of wild pigs, which lived on the yams and cassava roots the people planted. The government would send them pig poison now and then, but by the time it had made the long journey up the rivers and over the jungle trails it had lost its potency. Now the trucks brought plenty of pig poison over the road, and the people had poisoned nearly all the pigs. So the tigers that in the past had lived by eating the pigs now were eating the people.

Jan Touw, a big fat, sleepy-looking man, half Belgian, half Chinese, listened to this talk. What Gillmore said was so, he agreed. But the tigers had not killed thirteen men in the past three months. They had killed seventeen. He knew because he owned a powerful rifle—a .300 Magnum—and when the tigers killed a man the people would come and ask him to kill the tiger. He would go to the place where the man had been killed and stand watch over the man's bloody clothes and the mat on which they had washed the body, preparing it for burial. Then, when the tiger came back to the kill, he would shoot it. He had killed four tigers in this way.

Sometimes, of course, the tiger did not come back. Then he would set a trap. He would build a little cage and put a puppy or a cat in it—any small animal that would whimper or make any other noise. Then he would build around this trap a strong palisade, with only one place where the tiger could enter. Then he would bend over a strong young tree and attach a wire noose to it in such a way that when the tiger poked his head into the entrance he would trip the trigger. The noose would tighten around his throat, and the tree, springing up, would jerk him strangling into the air. These traps were set at the edge of the rice fields, and when the people heard the tiger, choking and thrashing in the trap, they would go and stab it to death with their spears. This, of course, ruined the skin, said Jan Touw mournfully—he could not sell it to the oil people, as he did with those he shot.

Harry Gillmore said that though the road had made the tiger menace worse temporarily, it eventually would mean the destruction of all the tigers. Since the road had come, there was a much simpler and easier way of killing tigers. The tiger was a cat and, like all cats, he hated to walk in water. So on rainy nights he came out and prowled the road. You could kill him easily then by riding down the road in a pickup truck, with a strong spotlight hooked up to the battery. When you saw two green eyes shining in the dark beside the road, you shot between them, and the tiger was dead. His boys hunted tigers that way, even though he tried to discourage them, for soon there would be no tigers left.

The road would mean the end of the elephants, too, Harry said. Before, nobody owned a weapon that could kill an elephant. Now there were plenty of soldiers about, armed with high-powered rifles and machine guns. Not a mile down the road, Harry said, a herd of elephants had been crossing the road when a jeep-load of soldiers came along. One of the soldiers jumped out of the jeep and started firing his machine gun. He had killed an eight-year-old cow elephant right beside the road. She was dying, with thirty-seven bullet holes in her, when Harry got there. He cursed the soldier and threatened to report him to the authorities at Jakarta.

"Spit on the authorities at Jakarta," the soldier said, posing proudly with his foot on the dead elephant while his companions took his picture.

"The worst thing will be when some of those rich dastards back in the States hear about the game out here," Harry said. "They'll spend $10,000 to fly out here and kill an elephant and then go back home to brag about it. What kind of accomplishment is that, killing a poor old elephant?"

Gillmore is also the stout defender of the vanishing Sumatran rhinoceros. To the elderly Chinese of nearby Singapore, the horn of a rhinoceros is worth its weight in gold, for they believe it possesses marvelous powers of restoring virility. The natives around Buatan trap rhinos by use of the bent tree and the strangling noose. When Harry, in his prowls through the jungle, finds one of these traps, he destroys it. Not long ago he found a dead rhino in a trap. He dug out the horn and took it home, passing the word that anybody who wanted it could come and take it—if he was man enough. Nobody ever came.

"You can't get mad at them, though," says Harry. "It's their nature to kill and torture animals. To them an animal is an enemy. Now come on, I want you to meet some friends of mine."

Beside the road leading to the mess hall a tall wire fence enclosed a grove of rubber trees. Within the fence were stout cages, made of poles, and a wire-roofed aviary. In one corner of the enclosure a big black-and-white beast, looking like a cross between a horse and a hippopotamus, lay asleep.

"That's old Henry," Harry said. "That's my tapir. And don't call him a 'taper.' He's a 'tah-peer.' The books say old Henry is the stupidest animal alive. But, by golly, old Henry ain't stupid. Watch."

He prodded Henry gently behind an ear with a banana stalk. Henry opened one round black eye and looked at him, wrinkling his short, prehensile snout. "Roll over, Henry," Harry said. "Roll over and show the man how smart you are." Slowly, ponderously, Henry rolled over like a dog. Then he went back to sleep.

"The books say Henry is prehistoric," Harry said. "They say he should have been dead a million years ago, along with the dinosaur and the mastodon. But Henry didn't read that book. He just kept on surviving. How he did it, I don't know. Not a fang or a claw to fight with, nor a shell or a spike to protect him. Just a big, fat, slow-moving slob. Maybe it's his coloring. The way that black-and-white pattern is laid on, when he's standing still in the jungle, you can't see him. He just isn't there. We painted ships the way Henry is painted, to camouflage them during the war. Maybe it's his smell. Rub your hand on him and smell it."

I rubbed a finger along Henry's oily hide and sniffed it. Henry smelled like rancid coconut oil mixed with cheap perfume, an aroma that should have been revolting even to a tiger.

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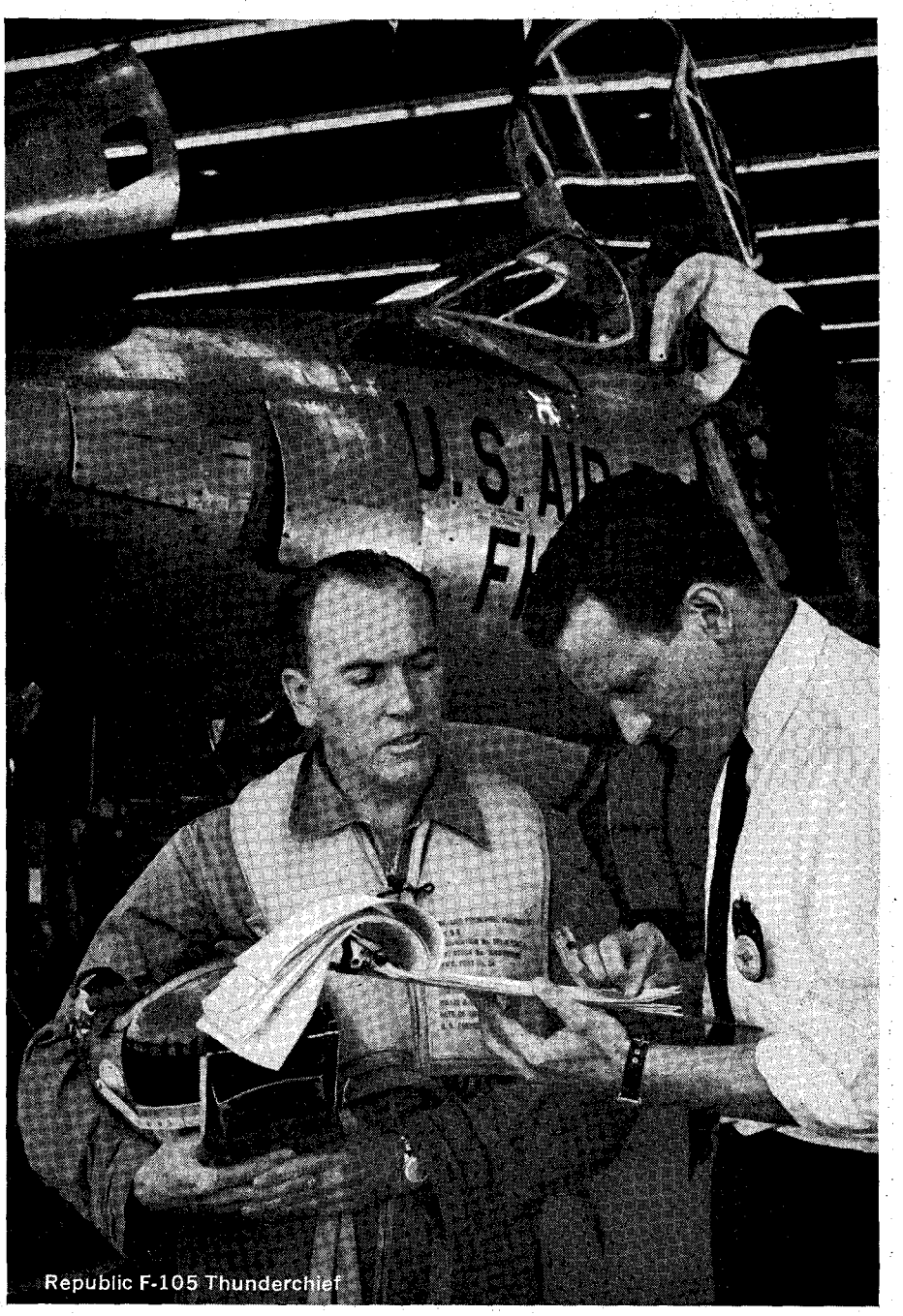

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Henry had been caught in a rhino trap when he was a little fellow, Harry said. The noose had caught around his body and hadn't strangled him, but the people had stabbed and hacked him unmercifully with knives and spears. When Harry bought him, he had a terrible, festering spear wound in his back. Harry treated him with everything in his medicine chest before he finally got it healed. When he shot Henry with penicillin, he had to tie him up with ropes. Once Henry broke loose as Harry stuck him with the needle, and the rope got wrapped around Harry's leg. Henry dragged Harry all over the place, bumping him along the ground. Henry's spear wound is now nicely healed but the rope burns on Harry's shins are still raw and sore.

While we were talking to Henry, from across the road there came a wild, piercing screech, followed by a low, coughing, grunting rumble. Above the tall grass a rubbery trunk waved snakelike in the air.

"Awright, awright," Harry yelled, "I'm coming. That's old Plop, my baby elephant," Harry said. "He's jealous because I'm over here making a fuss over Henry. Let's go see him."

With the baby elephant summoning us with imperious trumpet calls, we went across the road. Harry knelt and put his arms around the little fellow's neck. The elephant wrapped his trunk around Harry's neck and blew in his ear. Plop, Harry said, was so named because he got him about the time the first "plop" of oil came through the new pipeline. He was in bad shape, too, when Harry found him, in a native kampong. The herd had raided a rice field and had been frightened off by noisemakers and, while trying to follow his mother, Plop had fallen into a bog. The people had found him there and had hacked him up. Harry had cured his wounds, all right, but about the time he got him well, Plop had found a bucket of kerosene, sucked up a trunkful and squirted it over his back. The skin had blistered badly in the tender places back of his ears, and Harry was having trouble getting the blisters to heal.

While Harry knelt by Plop, scratching him and fondling him and talking baby talk to him, a small black-and-white pig rubbed against the elephant's legs, grunting affectionately.

"That pig," said Harry, "does not know whether he is an elephant or whether this elephant is a pig. He goes wherever Plop goes. When it's hot, he stands under him, in the shade."

Pigs, Harry said, have a peculiar affinity for elephants. Whenever you find an elephant herd in the jungle there will be a herd of wild pigs running with them. The pigs, Harry said, know that when they are with the elephants they are safe from tigers, for if a tiger comes snooping about, the elephants will trample him. This was a domestic pig, but he, too, seemed to have the innate wisdom of his wild brothers.

With Plop and the pig ambling along behind us, we went back to the cages to see Harry's birds. The big flight pen was a moving rainbow of brilliant, flashing wings. Harry called off the names—wild jungle fowl, ancestors of the domestic chicken, the black-and-crimson cocks strutting like warriors; imperial pigeons, with plumage of blue and gold like old brocade; crested fireback pheasants, crested green wood partridges, button quail no bigger than a man's thumb, and tiny green parakeets with scarlet tail tips, which thrive in Harry's cages, though the books say they die in captivity. Somehow, to Harry, something seemed amiss. The birds were flying about as if in fear, and in one corner of the cage three little mouse deer, the size of rabbits—two tiny bucks and a pregnant doe—huddled together.

Harry stooped, peering under the roosting shelves at the back of the cage. "There he is, the ——" he said. He went into the cage with a short stick, poked beneath the shelf and dragged out a beautiful shining black snake banded in gold. A bulge in the snake's middle showed where one of Harry's birds had gone. A cat snake, Harry said; not deadly poisonous, but his bite would make you sick. Called a cat snake because the pupil of its eye is vertical, like a cat's. He hit the snake on the head with the stick and killed it.

We left the bird pen and went on to the python's cage. The brown-and-white mottled mass was in a tangled coil, asleep. No use trying to wake him up, Harry said. He'd been fed a few days before—four chickens—and he was still taking his after-dinner nap. This was a small one, Harry said, about sixteen feet long. The big ones grew to twenty-six feet. There was no great trick to catching pythons. You just had to have enough men to overpower him. The first thing was to get a good grip on his tail. Unless he could get a good purchase with his tail on something solid, like a tree or a rock or a stump, he couldn't bring his powerful constrictor muscles into play.

Once, Harry said, he took this python out of his cage, so that a photographer could take some pictures. An Indonesian soldier was supposed to handle the python's tail. But when the snake started struggling the soldier turned loose and ran. The python wrapped his tail around a tree and nearly broke Harry's arms.

"I kept yelling for that photographer to come and help me," Harry said, "but he wouldn't do it. He just kept taking pictures till he ran out of film."

A blurry picture of Harry, handcuffed by the python and wearing a look of anguish, is in his scrapbook.

From a cage farther along came a high-pitched mewing.

"Those are my babies," Harry said. "Those are my little sweethearts. A pair of three-month-old clouded leopards that any zoo keeper in the world would give his right hand to own. They used to sleep with me up at the house until they got to playing too rough." The baby leopards, gray with dappled markings of a darker gray and black, climbed on the bars of the cage, crying happily at the sight of Harry.

He reached out a cautious hand to stroke the cats, then stepped back with an angry snort. "That damned Abdullah," he said. "He's sneaked in here and cut their whiskers off. It's some more of that Chinese stuff. They think a tiger's whiskers, or a leopard's, have got some sort of magic power. Around here, I've heard, the local dukuns—the witch doctors—use them as a poison. They chop them up real fine and slip them into a man's rice bowl. It's worse than giving him ground glass."

The next morning, with Harry at the wheel of a grinding, lurching jeep, we drove four miles into the jungle, along a path he had cut by widening an old game trail. Once, in the trail ahead were mounds that looked like brown peat moss, and the clay banks on the high side of the trail were freshly scarred and scalloped by great round hoofs.

"Elephants," Harry said, slamming on the brakes. "Probably came along here this morning." He leaned out of the jeep and sniffed the air. "Not around here now, though. If they were we could smell 'em. An old bull has really got a strong odor to him."

We drove on to where the trail ended at the edge of a deep ravine and moved from there on foot. Gillmore, in the jungle, is like a man blind for years who suddenly has had his sight restored. Everything he saw interested him—to be felt, smelled, tasted, wondered about and explained. The bird, crying far off with a sound like rippling music, was a drongo. Its tail hung down like two musical notes. You catch them by boiling the sap of a galal tree with coconut oil until it turns to a brown and sticky glue. Then you coat the slim ribs of a nipa palm with this glue, and fasten them to the limbs of the roosting tree. The birds, swooping in to roost, brush their nether wing feathers against the glue until their wings stick fast to their sides. In this way also, Harry said, you catch mouse deer. You spread the glue in the trails where they walk, and their feet become entangled with leaves. They lie down to try to lick the leaves from their feet, and pretty soon they are helpless, stuck in a ball of leaves.

He paused to examine a pitcher-shaped plant, which lives by trapping insects in its deep cup. At a little open place where the sun came through he knelt to examine a tiny white ground orchid. This time, his curiosity probably saved his life. Standing behind him, looking down at the flower he was holding in his hand, I saw him stiffen.

"Don't move!" he said. I looked where he was looking. Ten feet away a blunt, diamond-shaped head raised up, wavering, flared suddenly as wide as a soup plate and flattened again. Then, neither hastily nor slowly, a long olive-colored snake crossed the trail ahead of us and disappeared.

Harry stood up, mopping sweat. His hand was shaking. That, he said, was a hamadryad—a king cobra. A man didn't have a chance to live if one of those things hit him. He'd be dead in two minutes. You could catch them, but it was tricky business. You had to have him in an open place. Then you taunted him with a cloth hung on a long pole till he struck at the cloth and hung his fangs. Then maybe you could pin his head to the ground with a forked stick.

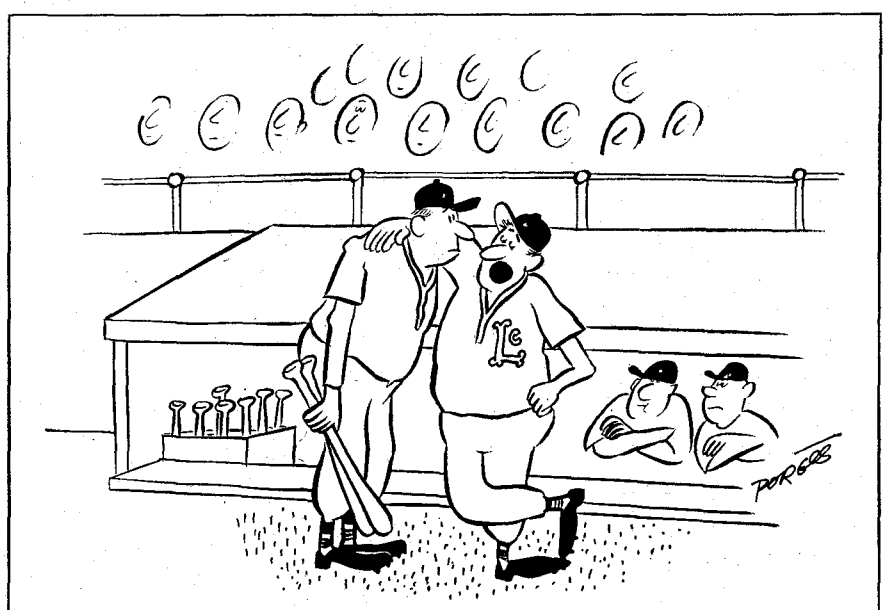
We moved on, somewhat warily, past the place where the cobra had crossed. The trail flattened out at a clearing, a half acre of muddy swamp. Here, said Harry, was what he had brought me to see—the last refuge, just about, of the rhinoceros in Central Sumatra. Thirty years ago Stanvac had drilled for oil here, had struck gas and salt water instead of oil and had sealed up the hole and gone. But gas and salty springs still bubbled up beside the old well casing, forming a briny quagmire. Here by night the elephants and rhinos came to wallow in the salty muck.

For months he had been coming here, hoping to catch a glimpse of the animals themselves. So far he had failed. Now another plan is shaping up in his mind. He is going to build a platform in one of the tall trees that surround the clearing. Then he is going to come here on moonlight nights and hide in the tree until the beasts come to wallow. He does not want to shoot or trap them. He does not particularly care about taking their pictures. He just wants to catch them and study them, as he used to study the rabbits and the white mice and the birds he used to keep when he was a small boy, back in Murphysboro, Illinois.

In his ten years in Sumatra, he has owned just about every type of bird and beast that lives in this part of the world. Most of them have died, or have escaped, or have been killed or stolen. A few he has taken to zoos back home. He remembers them all, many of them with the affection he might feel for human beings. He keeps a thick family album in his room, but there are few family pictures in it. Most of them are snapshots of his bird and animal friends: Idjah, his first elephant, who died in the states—of a broken heart, he thinks—after he had sold her; Uncle Tom, a dignified old gibbon; The Professor, the stork who wore the spectacles and the stovepipe hat, which somebody stole. And his favorite of all the pets he has ever owned, Gertrude, the hornbill, killed by a small boy's slingshot. Gertrude, Harry said, had more brains and far more personality than most of the people he has known.

Henry, the tapir, is probably Gillmore's closest confidant right now. In his forty-one years, most of it spent wandering the world, first as a merchant seaman, later with the oil company, Harry has had his share of troubles. Two wives have failed to share his enthusiasm for the birds and beasts, and back in the States three sons are growing up whom he has rarely seen. These things worry him now and then. But when the moods of black despair come upon him, he goes out and sits down under the rubber trees and pours out his troubles to Henry. He sits there until it grows dark, watching the flying lemurs glide in the trees across the road, listening to the gibbons whooping down by the river and the hornbills calling with their shrill, harsh cry, like the screech of a rusty gate. And pretty soon he feels content and in tune again with the jungle world he has come to know—and love—better than any other.

THE END



"Get in there . . . get beaned . . . and walk!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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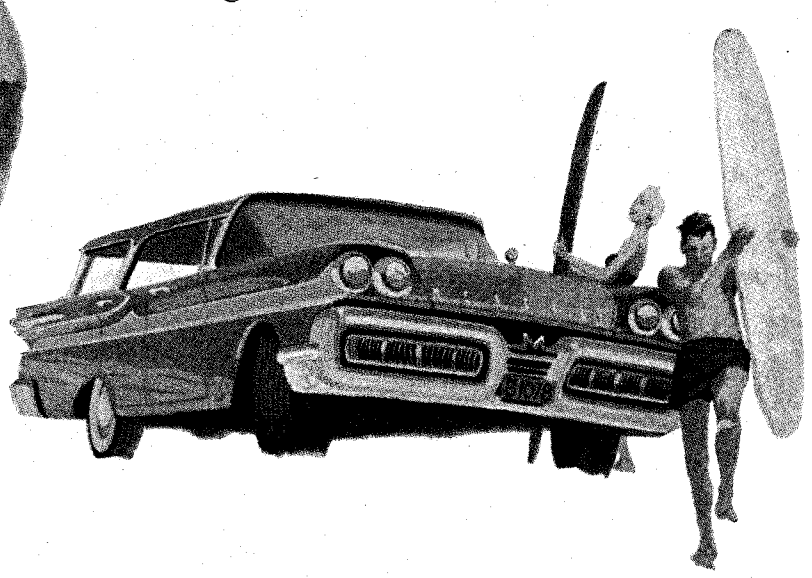

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Frame-Up for Murder

(Continued from Page 21)

"Yes. Oh, yes. I am not a *pauvre*—pardon—a pauper. But Mr. Wolfe would sneer at a few hundred."

"That would be his impulse, but impulses can be sidetracked, with luck. I suggest that you proceed with your plan as outlined." I looked at my wrist. "It's going on six o'clock. For the Flamingo we would have to go home and dress, and that's too much trouble, but there's nothing wrong with the band at Colonna's in the Village. We can stick here for an hour or so and get acquainted, and you can give me some idea of what your problem is, and you can go right ahead with your program, getting me to like you enough to want to help you. Then we can go to Colonna's and eat and dance. Well?"

"That's all right," she conceded, "but I ought to go home and change. I would look better and dance better."

I objected. "That can come later. We'll start at the bottom and work up. If you dress, I'll have to, too, and I'd rather not. As you probably know, I live in Mr. Wolfe's house, and he might want to discuss something with me. He often does. I would rather phone and tell him I have a personal matter to attend to and won't be home for dinner. You passed the buck. You said I'm the man and it's for me to say."

"Well, I would have to phone too."

"We can afford it." I got a dime from a pocket and proffered it.

At ten-thirty the next morning, Tuesday, I was in the office on the first floor of the old brownstone on West 35th Street which is owned and dominated by Nero Wolfe, when I remembered something I had forgotten to do. Closing the file drawer I was working on, I went to the hall, turned left, and entered the kitchen, where Fritz Brenner, chef and housekeeper, was stirring something in a bowl.

I spoke. "I meant to ask, Fritz: What did Mr. Wolfe have for breakfast?"

His pink, good-natured face turned to me, but he didn't stop stirring. "Why? Something wrong?"

"Of course not. Nothing is ever wrong. I'm going to jostle him and it will help to know what mood he's in."

"A good one. He was very cheerful when I went up for the tray, which was empty. He had melon, eggs *à la Suisse* with oatmeal cakes and *croissants* with blackberry jam. He didn't put cream in his coffee, which is always a good sign. Do you have to jostle him?"

I said it was for his own good—that is, Wolfe's—and headed for the stairs. There is an elevator, but I seldom bother to use it. One flight up was Wolfe's room, and a spare, used mostly for storage. Two flights up was my room, and one for guests, not used much. Mounting the third flight, I passed through the vestibule to the door to the plant rooms, opened it and entered.

By then, after the years, you might think those ten thousand orchids would no longer impress me, but they did. In the tropical room I took the side aisle for a look at the pink Vanda that Wolfe had been offered six grand for, and in the intermediate room I slowed down as I passed a bench of my favorites, Miltonia hybrids. Then on through to the potting room.

The little guy with a pug nose, opening a bale of osmundine over by the wall, was Theodore Horstmann, orchid nurse. The one standing at the big bench, inspecting a seed pod, was my employer.

"Good morning," I said brightly. "Fred phoned in at ten-fourteen. Putz is at his office, probably reading the morning mail. I told Fred to stay on him."

"Well?"

I'll translate it. What that "well" meant was, "You know better than to interrupt me here for that, so what is it?"

Having translated it, I replied to it, "I was straightening up a file when I suddenly realized that I hadn't told you that there's an appointment for eleven o'clock. A prospective client, someone I ran across yesterday. It might be quite interesting."

"Who is it?"

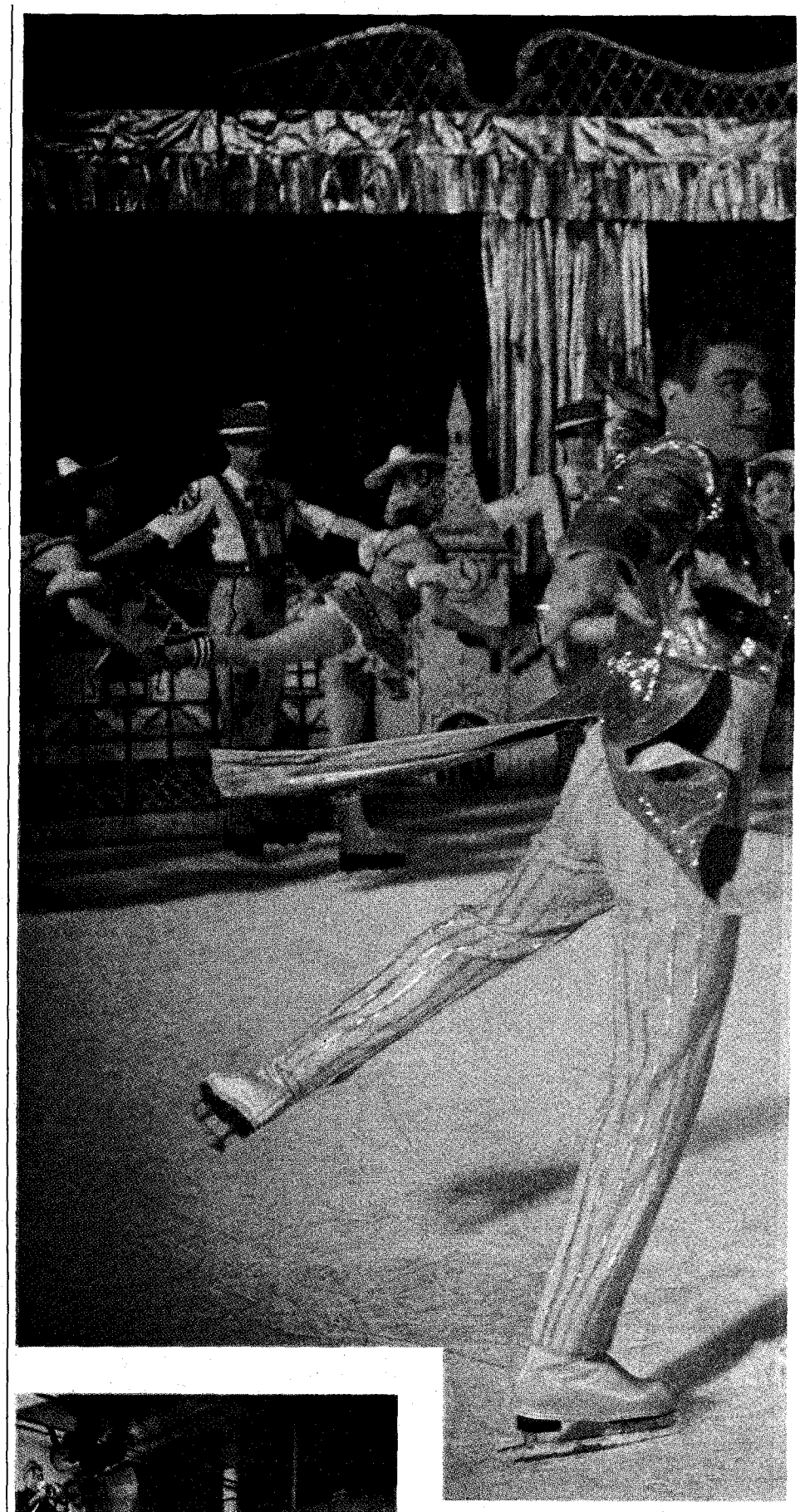
"I admit it's a woman. Her name is Flora Gallant; she's the sister of a man named Alec Gallant, who makes dresses for duchesses that dukes pay a thousand bucks for. She could get things for your wife wholesale if you had a wife."

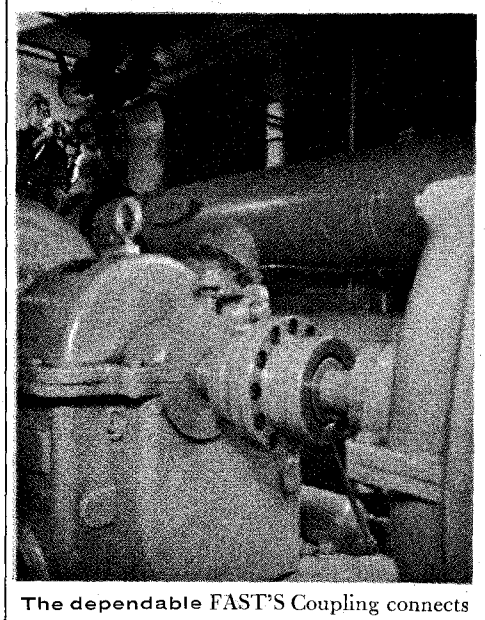
He put the seed pod down. "Archie."

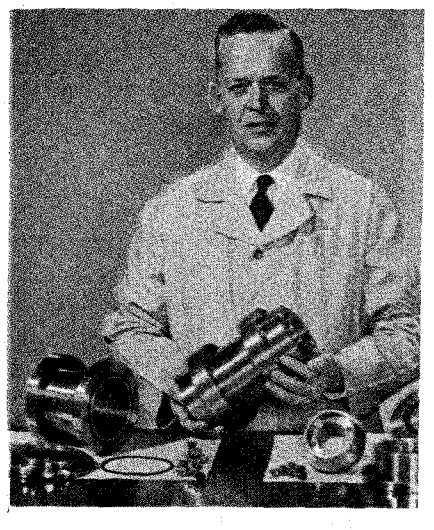
"Yes, sir."

"You are being transparent deliberately. You did not suddenly realize that you hadn't told (*Continued on Page 84*)

"Psst . . . your belt slipped."







The dependable FAST'S Coupling connects the electric motor (right) to the compressor (left) and automatically compensates for misalignment of the machinery.

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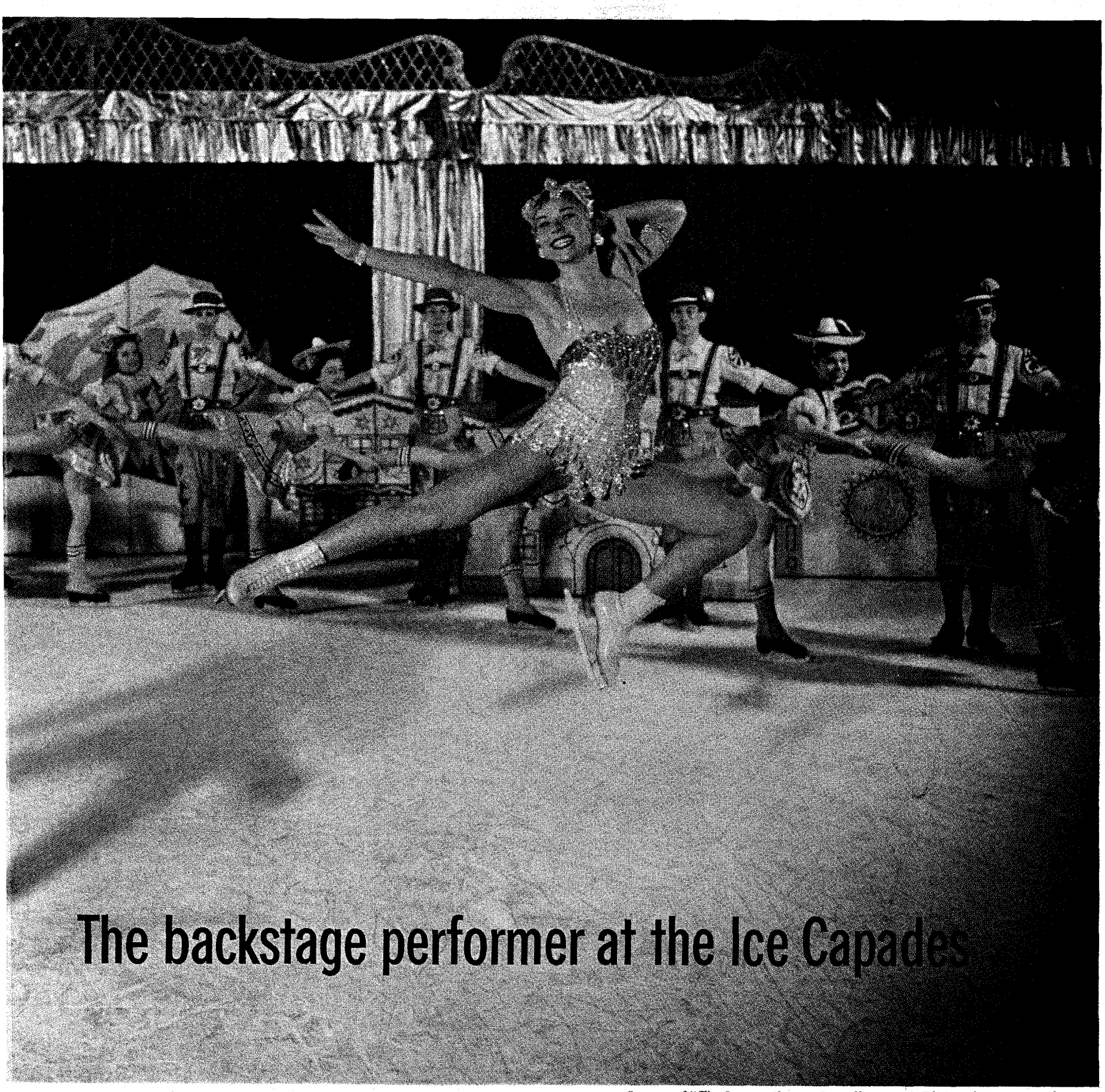

The backstage performer at the Ice Capades

Courtesy of "The Greatest Show on Ice—all new 18th Edition of Ice Capades of 1958."

A BRILLIANT WORLD of iridescent color, silver steel blades hissing across the ice, incredible speed, breathtaking leaps, waves of laughter—the Ice Capades. And every performer does his magnificent best to make each show a success.

The backstage performer? A rugged Koppers self-aligning coupling. Performing without stop, this ingenious coupling links an electric motor to the compressor which circulates brine through pipes under the ice, keeping it frozen slick and solid at all times. And even though the motor and compressor may become misaligned due to settling foundations or temperature changes, the coupling adjusts itself automatically to the fault, and the power flows smoothly on.

Manufacturing FAST'S Couplings is but one more way in which Koppers serves the nation's growing industries, so that they, in turn, may better serve you. Koppers also produces chemicals, plastics, tar products, and industrial gas-cleaning equipment; designs and builds coke ovens, steel mills and chemical plants. Koppers Company, Inc., Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.

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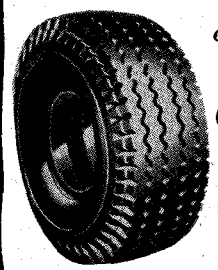

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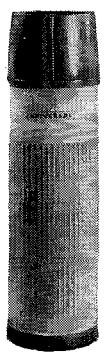

Universal *Pour-Easy* has the big difference in vacuum bottles—a pitcher spout that pours without dripping! Other features:

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- **10-oz., pints, quarts, some with nested cups**

Next time—get *Pour-Easy* with the new pouring spout!

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(*Continued from Page 82*) me. You willfully delayed telling me until it is too late to notify her not to come. How old is she?"

"Oh, middle twenties."

"Of course. Ill-favored? Ill-shaped? Ungainly?"

"No, not exactly."

"She wouldn't be if you ran across her. What does she want?"

"It's a little vague. I'd rather she told you."

He snorted. "One of your functions is to learn what people want. You are trying to dragoon me. I won't see her. I'll come down later. Let me know when she has gone."

"Yes, sir." I was apologetic. "You're absolutely right. You'd probably be wasting your time. But when I was dancing with her last evening I must have got sentimental, because I told her I would help her with her problem. So I'm stuck. I'll have to tackle it myself. I'll have to take a leave of absence without pay, starting now. Say a couple of weeks, that should do it. We have nothing important on, and of course Fred can attend to Putz, and if you ——"

"Archie, this is beyond tolerance. This is egregious."

"I know it is, but I'm stuck. If I were you I'd fire me. It may take ——"

The house phone buzzed. He didn't move, so I went and got it. After listening to Fritz, I told him to hold on, and turned: "She's at the door. If she comes in, it will disrupt your schedule, so I'd better go down and take her somewhere. I'll ——"

"Confound you," he growled. "I'll be down shortly."

I told Fritz to put her in the office and I would be right down, hung up and went. On my way through the intermediate room I cut off a raceme of Miltonia and took it along. Orchids are good for girls, whether they have problems or not. At the bottom of the stairs, Fritz was posted on guard, awaiting me. He is by no means a woman hater, but he suspects every female who enters the house of having designs on his kitchen and therefore needing to be watched. I told him O.K., I'd see to her, and crossed to the office.

She was in the red leather chair facing the end of Wolfe's desk. I told her good morning, went and got a pin from my desk tray and returned to her.

"Here," I said, handing her the raceme and pin. "I see why you asked me what his favorite color is. He'll like that dress if he's not too grouchy to notice it."

"Then he'll see me?"

"Yeah, he'll see you, any minute now. I had to back him into a corner and stick a spear in him. I doubt if I like you that much, but my honor was at stake, and I—well, if you insist ——"

She was on her feet, putting her palms on my cheeks and giving me an emphatic kiss.

Since it was in the office and during hours, I merely accepted it.

"You should have another one," she said, sitting again, "for the orchids. They're lovely."

I told her to save it for a better occasion. "And," I added, "don't try it on Mr. Wolfe. He might bite you." The sound of the elevator, creaking under his seventh of a ton, came from the hall. "Here he comes. Don't offer him a hand. He doesn't like to shake hands even with men, let alone women."

There was the sound of the elevator door opening, and footsteps, and he entered. He thinks he believes in civility, so he stopped in front of her, told her good morning, and then proceeded to the oversized, custom-made chair behind his desk.

"Your name is Flora Gallant?" he growled. The growl implied that he strongly doubted it and wouldn't be surprised if she had no name at all.

She smiled at him. I should have warned her to go slow on smiles. "Yes, Mr. Wolfe. I suppose Mr. Goodwin has told you who I am. I know I'm being nervy to expect you to take any time for my troubles—a man as busy and important as you are—but, you see, it's not for myself. I'm not anybody, but you know who my brother is? My brother Alec?"

"Yes. Mr. Goodwin has informed me. An illustrious dressmaker."

"He is not merely a dressmaker. He is an artist—a great artist." She wasn't arguing, just stating a fact. "The trouble is about him, and that's why I must be careful with it. That's why I came to you—not only that you are a great detective—the very greatest, of course; everybody knows that—but also that you are a gentleman. So I know you are worthy of confidence."

She stopped, apparently for acknowledgment. Wolfe obliged her: "Umph." I was thinking that I might also have warned her not to spread the butter too thick.

She resumed, "So it is understood I am trusting you?"

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

To a Too, Too Gracious Hostess

Dear lady, by all means,
tact: yet bear
One thought, come weal,
come woe:
Tact is society's underwear;
It's not supposed to show.

Georgie
Starbuck Galbraith

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"You may," he growled.

She hesitated, seeming to consider if that point was properly covered, and decided that it was. "Then I'll tell you. I must explain that in France, where my brother and I were born and brought up, our name was not 'Gallant.' What it was doesn't matter. I have been in this country only four years. Alec came here in 1946, more than a year after the war ended. He had changed his name to Gallant and entered legally under that name. Within five years he had made a reputation as a designer, and then —— I don't suppose you remember his fall collection in 1953?"

Wolfe merely grunted.

She fluttered a little hand. "But of course you are not married, and feeling as you do about women ——" She let that hang. "Anyway, that collection showed everybody what my brother was—a creator, a true creator. He got financial backing, more than he needed, and opened his place on Fifty-fourth Street. That was when he sent for me to come to America, and I was glad to. From 1953 on, it has been all a triumph—many triumphs. Of course I have not had any hand in them, but I have been with him and have tried to help in my little way. The glory of great success has been my brother's, but then, he can't do everything in an affair so big as that. You understand?"

"No one can do everything," Wolfe conceded.

She nodded. "Even you, you have Mr. Goodwin. My brother has Carl Drew, and Anita Prince, and Emmy Thorne—and me, if I count. But now trouble has come. The trouble is a woman. A woman named Bianca Voss."

Wolfe made a face. She saw it and responded to it. "No, not an *affaire d'amour*, I'm sure of that. Though my brother has never married, I am certain this Bianca Voss has not attracted him that way. She first came there a little more than a year ago. My brother had told us to expect her, but we don't know where he had met her or where she came from. He designed a dress and a suit for her, and they were made there in the shop, but no bill was ever sent her. Then he gave her one of the rooms, the offices, on the third floor, and she started to come every day, and soon the trouble began. My brother never told us she had any authority, but she took it and he allowed her to. Sometimes she interferes directly, and sometimes through him. She pokes her nose into everything. She got my brother to discharge a fitter, a very capable woman, who had been with him for years. She has a private telephone line in her office upstairs, but no one else has. About two months ago some of the others persuaded me to try to find out about her, what her standing is, and I asked my brother, but he wouldn't tell me. I begged him to, but he wouldn't."

"It sounds," Wolfe said, "as if she owns the business. Perhaps she bought it."

Flora shook her head. "No, she hasn't. I'm sure she hasn't. She wasn't one of the financial backers in 1953, and since then there have been good profits, and anyway, my brother has control. But now she's going to cheapen it and spoil it, and he's going to let her, we don't know why. She wants him to design a factory line to be promoted by a chain of department stores using his name. She wants him to sponsor a line of Alec Gallant cosmetics on a royalty basis. And other things. We're against all of them, and my brother is, too, really, but we think he's going to give in to her, and that will ruin it."

She stopped to swallow. "Mr. Wolfe, I want you to ruin her."

He grunted. "By wiggling a finger?"

"No, but you can. I'm sure you can. I'm sure she has some hold on him, but I don't know what. I don't know who she is or where she came from. I don't know if Bianca Voss is her real name. She speaks with an accent, and it may be French, but if it is, it's from some part of France I don't know; I'm not sure what it is. I don't know when she came to America; she may be here illegally. She may have known my brother in France during the war; I was young then. You can find out. If she has a hold on my brother, you can find out what it is. If she is blackmailing him, isn't that against the law? Wouldn't that ruin her?"

"It might. It might ruin him too."

"Not unless you betrayed him." She gave a little gasp and added hastily, "I don't mean that, I only mean I am trusting you, you said I could, and you could make her stop, and that's all you would have to do. Couldn't you do just that?"

"Conceivably." Wolfe wasn't enthusiastic. "I fear, madam, that you're biting off more than you can chew. The procedure you suggest would be prolonged, laborious and extremely expensive. It would probably require elaborate investigation abroad. Aside from my fee, which would not be modest, the outlay would be considerable and the outcome highly uncertain. Are you in a position to undertake it?"

"I am not rich myself, Mr. Wolfe. I have some savings. But my brother—if you get her away, if you release him from her—he is truly *généreux*—pardon—he is a generous man. He is not stingy."

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"But he isn't hiring me, and your assumption that she is coercing him may be groundless." Wolfe shook his head. "No. Not a reasonable venture. Unless, of course, your brother himself consults me. If you care to bring him? Or send him?"

"Oh, I couldn't!" She waved it away. "You must see that isn't possible! When I asked him about her, I told you, he wouldn't tell me anything. He was annoyed. He is never abrupt with me, but he was then. I assure you, Mr. Wolfe, she is a villain. You are *sagace*—pardon—you are an acute man. You would know it if you saw her, spoke with her."

"Perhaps." Wolfe was losing patience. "Even so, my perception of her villainy wouldn't avail. No, madam."

"But you would know I am right." She opened her bag, fingered in it with both hands, came out with something, left her chair to step to Wolfe's desk, and put the something on the desk pad in front of him. "There," she said, "that is three hundred dollars. For you that is nothing, but it shows how I am in earnest." She returned to the chair. "I know you never leave your home on business, you wouldn't go there, and I can't ask her to come so you can speak with her, she would merely laugh at me, but you can. You can tell her you have been asked in confidence to discuss a matter with her and ask her to come to see you. You will not tell her what it is. She will come—she will be afraid not to—and that alone will show you she has a secret, perhaps many secrets. Then, when she comes, you will ask her whatever occurs to you. For that you do not need my suggestions. You are *sagace*."

"Pfui." Wolfe shook his head. "Everybody has secrets; not necessarily guilty ones."

"Yes," she agreed, "but not secrets that would make them afraid not to come to see Nero Wolfe. When she comes and you have spoken with her, we shall see. That may be all or it may not. We shall see."

I do not say that the three hundred bucks there on his desk was no factor. Even though income tax would take two thirds of it, there would be enough left for three weeks' supply of beer or for two days' salary for me. Another factor was plain curiosity: would Bianca Voss come or wouldn't she? Another was the chance that it might develop into a decent fee. Still another was her saying "We shall see" instead of "We'll see" or "We will see." He will always stretch a point, within reason, for people who use words as he thinks they should be used. But all of those together might not have swung him if he hadn't known that if he turned her down, and she went, I was pigheaded enough to go with her on leave of absence.

So he muttered at her, "Where is she?"

"At my brother's place. She always is."

"Give Mr. Goodwin the phone number."

"I'll get it. She may be downstairs." She got up and started for the phone on Wolfe's desk, but I told her to use mine and left my chair, and she came and sat, lifted the receiver, and dialed. In a moment she spoke. "Doris? Flora. Is Miss Voss around? . . . Oh. I thought she might have come down. . . . No, don't bother; I'll ring her private line."

She pushed the button down, told us, "She's up in her office," waited a moment, released the button, and dialed again. When she spoke, it was with another voice, as she barely moved her lips and brought it out through her nose, "Miss Bianca Voss? Hold the line, please. Mr. Nero Wolfe wishes to speak with you. . . . Nero Wolfe, the private detective."

She looked at Wolfe and he got at his phone. Having my own share of curiosity, I extended a hand for my receiver, and she let me take it and left my chair. As I got it to my ear Wolfe was speaking.

"This is Nero Wolfe. Is this Miss Bianca Voss?"

"Yes." It was more like "Yiss." "What do you want?" The "*wh*" and the "*w*" were way off.

"If my name is unknown to you, I should explain ——"

"I know your name. What do you want?"

"I wish to invite you to call on me at my office. I have been asked to discuss certain matters with you, and ——"

"Who asked you?"

"I am not at liberty to say. I shall ——"

"What kind of matters?" The "*wh*" was more off.

"If you will let me finish. The matters are personal and confidential, and concern you closely. That's all I can say on the telephone. I assure you that you would be ill-advised ——"

A snort stopped him—a snort that might be spelled "Tzchaahh!" Followed by: "I know your name, yes! You are scum, I know, in your stinking sewer! Your slimy little ego in your big gob of fat! And you dare to—owulgghh!"

That's the best I can do at reporting it. It was part scream, part groan and part just noise. It was followed immediately by another noise, a mixture of crash and clatter, then others, faint rustlings, and then nothing.

I spoke to my transmitter: "Hello, hello, hello. Hello! Hello?"

I cradled it, and so did Wolfe. Flora Gallant was asking, "What is it? She hung up?" We ignored her. Wolfe said, "Archie? You heard."

"Yes, sir. So did you. If you want a guess, something hit her and she dragged the phone along as she went down and it struck the floor. The other noises, not even a guess, except that at the end she put the receiver back on and cut the connection or someone else did. It could be ——"

Flora had grabbed my sleeve with both hands and was demanding, "What is it? What happened?"

I put a hand on her shoulder and made it emphatic: "I don't know what happened. There was a collection of sounds. You heard what I told Mr. Wolfe. Apparently something fell on her and then hung up the phone."

"But it couldn't! It is not possible!"

"That's what it sounded like. What's the number? The one downstairs."

She just gawked at me. I looked at Wolfe and he gave me a nod, and I jerked my arm loose, sat at my desk, got the Manhattan book, flipped to the G's and got the number, PL2-0330, and dialed it.

A refined female voice came, "Alec Gallant, Incorporated."

"This is a friend of Miss Voss," I told her. "I was just speaking to her on the phone, on her private line, and from the sounds I got, I think something may have happened to her. Will you send someone up to see? Right away. I'll hold the wire."

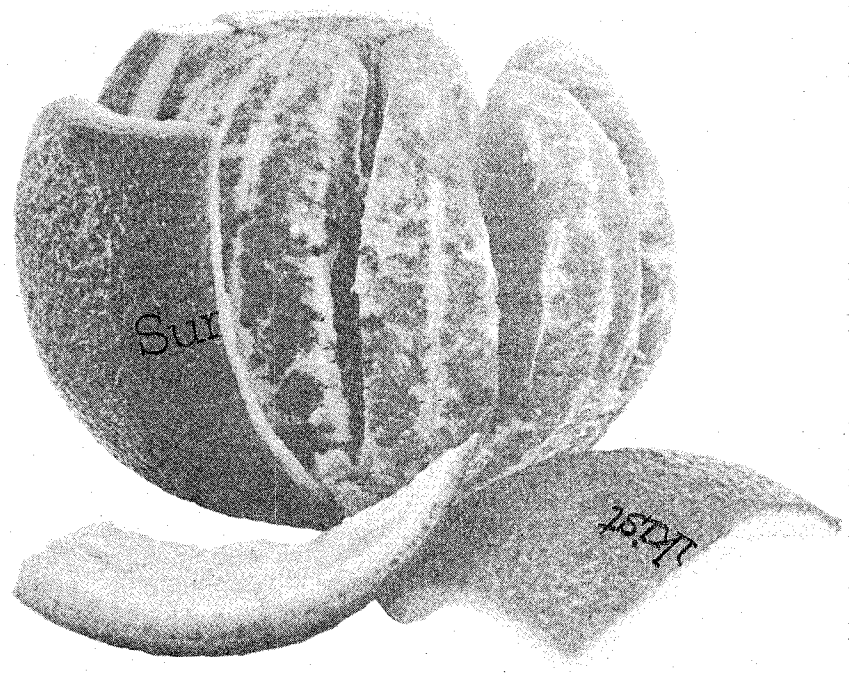
"Who is this speaking, please?"

"Never mind that. Step on it. She may be hurt."

I heard her calling to someone; then apparently she covered the transmitter. I sat and waited. Wolfe sat and scowled at me. Flora stood for some minutes at my elbow, staring down at me, then turned and went to the red leather chair and lowered herself onto its edge. I looked at my wrist watch: 11:40. It had said 11:31 when the connection with Bianca Voss had been cut.

More waiting, and then a male voice came: "Hello?"

The "meat" of a fresh orange is the main source of many of its health values.



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"Hello."

"This is Carl Drew. What is your name, please?"

"My name is Watson—John H. Watson. Is Miss Voss all right?"

"May I have your address, Mr. Watson?"

"Miss Voss knows my address. Is she all right?"

"I must have your address, Mr. Watson. I must insist. You will understand the necessity when I tell you that Miss Voss is dead. She was assaulted in her office and is dead. Apparently, from what you said, the assault came while she was on the phone with you, and I want your address. I must insist."

"Who assaulted her?"

"I don't know. Damn it, how do I know? I must ——"

I hung up, gently not to be rude, swiveled and asked Flora, "Who is Carl Drew?"

"My brother's business manager. What happened?"

I looked at Wolfe. "My guess was close. Miss Voss is dead. In her office. He said she was assaulted, but he didn't say with what or by whom."

He glowered at me, then turned to let her have it. She was coming up from the chair, slow and stiff. When she was erect, she said, "No. No! It isn't possible!"

"I'm only quoting Carl Drew," I told her.

"But it's crazy! He said she is dead? Bianca Voss?"

"Distinctly." She looked as if she might be needing a prop, and I stood up.

"But how ——" She let it hang. She repeated, "But how ——" stopped again, turned, and was going.

When Wolfe called to her, "Here, Miss Gallant, your money!" she paid no attention, but kept on, and he poked it at me, and I took it and headed for the hall.

I caught up with her halfway to the front door, but when I offered it, she just kept going, so I blocked her off, took her bag, opened it, dropped the bills in, closed it and handed it back.

I spoke. "Easy does it, Finger. Take a breath. Going without your stole?"

"Oh." She swallowed. "Where is it?" I got it for her.

"In my opinion," I said, "you need a little chivalry. I'll come and get you in a taxi."

She shook her head. "I'm all right."

"You are not. You'll get run over."

"No, I won't. Don't come. Just let me . . . please."

She meant it, so I stepped to the door and pulled it open, and she crossed the sill. I stood there and watched, thinking she might stumble going down the steps of the stoop, but she made it to the sidewalk and turned west toward Tenth Avenue. Evidently she wasn't completely paralyzed, since Tenth was one-way uptown.

There are alternative explanations for the fact that I did not choose to return immediately to the office. One would be that I was afraid to face the music—not the way to put it, since the sounds that come from Wolfe when he is good and sore are not musical. The other would be that purely out of consideration for him I decided he would rather be alone for a while. I prefer the latter. Anyway, I made for the stairs, but I was only halfway up the first flight when his bellow came, "Archie! Come here!"

I about-faced, descended, crossed the hall and stood on the threshold. "Yes, sir? I was going up to my room to see if I left the faucet dripping."

"Let it drip. Sit down."

I went to my chair and sat down. "Too bad," I said regretfully. "Three hundred dollars may be hay, but ——"

"Shut up."

I lifted my shoulders half an inch and dropped them. He leaned back comfortably and eyed me.

"I must compliment you," he said, "on the ingenuity of your stratagem. Getting me with you on the phone, so that I could corroborate your claim that both you and Miss Gallant were here in my office at the moment the murder was committed was well conceived and admirably executed. But I fear it was more impetuous than prudent. You are probably in mortal jeopardy, and I confess I shall be seriously inconvenienced if I lose your services, even though you get only a long term in prison. So I would like to help, if I can. It will be obvious, even to a slower wit than Mr. Cramer's, that you and Miss Gallant arranged for the attack to occur on schedule, precisely at the moment that Miss Voss was speaking to me on the phone; and therefore, patently, that you were in collusion with the attacker. So our problem is not how to fend suspicion from you, but whether you can wriggle out of it, and if so how. No doubt you have considered it?"

"Yeah. Sure."

"And?"

"I think it's hopeless. I'm in for it. Not a prison term; I'll get six thousand volts. I know it will inconvenience you, but it will inconvenience me too. I regret it very much because it has been a rare experience working for you." I uncrossed my legs. "Look. Naturally, you are boiling. I let her come here, yes. I—uh—persuaded you to see her, yes. If you're in a tantrum, O.K., go ahead and tantrum and get it over with."

"I am not in a tantrum and 'tantrum' is not a verb."

"Then I take it back. Apparently it's worse than a tantrum, since instead of ragging me, you burlesque it. Can't you just tell me what you think of me?"

"No. It's not in my vocabulary. You realize what we are in for?"

"Certainly. If it was murder, and evidently it was, Flora Gallant will tell them where she was and what happened. Then we will have visitors, and not only that, but if and when someone is nominated for it and put on trial, we will be star witnesses because we heard it happen. Not eyewitnesses, earwitnesses. We can time it right to the minute. You will sit for hours on a hard wooden bench in a courtroom, with no client and no fee in sight. I know how you feel and I don't blame you. Go ahead and tell me what you think of me."

"You admit you are answerable?"

"No. I was unlucky."

"That doesn't absolve you. A man is as responsible for his luck as for his judgment. How long have you known that woman?"

"Nineteen hours. She picked me up on Thirty-eighth Street at five o'clock yesterday afternoon."

"Picked you up?"

"Yes. I thought she was tailing Putz, but she said she was after me. That gave me a sense of well-being and stimulated my manhood. I took her to a bar and bought her a drink—she took vermouth—and it came out that it was you she was really after. Thinking there might be a fee in it, I took her to a place and fed her and danced with her. If it had led to a fee, that would have gone on my expense account, but now I don't suppose ——"

"No."

"Very well. She didn't tell me the whole story, but enough so it seemed possible it was worth half an hour of your time, and I told her to come at eleven this morning."

"How long were you with her?"

"Until midnight. Altogether, seven hours."

"Did you take her home?"

"No. She was against it. I put her in a taxi."

"Did she phone you this morning before she came?"

"No."

"How did she come? In a cab?"

"I don't know. Fritz may know; he let her in."

"She probably did." His lips tightened. He released them. "Cabs and cars have thousands of accidents every day. Why couldn't hers have been one of them?" He came forward in the chair and rang for beer. "Confound it. It will save time and harassment if we have a report ready. You will type one. Your meeting with her yesterday, your conversation with her, and what occurred here today, including everything that was said. We will both sign it."

"Not everything that was said last evening."

"No, I suppose not. You said you got sentimental. What I sign I read, and I certainly wouldn't read that."

I swiveled and pulled the typewriter around and got out paper and carbons. Reports, especially when they are to be signed statements, have to be in triplicate.

That kept me busy the rest of the day, with an hour out for lunch and various interruptions, mostly phone calls, including one from Lon Cohen, of the Gazette, to ask for the low-down on the murder of Bianca Voss. I wondered why the cops had been so free and fast about Flora Gallant's call on Nero Wolfe, but that wasn't it; one of the Gazette's journalists had seen me at Colonna's with her, and Lon is one of a slew of people who have the idea that whenever I am seen anywhere near anybody who is anyhow connected with a death by violence, Nero Wolfe is looming. I told him our only interest in the Voss murder was not to get involved in it, which was no lie.

Over the years I have reported hundreds of long conversations to Wolfe, verbatim, some after a week or more had passed, and that typing job was no strain on my memory, but I took my time because I had to be darned sure of it, since he was going to sign it. Also he was going to read it, and in his present mood he would be delighted to tell me that he had not said "prolonged, difficult and extremely expensive." He had said "prolonged, laborious and extremely expensive." And I would have to retype a whole page.

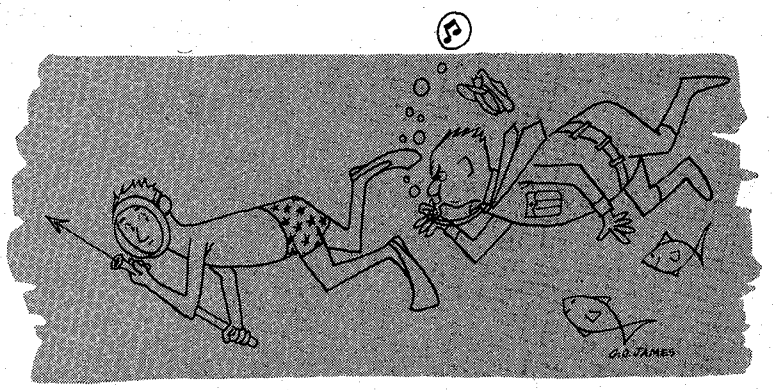
So I took my time, and was on the last paragraph when he came down to the office from his afternoon session in the plant rooms, which is from four to six. When he had got settled at his desk I gave him the first five pages and he started reading. Back at the typewriter, I shot a glance at him now and then, and saw that his frown was merely normal. Finished, I took him the remainder, returned to my desk to arrange the carbons, and then got up to shake down my pants legs and stretch.

He is a fast reader. When he got to the end he cleared his throat. "One thing. Did I say 'not necessarily guilty ones'? Didn't I say 'not always guilty ones'?"

"No, sir. As you know, you like the word 'necessarily.' You like the way you say it. You may remember ——"

The doorbell rang. I went to the hall, flipped the switch of the stoop light and took a look through the one-way glass panel of the front door. It wasn't necessary to go closer to recognize Inspector Cramer, of Homicide.

TO BE CONTINUED



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The Underwater Sports Shop was busily selling spear guns powered by carbon dioxide when the cops stepped in. They arrested the shop owner for violating a local law against the sale of air rifles.

"But these aren't air rifles," the dealer protested at the trial. "They're carbon-dioxide guns. The law doesn't make it an offense to sell guns powered by gas."

"He's quibbling," the prosecutor retorted. "Air and gas are the same thing to most people. Gas guns work the same way that air rifles do, and are just as dangerous."

If you were the judge, would you convict the dealer?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The dealer went free. The court said that "gas" is not "air," as Lavoisier, the father of modern chemistry, demonstrated the difference nearly 200 years ago. It added that "a criminal law should not be allowed to deprive a man of his liberty unless its language is so clear and unambiguous that even he who runs may not only read but readily understand."

Based upon a 1956 New York decision

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Gold Rush Every Weekend (Continued from Page 38)

Rudy Schlein certainly looked the part of the old prospector—white hair, twinkling blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, pipe, fluffy white full beard, bright red shirt and battered boots. In fact, he resembled Hollywood's version of a '49er. We asked if he ever had been in the movies.

"Well, I'll tell ya," replied Rudy. "Just last year a fellow come up here and said he wanted to put me in some television thing. Oh, I might 'a' done it for once, but he wanted me to sign up for a whole year. It would 'a' paid good, but then what've you got? You get in with them folks and you have to go to all them fancy places and buy them dude clothes, and then where's your money? Nope, I didn't want no part of it. I get my eighty-nine-dollars-a-month pension and a few bucks now and then with a gold pan. That's enough for me."

When we asked if Rudy knew any places where we might try a little panning, he suggested we meet the next day at noon by the bridge over the American River near the neighboring town of Auburn.

Not far from Rudy's, we pulled in at the Auburn Motor Lodge, where a sign, GOLD-PANNING INFORMATION, attracted our attention. The motel owner, E. C. Huber, had no long beard and had lived in the gold country only seven years, but he had the gold fever worse than Rudy. On hearing that our mission was to find out about modern-day prospecting and do a little panning, Huber hinted he could show us a few spots himself. So we asked him to join the safari.

That night we checked over our equipment with Huber. We had purchased one large and one small gold pan. We also had a pick and shovel, a bucket for hauling dirt, a bent file for digging among rocks, a pair of tweezers for picking up the gold and a quart jar to store our expected treasure. To this Huber added his homemade sluice box, his pan and a couple of large spoons. While Huber didn't tell us not to bring our quart jar, he gave us a tiny, two-inch-long vial, diplomatically suggesting it might be adequate for the first day's findings.

We got an early start the next morning and headed east on Highway 40, the Donner Pass road. Huber said he wanted to show us the nearby Dutch Flat area, once one of the richest hydraulic gold-mining centers in the world. He said the town of Dutch Flat had the largest population in Placer County—in 1860, that is. Time had certainly made some changes. We found the streets deserted, and except for some wash waving on the line and a few well-kept gardens, it could have passed for a ghost town. Across the street from the silent old hotel, however, the Quinn General Store was open.

"Oh, sure, there's gold still around here," we were told by the butcher, Jesse Fitch, who also officiated as a licensed gold buyer. "I buy about a thousand dollars' worth each year, most of it from pensioners. One old fellow had over four ounces in fine gold, but it probably took him several months to get it. No one is getting rich, although I did hear of one prospector finding a fifteen-hundred-dollar nugget just last year down in Volcano Canyon. But finds like that are scarce."

Fitch turned to a leathered old villager who had been waiting patiently at the meat counter.

"Jack, these folks want to know where we keep the gold around here."

Jack Hancock appraised us coolly. "There's gold right under our feet, if we took up the floor boards," he said indifferently. "I could even get gold out of the street, if I wanted to."

We must have looked skeptical, because Hancock shrugged his shoulders and motioned for us to follow him. In a shed nearby he gathered up a shovel and gold pan, and, at the edge of Dutch Flat's asphalt-paved main street, started digging. He filled the pan with dirt from the edge of the street, got a long garden hose, turned on the water and crouched beside the road.

"I've spent sixty-six years—ever since I was eight—working gold," the prospector said as he mixed the dirt in the water to break down all the lumps. "Supported my family off it for a good many years after the depression cleaned me out of the contracting business.

"During the depression you could stand on the bridge and see about three hundred people sniping along the river," he continued. "But not any more. Too many good jobs around. And with the Government still paying only thirty-five dollars an ounce, it's not worth working. I prospect for chrome now, and whatever gold I get keeps me in cigars."

By this time, Hancock had washed the pan down to a thin layer of fine black sand, which we learned was iron pyrite. With a flourish, he shook the pan, and as the water receded to the back edge, there suddenly emerged through the sand two tiny shining objects. It was gold! He had found gold right in the street!

"These here are just 'colors,' worth maybe a cent or two," he told us, probably figuring from the gleam in our eyes that we were making plans to dig up the street. Huber recognized the gleam, however, as the first symptoms of gold fever. He quickly headed us in the direction of our rendezvous with Rudy Schlein.

When we arrived at the bridge over the North Fork of the American River near Auburn, Rudy was already there, dumping a bucket of dirt into a funny-looking wooden contraption.

"This here's a cradle," the old prospector greeted us. "Used to serve a dual purpose for the '49ers. During the day the man would use it for washin' gold, and then, at night, his wife used it for rockin' the baby to sleep." Rudy was probably pulling our leg. "You use the cradle to move a lot of dirt when you've found good diggin's," he told us. "But first you'll have to learn how to use a gold pan."

Rudy looked with disdain at the shining new pans Pat and I had purchased. "You can't see your gold with a bright pan," he admonished. "We'll have to fix that."

He quickly kindled a small fire among some rocks and placed the pans on top. In a few minutes the heat had turned them blue. "That's called bluin' your pan," Rudy said. "Now you can see the gold in the bottom when you get it."

Rudy gave us a quick rundown on the fundamentals of gold prospecting. He explained that there are two basic types of mining, lode and placer; lode gold being that which is still imbedded in the ore, while placer gold is that which has been freed from the ore by actions of nature. Lode mining can be done only by sinking mine shafts and having equipment to crush the ore and segregate the gold. What we were going to do was placer mining—recovering the free gold from the gravel, sand, clay or dirt where nature deposited it through water action.

We learned that it was necessary to study the action of the stream and the surrounding terrain. The gold that eroded from the mountains eons or centuries ago, or maybe just last winter, had been carried along by fast-moving streams and rivers. But (*Continued on Page 89*)

SLANTS ON SLEEP
BOO HOO!
WEEP NO MORE
TO WEEP IN SLEEP IS A SIGN OF JOY WHEN AWAKENING. PUT THAT DOWN AS SUPERSTITION. BUT EVERY MORNING CAN BE JOYFUL FOR YOU WHEN YOU SLEEP ON A COTTON-CUSHIONED MATTRESS. YOU AWAKE REFRESHED BECAUSE COTTON CUSHIONING GIVES YOUR BODY THE FIRM YET GENTLE SUPPORT NEEDED FOR COMPLETE RELAXATION OF TIRED MUSCLES. YOU ALSO SLEEP COOLER ON COTTON CUSHIONING – AN IMPORTANT ADVANTAGE IN SLEEPING COMFORT.
IF YOU CAN'T SLEEP, GET OUT OF BED AND TURN YOUR SHOES OVER, SAYS ANOTHER SUPERSTITION. FEW WILL BELIEVE THAT, BUT 9 OUT OF 10 PEOPLE BELIEVE IN COTTON-CUSHIONED MATTRESSES, AS SHOWN BY THEIR BUYING PREFERENCES YEAR AFTER YEAR. COTTON-CUSHIONED MATTRESSES ARE YOUR BEST BUY BECAUSE THEY'RE MORE COMFORTABLE, AND THEY LAST LONGER.
SHOO AWAY INSOMNIA
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(*Continued from Page 87*) being many times heavier than water, the gold or gold-bearing quartz would settle to the bottom when a change of course or obstructions in the channel caused eddies which slowed the water. Knowing exactly where to look for gold comes only by experience, but Rudy said the best places were in the crevices among the bedrock along the sides of the banks. Working these crevices was called sniping, he added.

Our location that September day was a popular fishing and picnicking spot which also had been well worked over by gold prospectors. Almost every nook and crevice near the stream's edge had been cleaned out. The channel was nearly a hundred yards wide at some places, although at this time of the year the river was little more than a good hop, skip and jump across. But the banks gave evidence that during flood stage the river had reached up forty feet, and it was around the bedrock higher on the banks that Rudy suggested we dig for our "pay dirt."

We used the sharp, bent end of the file to loosen the dirt in the crevices, and then scooped out the dirt and small rocks with a spoon. After about twenty minutes we had filled our pans and followed Rudy to a little pool by the edge of the river.

"Now put the pan under the water and kind of knead the dirt like you would bread," advised Rudy. "That gets all the mud and stuff loose. Go on now, get right down there and mess around with it," chided our mentor, noting that Pat was favoring her fingernails. "Now shake the pan so's the heavy stuff can settle to the bottom. No, ma'am, shake the pan; it's the pan that's supposed to shake, not you. Your wrists got to be flexible, just like you was playin' a fiddle—like this."

We watched Rudy as he deftly shook the pan to and fro and in a half-circle motion, working the heavier materials to the bottom. Then he brought the pan to the top of the water, tilted it forward and let the water drain off, carrying the light dirt and rocks with it. He submerged the pan again, shaking it and then picking out some of the large rocks and pebbles with his hands, always alert that he wasn't throwing away a nugget by mistake. After four or five dips and considerable shaking and sloughing off, Rudy had reduced the contents of his pan to a thin layer of black sand.

Under Rudy's watchful eye, we awkwardly worked down our pans. It took us about three times longer than Rudy because we were so painfully careful in moving off the top dirt, afraid we might lose some gold.

"Now we'll see if you've got anything there," Rudy said. He showed us how to take a little clear water and tip the pan so that the water circles around, spreading out the black sand.

All of a sudden, Pat let out a yelp, "I've got some! I've got some!"

Sure enough, there were four flakes of gold in the lip of her pan. I got out the tweezers, Pat took the vial from her shirt pocket, and we plucked out our first pieces of gold. One of them was almost a quarter of an inch long, but it was tissue-paper thin. Rudy said, though, that the flake James Marshall discovered which set off the whole California Gold Rush hadn't been much bigger than that.

My pan yielded only two flakes, or colors, as we learned to call them, both smaller than those Pat had got. But the thrill of finding even that small amount was worth a hundred times the value of the gold.

Rudy explained that a prospector can tell from the few specks of gold in the bottom of his pan how good a prospect he has, and uses the pan to test the richness of the earth and to follow the traces of gold toward the hoped-for rich pocket.

Three hours and eight panningss later we had not enough gold to cover the bottom of the vial, but we were ready to call it a day. We had discovered that panning gold was hard work, especially tough on leg muscles when stooping to wash down the pan.

As we drove Rudy home, we asked if he ever had struck it rich. "Nope," he replied. "But I come awful close once. My brother and me spent some time workin' up a prospect near Georgetown. But when we started findin' it good, the owner of the land wouldn't give us a lease. They started a big mine right where we'd found the gold, and I heard they took three million from it. Say, did I tell you about the man down by Sonora?"

We assured him he had not.

"Well, this here miner drove into town after a hard rain—had one of those old model-T trucks. When he got to Sonora he cleaned the mud off his wheels and found a big nugget lodged between the wooden spokes. So he turned around and went back over and over every bit of the road. But he never could find where that nugget come from."

Rudy's stories substantiated some we had read, like the one about the fidgety mourner who started fingering the loose earth during a tedious graveside eulogy. As he turned up some gold, the minister shouted, "Congregation dismissed!" the body was moved to a new grave and everybody rushed to stake claims and start digging.

This may have been apocryphal. But it was not much more farfetched than some of the stories we heard firsthand. A barber in Auburn told us that only a few years ago a man installing a gas meter in the basement across the street from his shop had dug up several ounces of gold. A mining engineer said that in 1940, after a slide during construction of the Ruck-A-Chucky dam on the Middle Fork of the American River, dam workers and nearby residents took out $100,000 worth of gold. At almost every construction job in the Mother Lode area today the grader operators keep one eye open for flashes of gold, and citizens driving by sometimes stop to try out a panful.

The problem for the individual prospector looking for big surface nuggets or rich, accessible pockets is one of knowing the exact spot in which to search. While geologists have estimated that probably 90 per cent of the original gold remains in the Sierran ore belt, most of the gold within easy reach was taken out in the '49er days, when thousands of men traversed the Mother Lode and the Northern Mines. After the '49ers, there were the hordes of Chinese who worked over every river bank and river bed inch by inch, often diverting the streams by flumes or dams. And only twenty-five years ago the Sierra foothills got a third scouring when 12,000 depression snipers picked over the leavings for bean money.

The improbability that his prospecting will pay off has never stopped the old-timer who has gold in his blood, nor does it stop the modern-day visitor to the Mother Lode country. Almost all of the gold mines in California are now shut down because of an inability to operate in a market where the price of gold is the same as it was in 1934, although operating costs have almost tripled. But for the prospector, there is always the chance of that one-in-a-million find, like the story we kept hearing concerning the man who had struck it rich in Volcano Canyon. Just one piece found there had been worth from $1200 to $3000—depending on who was telling about it.

We had almost decided this was just another tall story, though, until one afternoon when we were browsing around in Grass Valley, a town in the Northern Mines area. We had been attracted by a window display of jewelry made from native gold, and in a conversation with jeweler Harold Hartung, we asked if he knew anything about a big nugget being found recently in Volcano Canyon.

"Oh, you must mean Pete Cook's find," replied Hartung. "It wasn't a nugget. It was a big piece of quartz with gold all through it. I negotiated the sale of the piece for Pete to a specimen collector. But you'd better get the details from Cook."

We found Pete Cook relaxing on a Sunday afternoon in his rustic home deep in the woods ten miles northeast of Auburn. Clad in overalls, clean-shaven and soft-spoken, he did not look the part of an old-time prospector. Yet since the time his great-grandfather had come out from Staten Island in the 1850's, the Cooks all had been gold hunters.

"After I retired last year as a grader operator for the Placer County road department, I had more time for prospecting," Cook said. "I had been working the tailings of the old Paragon Mine in Volcano Canyon. On this day I had worked about three hours and got a little gold and was about ready to quit.

"I was working a shelf about four feet up from the canyon floor and was trying to get a big boulder out of the way when my pick exposed a flash of gold. I dug out this piece of quartz about the size of a cantaloupe. From its weight, I knew it was more than quartz, and as I scrubbed it, gold began appearing all over.

"Prospecting is a funny thing," Cook continued. "You never know when or where you're going to find gold. This rock must have rolled on through the Paragon sluice boxes down into the canyon. Somehow, it was overlooked and it must have been locked in the mud for years until the last big flood. It was about a shovel's depth down, and the 'Sunday miners' had dug holes to near the top of it. If they'd gone just a little deeper, one of them would have found it.

"The rock turned out to weigh over five pounds and there was about seven hundred dollars' worth of gold in it. I kept it for a while on the mantel, then sold it to a collector for a thousand dollars. Pretty good," he chuckled, "for ten minutes' work."

We had the opportunity to see Cook's discovery a few days later when we visited the picturesque town of Angels Camp in the southern part of the Mother Lode. Its new owner was Charles Crespi, manager of the local Bank of America branch.

Mr. Crespi told us he had never been a prospector himself, but when the mines began closing a few years ago, he had decided to start a collection, so that strangers in years to come might be able to see what native gold looks like. In a small, dingy storeroom at the rear of the bank vault, he showed us a glass case in which were arranged dozens of large and unusual gold specimens.

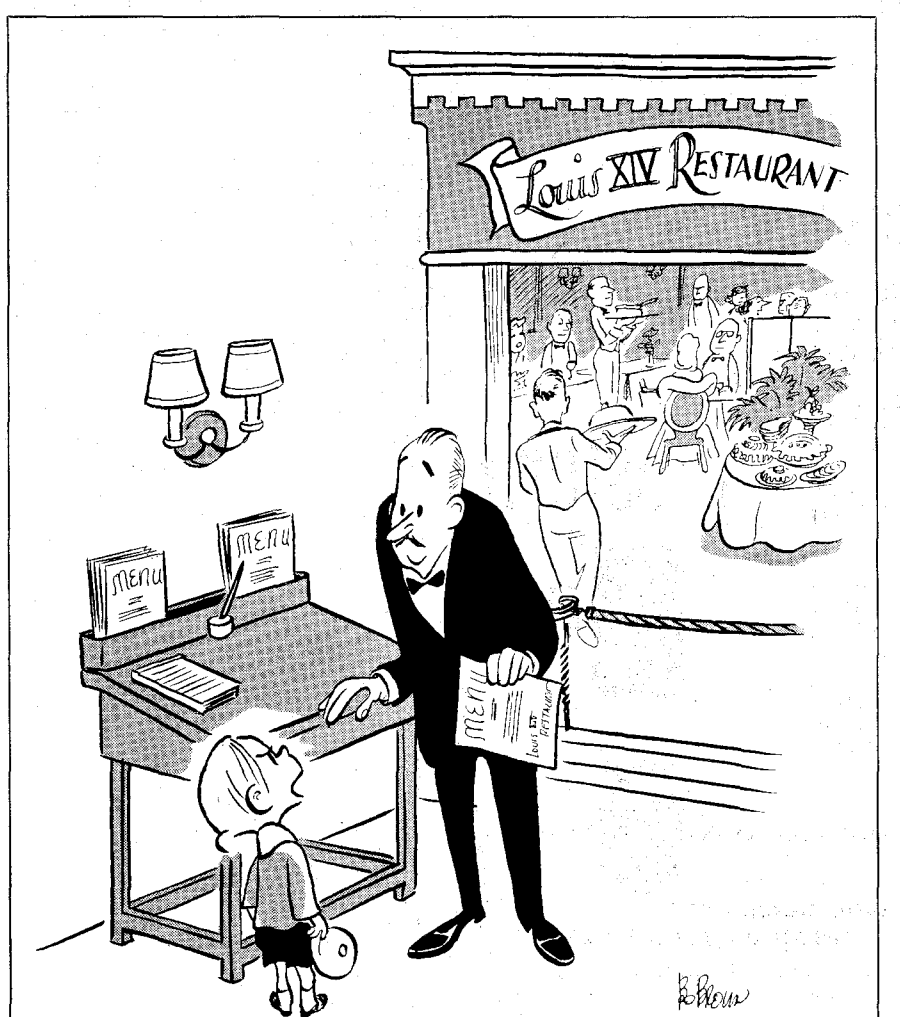
While we were still marveling at the beauty of the pieces in the case, Mr. Crespi brought forth a tissue-covered bundle and tenderly unwrapped it. There, at last, with gold bulging from every seam, was the fabled Volcano Canyon discovery. It was even bigger and heavier than we had imagined, and it seemed incredible that it could have gone undiscovered for so many years.

We pulled out of Angels Camp about noon and headed north.

"Volcano Canyon?" I suggested.

"Volcano Canyon," agreed Pat, getting out the maps. Our gold fever had taken a sudden turn for the worse.

Late that afternoon, about a hundred miles north of Angels Camp, we pulled off the road out of Forest Hill alongside a steep, shallow canyon. At the top of Volcano Canyon we could see the remains of the old Paragon Mine. Loading



"I'm the party of six who called for a reservation!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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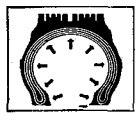

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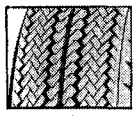

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up our pick and shovel, bucket and gold pans, we clambered up the canyon a few hundred yards.

The signposts of gold were there, but we found few crevices that had not been picked clean. Obviously, many others had preceded us. About where we figured Cook might have made his find, we dug out two pans of dirt, made our way back down to a tiny stream and laboriously worked down the pans. Not only did we not find any nuggets but there were even fewer colors than we had found at other places. We then checked several more locations in the canyon, with little reward.

In the next few days we tried out some spots near Iowa Hill on the North Fork of the American River and near the Last Chance Mine on the North Fork of the Middle Fork of the American. However, our little bottle was not filling very fast. We had found that although every pan was an adventure, the few flakes, or colors, we would get were not in themselves of much value, for it would take hundreds of good pans to gather an ounce of gold. So, after taking a few trial pans at every likely-looking spot, we would move on, always hoping to find pay dirt at the next stop.

Though we hadn't struck it rich, we were finding a certain reward from just being in these rugged Sierra foothills, entering virginal canyons and walking beside scores of rivers and streams. And as we traveled around the gold country, prospecting and enjoying the scenery, we encountered a good many others out with gold pans. A few were veteran prospectors, but most were what the old-timers call "Sunday miners," a fast-growing breed of Californians and out-of-state tourists who spend weekends and holidays chasing the rainbow.

At the same spot where Rudy had taught us to pan, we came upon Lewis and Patricia Schuesler sniping among the rocks. Lew, an apprentice carpenter from San Jose, told us they already had taken prospects at six or seven rivers and were looking for a promising spot, so they could return next year with a cradle and sluice box and really work at it. His schoolteacher wife, however, said she was mostly interested in getting specimens and information to use in the classroom when her fourth-graders started studying California history. We suspected, though, that she, too, had caught the gold fever. For as we left, we heard Lew shout from downstream, "Hey, Pat, let's knock off for dinner!" and her reply came back, "Haven't we time for just one more pan?"

One Sunday morning we went to Coloma to see the place where Marshall made his momentous discovery in 1848. There, near the marker where the old Sutter's Mill had been, we saw fifty or sixty people scattered around the area. Some were digging and panning, children were running about and little groups of wives sat on the rocks chatting while their husbands worked alongside the river.

Francis Pienta, one of the men working a sluice box, told us that he and his family were there with a group called the Prospectors Club, made up of employees from the Aerojet-General Corporation near Sacramento. He said that once a month these missile workers get together to take their families gold hunting.

"When I came here eight months ago from Natick, Massachusetts," Pienta said, "I had never even seen native gold. Now I can hardly wait for the weekend to come. It's sort of like fishing—you're sure there's a big one just around the next bend."

That same Sunday afternoon, far off the main road about fifteen miles north of Coloma, we bumped down a narrow, mountain road to a quiet canyon where the Middle Fork of the American River ran deep and still. As we clattered across the single-lane bridge, we noticed a group of men who looked as if they were skin-diving. We found they were diving, all right, but not for fish. They were prospecting for gold!

One of the divers, Neil Barrett, said they had picked this spot after hearing that a big slide had occurred upstream about half a mile, and they figured that some gold might have worked its way down the river. We watched Don Farnsworth, a twenty-six-year-old deputy sheriff from Sacramento, and Neil's brother, Allan, forty-year-old television technician, put on their oxygen tanks and go to the bottom. They filled a bucket with dirt and rocks and brought it to the river bank, where Bill and Harold Pearl panned it out.

"We haven't struck it rich yet, but it's good fun," Neil Barrett said. "And there's always the chance we'll find a big nugget when we're poking around on the bottom. We've heard of quite a few divers who are finding some pretty good stuff."

On one of the last days of our trip we did some prospecting near Downieville, on the North Yuba River. We found one spot—exactly where is our secret—that looked so good we are planning to go back next summer.

Around Downieville, we heard from various people that some young skin divers from Los Angeles had taken out $90,000 from the bottom of the North Yuba. At the Indian Valley Outpost, store owner Paul Viles corroborated part of the story. He said there had been several groups of divers working the river until just recently. Two of them, Donald Carter and Richard Anderson, from Los Angeles, had been showing around a few nuggets and some gold dust they said they had found by diving. But Viles said he doubted very much they had any $90,000 worth.

When we returned to Los Angeles, we tracked down Carter, a twenty-three-year-old college student, and Anderson, twenty-five-year-old professional diver. Yes, they admitted, they had been diving for gold on the North Yuba. And they showed us several small bottles full of gold flakes, two bottles of nuggets and some cuff links made from small nuggets.

Did they by any chance get $90,000 worth of gold, we asked.

"Oh, you heard that story," grinned Carter. "Well, it was this way: We had been camping out for quite a while, and one night Dick and I and a couple of buddies decided to drive in and do the night spots in Grass Valley. We got to chewing the rag with some old-timers and showed them our gold, and somehow, as the evening progressed, our stories got bigger and bigger."

"These things sure spread fast," chimed in Anderson. "The very next day we were sitting in the Indian Valley Outpost when a man started telling us about the young skin divers who 'took out ninety thousand dollars' worth of gold, with one nugget as big as your fist.' Don asked the man, 'You sure that's true?' 'Yup,' he replied; 'I saw it myself.'"

Actually, Anderson and Carter found more gold than anyone else we encountered. In three weeks of diving, they had taken out eighteen ounces, much of it in small nuggets—and they still have it.

"We don't want to sell it," says Carter. "We worked too hard to get it."

As we left the divers, Pat and I pulled out our precious little vial of gold flakes. We felt the same way Carter did. Of course, we had only about one fourth of an ounce. But, who knows, next time we might hit pay dirt. THE END

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I Call on Lawrence Welk (Continued from Page 36)

Hotel in Chicago when I was holding down my first job as art editor of a magazine named College Humor.

To me, Lawrence Welk's music is bits and pieces of all those things. While I'm at it, I have an even more shameless confession to make. I like Welk himself. I found him honest, earnest, hospitable—although his idea of a joke is not my idea of a joke. It may be that when I left he confided to Mrs. Welk, "That guy just doesn't have a sense of humor. We don't laugh at the same things." You never know.

But this I do know: Welk is obsessed by an intense desire to please the public. This in turn makes him painfully self-conscious about his speech—he has to fight his way through a roadblock of Germanic accent—and he's had so little schooling that his grammar is a bit clumsy.

When I first saw Welk's television show, I thought, *He must be kidding. No one can give his band the beat with that "uh-one, uh-two-uh" stuff unless he's burlesquing the whole orchestra-leader bit.* I've since discovered that he can't help talking that way, any more than a Southerner can help dropping his g's. Only German was spoken in the Welk household until Lawrence was twelve, so it's a miracle he doesn't sound more like a Katzenjammer.

I know I'm being pretty wordy about all this because I'm on the defensive. When certain friends hear I'm on Welk's side, they'll think I'm nuts. What they won't know is that to me Welk has this in common with Marilyn Monroe (surely the most unlikely comparison of this or any other year): After I'd spent time with them, I didn't want to write anything about either of them that would hold them up to ridicule.

I went through a period in which I thought Welk's musicians and vocalists were too cute, too coy. Then one night I thought, *Maybe what I think is coyness is a certain disarming amateurishness. After all, most people are not hipsters. Millions of folks just like to sit at home, turn a knob and let schmaltzy music lap over them in warm, melodic waves.*

It could be this very amateurishness which keeps both Welk's sponsor and his public loyal. I was curious to see how Welk himself doped it.

With this in mind, I called on him in his home. When I met him, I told him, "I've seen a dollar bill on which you wrote your name; then you gave it to one of the top men at the Dodge Motor Company to bind your contract with them until the lawyers got together and hammered out the real document. I've been told that your band worked for two years on the basis of that simple dollar-bill contract."

"I really don't believe in contracts," Welk told me. "They have a tendency to make people argue and fight. They breed disagreements instead of agreements. I believe in shaking hands with a man, then doing what you promised him you'd do, plus a little more."

"When we made this date," I said, "you promised to describe your musical style for me."

I could see him dig in his mind for words. "Because it's a heart thing instead of a technique thing, my style is difficult to talk about," he began. "I conduct the way I feel. Some nights I don't feel good—I have constant colitis—so my music isn't crisp. Other nights I feel good, so the rhythm comes out right. Aside from that, our band has an over-all muted style that involves muted violins, cup mutes on the brass, and clarinets instead of saxophones." He paused. "But that doesn't quite explain our 'champagne music.' Our champagne style is very light. It uses a lot of sixteenth notes."

"What do sixteenth notes have to do with it?" I asked.

"They make it bubbly," he told me. "Another thing. I never want my music to lose its ballroom feeling. A ballroom orchestra has more danceability than a studio band. I'd be afraid ever to quit ballroom altogether because my boys might drift into legato. I like to see people tap their feet when they listen to us."

"'Legato' is a word I keep bumping into in crossword puzzles," I said, "but it sends me no message."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"It means elongated," he said. He made "la-da-da-daa" sounds. "Like that. The word for crisp is staccato."

"I don't know whether you insist upon it or just ask for it," I said, "but the boys in your band seem to enjoy themselves when they're playing. How do you make sure they'll exude that feeling?"

"As I've gotten ahead in the orchestra business, I've tried to learn human nature," he said. "I try to give my boys a kind of treatment they expect."

I had heard that there was more to it than that, so I asked, "Is it true that you have talks with them and tell them you expect them to be happy?"

"Well, yes," he admitted. "When there's something wrong, I stand up in front of them and chat with them for fifteen or twenty minutes."

"For example?" I asked.

He explained. "Yesterday morning I talked to them for a half hour because they felt they should be playing more open horn. I had to prove to them their thinking was wrong. They also had a feeling that we were using too many mikes. We have a lot of mikes concealed all over the place, and some of the boys thought it made them too loud when they gave out freely. I instructed them, 'Go ahead, play the way you want to'; then, while they were doing it, I had one of them step out in front. I said, 'Listen to the band from here.' The violins were playing behind the trumpets and the trumpets were playing open horn, and I asked, 'What do you hear from the violin section?' He said, 'Almost nothing.' I asked, 'Would you like our TV audience to hear music like that?' He said he wouldn't." Welk spread his arms wide and waved his eyebrows. "See!"

"I've heard that you help solve their personal problems too," I said, "such as keeping them from getting divorced."

"I try to help them every way I can," he admitted, "and until recently I managed things so there were no divorces in my musical family. Then, a year or two ago, I got worried about a certain couple. I took them out to dinner and I talked to him and I talked to her, but it was hopeless." There was a distressed note in his voice when he said, "Apparently there are cases that you can't do anything about."

I gave him a long look and said, "You're certainly different from the modern, sophisticated-type band leader with a bopster beard, rocketing along a highway in a foreign sports car on your way to your next recording session."

"I lived on a farm too long to be what you describe," he said. "The farm was twenty-five miles from the Indian reservation, at Fort Yates, North Dakota, and seventy-five miles south of Bismarck. My people homesteaded it when they came here from Germany."

"Were they sod busters?" I asked.

"They not only broke the sod," he said, "they built their first house of it, and the soddy they lived in is still standing. During my last three or four years there I began to play for dances, but it was hard for me to do it because I was bashful, backward and timid."

"Why?" I asked.

"I was sickly," he said. "My eyes were weak, but my real sickness came when I was eleven and my appendix ruptured and I had peritonitis. My family took me to town in a horse and buggy, and a relative drove me to Bismarck in a car for an operation. When I opened my eyes, I saw all the Welks around my bed. They had been called in from the farm to be on hand when I died.

"I stayed in that hospital seven weeks," he said. "Then I spent three months at home with a drain in my side, and before I was more or less well a year had gone by. I had attended a little country schoolhouse, but because I had fallen so far behind in my work that I would have had to go back to the same grade, I didn't go back at all. My education stopped right there. Anyhow, something else was spreading in my mind—music. There was an old-fashioned, foot-pedaled organ in our parlor, and my dad played the accordion. My family played everything by ear, and what we played was old-fashioned German waltzes, polkas, schottisches, square dances and hymns. I wasn't allowed to play the accordion when I was little. An accordion was expensive, and I might drop it."

"When did you get your first accordion?" I asked.

"A man named Tom Gutenberg came to our town—Strasburg—when I was seventeen," he said. "And he brought a piano-accordion with him. I had never seen one before. My father's small push-button job had only bass twelfths on it, and when I saw Gutenberg's big instrument, I told my dad if he'd help me buy a good accordion for four hundred dollars, I'd stay on the farm and work for him until I was twenty-one."

"How did he react?" I asked.

"He said he was afraid my musical leanings would lead me into worldly ways," Welk told me. "He was thinking of the musicians who came to town and got drunk and ran with wild girls. But mother persuaded him to accept my proposition. I waited for what seemed years for that accordion to be delivered. I'd drive to the town depot to see if it had come in, and when it wasn't there I was choked up all the way home. When I finally got it, I practiced right through dinner, and the folks had to make me go to bed so they could get some sleep.

"I stayed on the farm until I was twenty-one, the way I'd promised. Then I left the next day and got jobs with different bands, playing down through Iowa, Minnesota and South Dakota. I was supposed to make thirty-five dollars a week, but I seldom did."

"How'd you travel?" I asked.

"Third-hand passenger car," he said, "our instruments piled on top. But our orchestra leader wasn't too reliable, and I decided I could do better leading a little orchestra myself. I owned a sixty-five-dollar runabout, and I found a dealer who would accept it as a down payment on a bigger car. I called my band Lawrence Welk's Novelty Orchestra."

"What made it novel?" I asked.

He seemed surprised at my question. "We had novelties," he said.

"Name one," I said.

"There was a Hawaiian-guitar player," he said. "And in that day and age a Hawaiian guitar was a real novelty. The boy who played it had extra-long fingers and he did unusual bridging. All my life long I've favored musicians who could do things a little different. Even then I favored musicians who doubled in several instruments. We're doing now on our shows what I've done all the time. In fact, we're still using some of the arrangements we used then."

"Speaking of the boys in your band," I said, "I hear they get from ten to twenty thousand a year apiece. Your outfit must be among the best-paid in the land."

"It is," Welk said. "But don't forget, most of them play more than one instrument. A lot of them sing too. I've got boys who play as many as twelve instruments. Including singers, we have thirty-five people who can play more than twice that many instruments. However, instead of asking our trumpet players to double in trombones, and our trombones to double in trumpets any more, I've recently added a full section of four trumpets, four trombones and six reeds. For years I had to get by without full sections, but when Plymouth and Dodge recently renewed with us for a full year, I splurged. But to get back to that bigger car—by working myself humpbacked, I paid for it the first month.

"It was spring," he explained. "The barns were empty of hay and a lot of barn dances were going on. I charged a dollar a couple, and some nights I'd pull down as much as seventy bucks. When I had my car paid for, I drove it home to show my folks.

"But that fall, when there weren't any more barn dances, I took three of my boys and headed south to New Orleans, to see the Mardi gras, but we stopped off at Yankton, South Dakota, and formed a new band, The Hotsy Totsy Orchestra. We stayed there six years."

"Why Yankton?" I asked.

"Because radio station WNAX was there," he told me. "We did a few broadcasts on that station. WNAX was the only station the nearby farmers and townspeople could pick up. We were still playing old-fashioned music; polkas, Bohemian music and country music, and WNAX catered to the farm trade. The chewing-gum thing came along in 1934."

"What chewing-gum thing?" I asked.

"I discovered a sponsor could do an orchestra a lot of good," he said, "so I made up an imaginary chewing-gum company to sponsor us. I even made up a name for it—Welk's Honolulu Fruit Chewing Gum. I bought gum from a San Francisco manufacturer, had him wrap it fancy and then we sold it."

"You mean you didn't give it away?" I asked.

"We gave it away at first," he told me. "But that got me in bad with the ballroom owners, for the next day the used samples were all over the floor and walls. So I began to sell it through the local stores. We worked out an idea of holding state, county and city contests to select the most popular girl. One wrapper represented one vote. The people who bought gum gave the wrappers to their favorite girl, and we pushed out quite a lot of gum that way. I even had salesmen peddling the stuff, and for a while it looked as if we'd make more money from gum than from music, but I began to get irritated letters from a Mr. Wrigley in Chicago, who claimed that since my name started with *W* and my gum wrapper was the same color as his gum wrapper, people were buying my gum, thinking they were buying his Juicy Fruit brand. It was made clear to me that I'd have a lawsuit on my hands if I didn't stop, and I didn't want that, so I dumped my chicle side line. That was in 1936. After that I headed east to see if I could crash the big time. Our first date was the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh."

"I'd call that big," I said.

"When we left Pittsburgh we played the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago," he went on. "We flopped there."

"Any special reason?" I asked.

"I just didn't know enough about the band business," he told me. "The music publishers' representatives high-pressured me into playing the songs they were introducing, instead of the standard arrangements we'd been playing. I played twelve different choruses during one fifteen-minute show because each one seemed so important to some song plugger I couldn't say no."

"What would have happened if you had said no?" I inquired.

"Nothing," he said. "But I was too simple to know that—and if I didn't play a song a plugger asked me to play, he'd swear he was going to lose his job and it would be my fault if his wife and children had nothing to eat. I found out later on that those fellows got together in a restaurant and checked their sob stories with each other so they wouldn't duplicate with me."

"How long did it take you to catch on?" I asked.

"I didn't catch on all that summer," he said. "However, my booker finally managed to get me into a big movie palace in the Chicago Loop, and I was lucky enough to be there when a big picture was being shown, and a long line of people were queued up for it. We shot photos of that line with my name above it on the marquee, and being able to flash those photos in the right places helped me rise above the low spot that I had sunk to.

"I played a string of hotels for a couple of years; then a man who owned a couple of ballrooms in Chicago caught my band. We got a booking at one of his ballrooms, and that led to a one-night stand at the other. That one night led to six weeks, and the six weeks led to nine years. Meanwhile, my wife and I lived in River Forest, a suburb of Chicago. As a matter of fact, we raised our children there."

"You haven't even told me about meeting her," I said.

"I met her in Yankton," he said, "but I had to have an operation to do it. Her name was Fern Renner. She was in training as a nurse at the Sacred Heart Hospital in Yankton. She was among those who came down to the radio station to see us perform, and she seemed so sweet and attractive to me that I tried to date her, but unsuccessfully."

"Why did she give you such a hard time?" I asked.

"She told me later she was more interested in her career than she was in me," he said. "What's more, she didn't think too much of orchestra people in general. She boarded with my doctor, Doctor Abts, and through him I arranged the removal of a tag of tonsil left over from a previous operation. Doctor Abts had advised me to have it taken out, and after I met Fern I told him to go ahead, but I made sure I was given the right nurse.

"It worked fine," Welk went on, "except that when the doctor took out my piece of tonsil I had a hemorrhage, and I was sicker than I had thought I'd be. However, I did manage to get better acquainted with the girl who later became Mrs. Welk. When she finished training, we were married in Sioux City, Iowa."

"Had you developed your patented brand of champagne music by that time?" I asked.

"That happened in Pittsburgh, when we went on the Mutual network from station WCAE," he said. He said it quietly, as if a man invented something as epochal as that every day. "We got one or two letters which said that the sounds we made reminded the writer of champagne because it bubbled. Then a fellow at WCAE told me, 'Look, Lawrence, I've got an idea for you,' and he

... ...

Weapon

The sharper the tongue,
The more the affront;
It's also a weapon
That's deadly when blunt!

Thomas Usk

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had the whole champagne-music deal worked out."

"The popping noise of a champagne cork being pulled too?" I asked.

"I make that noise myself," Welk told me proudly. He put a finger into his mouth, closed his lips around it firmly; then pulled it out. It sounded more like a champagne cork being drawn than the real thing.

I tried it myself, but nothing happened. All I got was a wet finger. "Have you ever tried actually pulling a real cork out of a bottle to see how it sounds over the air?" I asked.

"I tried it only yesterday," he said, "but it didn't sound as champagny as my finger-in-the-mouth way." I could see a cog click in his mind, and he told me, "I want to make it clear that most of the valuable ideas I've had in my life have been given to me by friends."

"You've told me about the champagne-music idea," I said. "What else?"

"I'll try to remember something as we go along," he said. "In 1951 we came out here to the Aragon Ballroom on Lick Pier, here in Santa Monica. We've been here ever since."

"What was the Aragon like when you first saw it?" I asked.

"Run down," he told me.

"I'll bet a different class of people patronized it," I said.

He looked at me with new interest. "You're pretty smart to guess that," he said.

I said it figured. I couldn't imagine a Welk orchestra appealing to what must have been a typical pre-1951 Aragon crowd of duck-tailed-hairdo boys and dungareed dolls.

"You hit it on the head," he said. "Not only was the place so run down when I first looked at it that I thought I oughtn't to play it at all, but it attracted the roughies and the no-necktie set. But because we'd had enough time on the air to give the public a slant on the kind of music we played, we drew a pretty nice crowd opening night. Any band attracts a certain following. I'd had a contract with the Miller High Life people for two years, and I'd been broadcasting for them on a coast-to-coast show, and in that way I'd established myself as a band that didn't appeal to rowdies."

It was a new idea to me that a beer broadcast attracted a dressy audience, but that conception didn't startle Welk. "My Miller show originated from a different place each week," he said. "It tied in with a different Miller distributor. That's another example of how somebody else gave me a helpful suggestion. One day I was riding with Leo Fortin, one of the boys in our band, when he said, 'Lawrence, the beer that's known as the champagne of bottled beer ought to be a good sponsor for you. I've heard that the people who brew it are branching out into more advertising. Why don't you see them?'

" 'Gee whiz,' I said, 'that's a good idea!' I went to see Mr. Miller and told him I'd like to travel for him with my band and put on a show locally for each Miller distributor, with a tie-in with the ballroom where we played. He said, 'I like it,' and the next thing I knew I had a radio show going."

"When did TV cameras first move into the Aragon?" I asked.

"KTLA moved its TV cameras in later in 1951 to pick up our show," he told me.

"That was really the beginning of the big deal for you, wasn't it?" I said.

"That was it, all right," he told me. "I sensed it right away. The way I sensed it was this: I had a golf date with Mr. Nideros, the local representative for the Miller people. I met him at the golf course the morning after our first telecast. Quite a few people were waiting to get on and play, so we decided to eat breakfast first. By the time we'd finished, twenty people had gathered around and were questioning me about my band. More than one of them said, 'My wife wants me to take her over to your ballroom in person.' Out on the golf course people stopped me and asked me for my autograph, and when I got home I told my wife, 'I've had more reaction from that one TV show than I've had from all the radio broadcasts I've ever made.' "

"I'd like to ask this," I said. "You step before the TV cameras very briefly and say, 'Uh-one, uh-two-uh'; then you're gone fast, so you're not really on view very long. How can people establish a special feeling for you when they see so much more of the other members of your band than they do of you?"

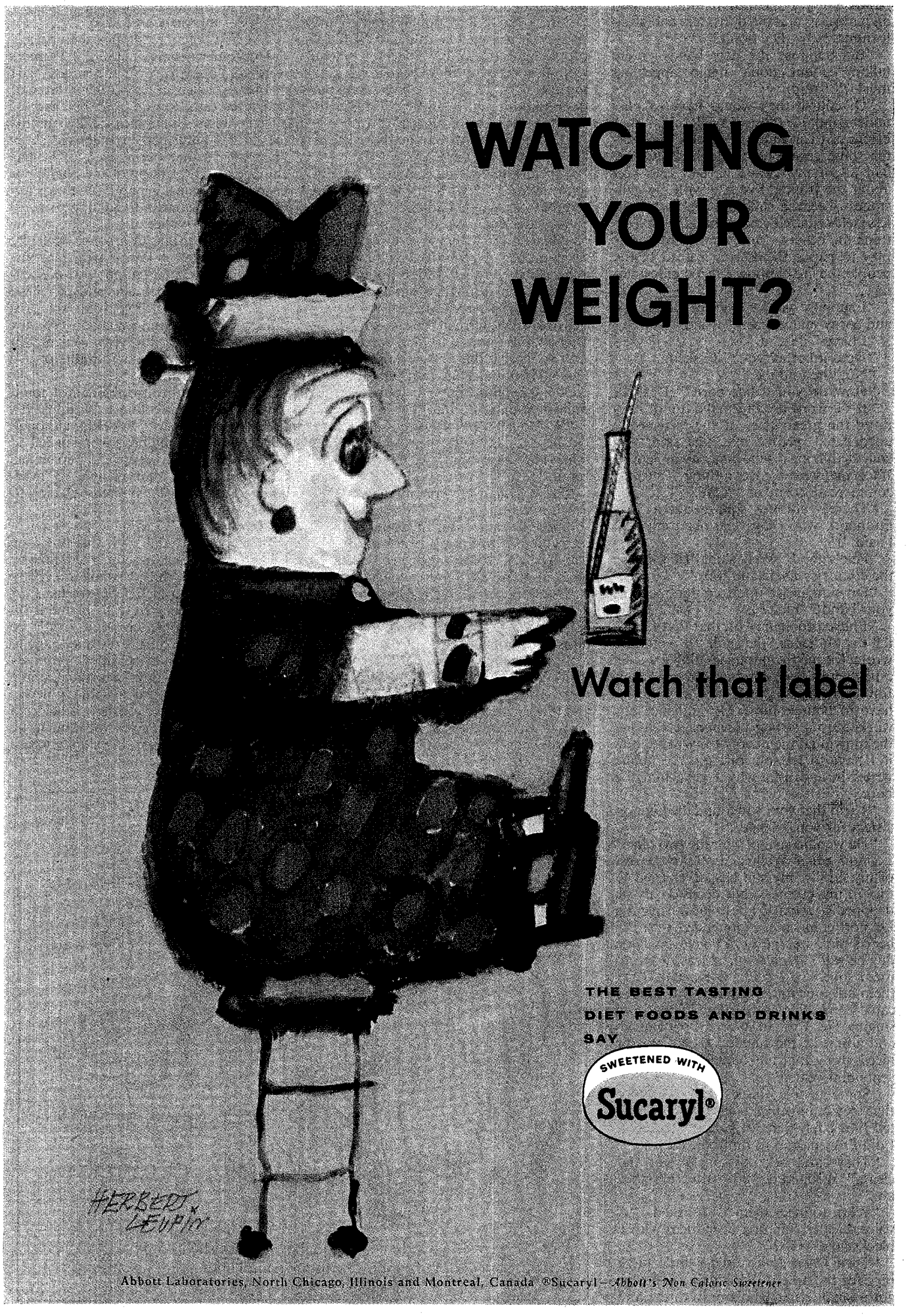
"That's not true," he told me. "It only seems true. I announce approximately twenty songs on each show, so I'm on twenty times; whereas even an instrumentalist-singer such as Rocky Rockwell is on only once or twice in an evening. I'm really on more than any of them."

"All I know," I said, "is that it seems to me you can't wait to get away from in front of a camera."

"I like it a little better now than I did," he confessed, "but not too much. I'm still a hanger-backer. I get many requests to speak, and I always turn them down."

"Speaking of speaking," I said, "have you used that 'uh-one, uh-two-uh' thing of yours all of your band-leading life?"

"Ever since I began," he said. "It's necessary to keep a very strict and very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strong tempo in our dance music. The reason I give the boys the beat with my voice very pronounced is so they will all start on it promptly together. After that I stand off camera and beat it out for them."

He thought of something else. "I wish somebody would form a band of young musicians," he said, "instead of just putting the old-time greats together for a show or two the way they've been doing lately on a national hookup. A young band of say, ten, fifteen or twenty boys could become an overnight sensation. In my opinion the country is hungry for new bands. For years, bands' names appeared on marquees and filled theaters and auditoriums. Now they don't."

"But suppose the new bands you're talking about don't make appealing music?" I said.

"Of course they would have to play understandable music," Welk said. "That brings us to an important point. I've gotten some good out of the suffering I've had all of my life—I haven't told you about the trouble I've had with my gallstones—because suffering makes a man less self-centered and more inclined to think of others. Most musicians today play to please themselves instead of the people they're supposed to be entertaining."

"I suppose you've been called square and corny many times," I said.

"I have," he said.

"Does it bother you?" I asked.

"No," he told me.

"How do you define corn?" I asked.

"It's a word used to make fun of anything the great mass of the 'artistically uneducated' people like," he said. "Of course, that means the majority of people. If too many people like a thing, it's called commercial, corny or square."

"There's nothing square about Pete Fountain, who plays clarinet for you," I said.

"Pete's good," Welk said. "He's one of the country's Dixieland tops."

"Do you insist upon contentment in your band?" I asked.

"I have problems with that that I can't tell my audience," he said. "It would be wrong for me to announce, 'Folks, here's a boy who's been coming to work drunk for seven days a week, so I'm going to have to bounce him.' My audience has worked up a strong personal feeling for the individual members of my band, and if I have to let someone go, the public writes in and asks why I gave him the boot."

"I hear that your son found the Lennon sisters for you," I said.

"He went to school with the two oldest Lennon girls," Welk said. "Like the rest of my family, my son has never tried to mix in my business, but occasionally he dropped a remark about how well the Lennon girls sang. I pretended I hadn't heard him, but he didn't give up. One day he said, 'Won't you at least listen to them sing?' so I said, 'O.K., if it'll get them off your mind.' That night, when I came home, they were in my living room singing He. I might as well break down and admit it; the Lennon sisters are the nicest thing that has happened to me in years and years."

"Some people think they're so nice that they're unbelievable," I said. I didn't tell him I felt that way about it myself. I didn't want him to think me a cynic.

"They can't help looking decent and clean," Welk said. "For after all, they are."

"Who trained them?" I asked. "A voice teacher standing over them with a blacksnake whip?"

"Their father, who used a little pitch pipe for the notes," Welk said. "They've got a small sister who's only three, and when they go up and down a scale, this child follows in perfect pitch."

I thought, *Five Lennon sisters instead of four. That will certainly be a lot of Lennon sisters.*

"How about Alice Lon?" I said. "We haven't talked about her."

"You mean little Alice, our little Champagne Lady?" he asked. "Well, little Alice has been with us for four years and she looks just like a Champagne Lady should look."

"How should a Champagne Lady look?" I asked. I was trying to keep an open mind on little Alice, but the going was getting tougher.

"She's petite and bubbly and dainty and—well, dainty," he told me. "A lot of people think one of my singers is in love with her because they sometimes sing together. We get letters about that, but there's nothing to it. Little Alice is married and she's the mother of three."

"Do the people who write those letters know that?" I asked.

"They should. It's a matter of general information," Welk told me. "I've had several Champagne Ladies and each time there have been a certain number of people who think that one of my boys is sweet on her or even that I'm having an affair with her myself. This is not the case. Everyone is nice to Alice, but no one runs around with her, since, after all, she's married to a Mr. Waterman." He smiled, "And, after all, I'm married to Mrs. Welk."

"I've heard that Disneyland, Forest Lawn Memorial Park cemetery and you are the three most popular tourist attractions in Southern California," I said.

"We do get a lot of visitors who come out here to stay with their relatives," he said, "and they want to see me at the ballroom."

"Have you ever won an Emmy?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "But I was once talked into going to an Emmy-award party. My manager and some other people talked me into going all the way to downtown L.A. for the Emmy-award program because they were sure I would win one. I didn't want to go to that Emmy-award dinner. I wanted to stay in the ballroom with my band, because I know how many people get dressed up and come out to the Aragon hoping to talk to me, and if a wife has gone to the beauty parlor and has bought a new dress, and her husband has driven her fifty or a hundred miles to see me, I ought to be there. I won no Emmy, but I didn't feel bad about it because of a thing that happened. After the Emmy awards I drove out to the Aragon with my wife and, when I got there, I saw a sign up that said, 'Sorry, Parking Lot Filled.' So I turned to my wife. 'That is why I don't feel bad. As long as I stay with my own audience, I'm a winner.' And I thought of something else. 'Anyhow,' I told her, 'this crowd is a paying crowd.'"

It reminded me of another entertainer and his famous remark, "I'm crying all the way to the bank."

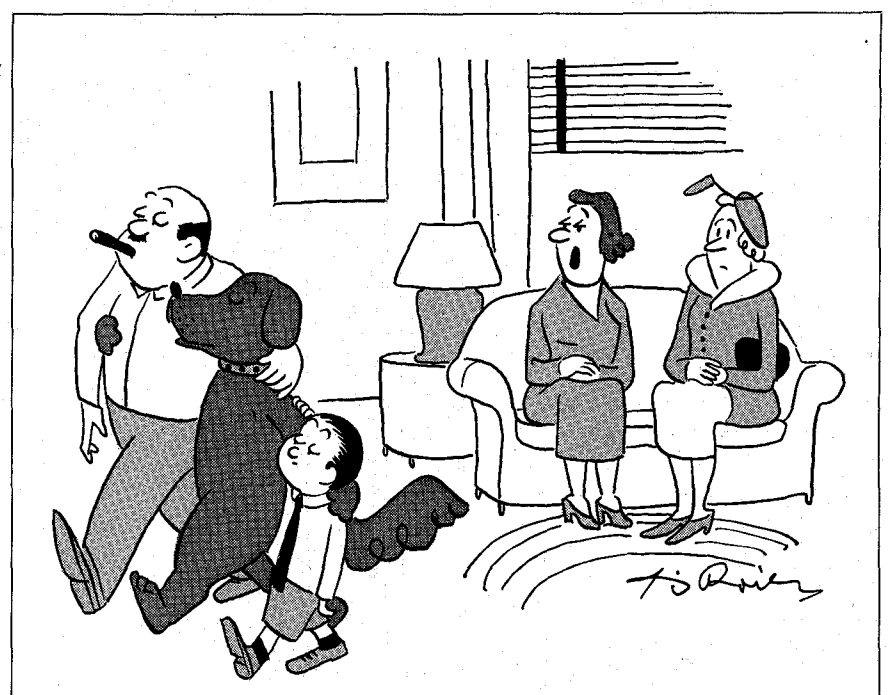
"What age groups do you think you appeal to?" I asked, striving for a new nugget of information.

"At first we were supposed to appeal only to older people," he said. "Mothers were supposed to form the largest part of our audience; after mothers, fathers; and after fathers, children; and last of all, teen-agers. But in the past few months the figures published in Billboard show that our rating with teen-agers has climbed. And speaking of the public, we have rules against anything with an immoral or a suggestive flavor appearing in our shows, whether it's a joke, a low dress, or a low line in a song. Basically I'm a musician. I know arrangements, chord structure and tempo; so I concentrate on the musical side and pay little attention to lyrics. I've told my producer, Ed Sobel, and my arranger, Curt Ramsey, to watch the lyrics. When children are listening, I don't want to give them a smutty thought."

His eyes began to twinkle, and I could see another joke coming. "I think it's O.K. to tell you this," he said, "although it's about one of my boys who has licked the drink habit. However, if a person has trouble like that and is able to overcome it, he has a lot of credit coming to him."

"I'm listening," I said.

"I had many talks with this boy," he told me, "and each time he'd tell me why he'd gone off the rails. Usually somebody has been mean to such people or has hurt their feelings. They have to blame it on something or someone so it won't be their fault they're hitting the booze again. This boy had made countless promises to me, but he couldn't keep them, and I told him that if it was absolutely necessary for him to have a drink, if he'd tell me I'd give him a week's vacation so he could do it without getting sloppy where the public could see him."



"Lately they seem to have established some kind of rapport, with me completely out of it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think that was mighty white of you," I said.

"In all fairness I was helping myself too," he said. "It would have been as bad for my organization as it would have been for him if the people knew he'd been boozing it up. After I had my talk with this lad, I had no more trouble with him, so I asked him how he'd done it. He told me that one morning he'd said to his wife, 'I've promised Lawrence again and again I wouldn't get stoned on the job, and each time I've failed, and I know that sooner or later I won't have any job, and since it's the best one I've ever had, I'm going to do something about it.' He went to his doctor and asked him to give him something to help him. The doctor asked, 'Do you really mean it?' and the boy said, 'I never meant anything more in my life,' so the doctor gave him a drug. Now comes the funny part. A few days after he'd begun to take that medicine he was watching a TV show when a beer commercial came on, and just looking at it made him sick."

"How's he done since?" I asked.

"He's had no more trouble," Welk told me.

"By every yardstick I can think of, you're a successful man," I said. "But I don't see any swimming pools or yachts or expensive cars you've collected. There are certain trappings a man in show business seems to feel he must surround himself with to prove he's got it made. You don't operate that way. You're not exactly slumming, but I wouldn't call your way of life elaborate."

"We live the way Mrs. Welk likes it," he said. "I've always wanted to build a new home for her, but when I told her I thought I could afford it, she said she wouldn't be any happier anywhere in the world than where we're living. By the way, I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't print our address. We already have too many people who find out where we live and drive by and look. Some of them even come to our front door and ring our bell."

"They'll eat you up if you let them," I said.

"There has to be a place where a man can get some rest and privacy," he said. "Even an entertainer has a right to that. I remember, years ago, before I had an unlisted phone, people used to call me around four o'clock in the morning and say, 'Hi, Lawrence, how about getting dressed and joining us?' I'd say, 'Who's this talking?' and a woman's voice would say playfully, 'I danced with you once. I know you, even if you don't know me.' So if you want to say we live on Tigertail Road, that's O.K., only please don't give our number on Tigertail."

"I'm told that you've seen the inside of more men's washrooms than anybody else in America," I said, "and that you've not only seen them but you've dressed in them."

"Years ago," he said, "the small-town ballrooms we played had no dressing rooms. The only place we could dress was the washroom, and my band changed there. Most of the time we didn't even check into a hotel. We slept on a sleeper bus. I doubt if any band ever played as many one-nighters or clocked more hours sleeping on buses."

I stood up to go. As I left, I could almost hear an unseen brigade of bearded and bereted bopsters tongue-clucking at me and saying, "Man, this Welk has too many restrictions. He ain't crazy." They mean that Welk plays music the way it's written—even worse, he plays it in a way anybody can understand.

The cats are right. That ain't crazy, Daddy-o. That's crazy like a fox. In Welk's case, the corn is not green—it's golden.

THE END

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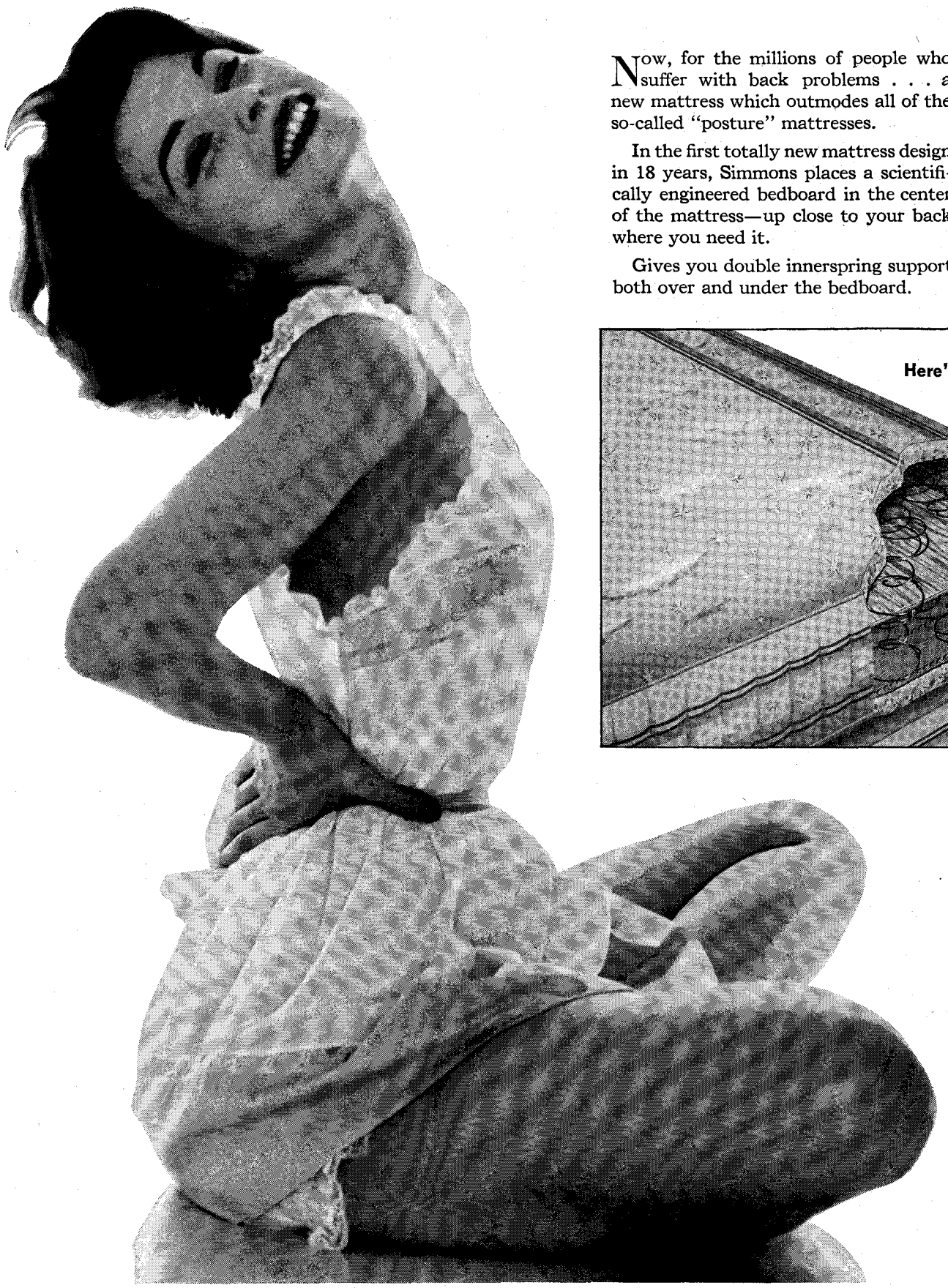

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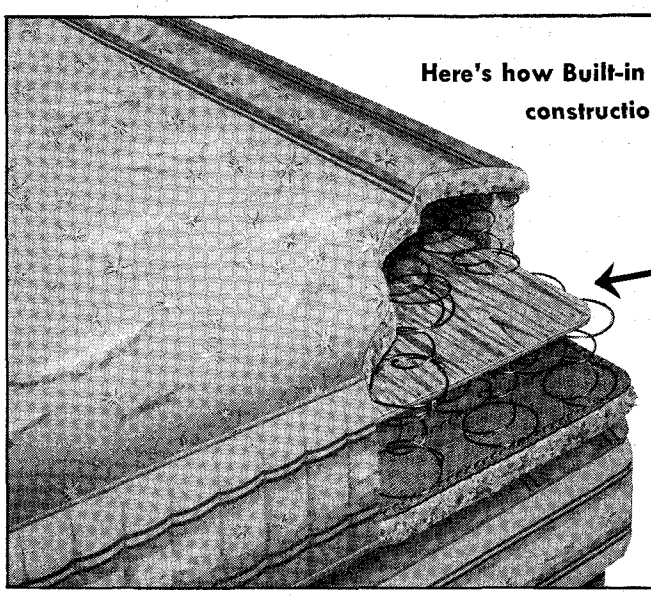

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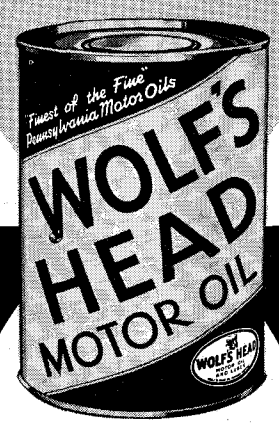

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Disaster in the Outback

(Continued from Page 31)

wagon. The rifle's just the right weight for me. I got it out this morning."

Gibson watched him intently for a moment, with gray eyes so sun-bleached they seemed almost colorless in the mahogany setting of his face. Billy was getting out of hand, he thought. It was a pity, because it could be the spoiling of a fine boy. Then he looked away, knowing the value of making impatience wait, and sent his eyes roving to check, unnecessarily, the activity of his camp.

Beyond the bore, five hundred yards away, two native stockmen were riding an umbrella patrol to keep the herd close up, ready for the next day's start. Downwind by a grove of desert oak, twelve hobbled camels formed an exclusive little colony, ten of them pack animals, two harness-broken for the wagon. Beyond them, Charlie Big Toe, his head stockman, was playing nursemaid to the riding horses.

And beside them, almost against Gibson's shoulder, was the utility wagon. It was a big old beat-up vehicle, a tarpaulin-covered repository for all the things that were unhandy for the pack camels of his droving plant. Among its cargo were an old .303 Lee Enfield bolt-action rifle, and an automatic shotgun for when they got into brush-turkey country farther south. Gibson carried a .32 pistol in a webbing holster on his hip against any sudden need. He hitched it now, unconsciously.

"You leave those guns alone, Billy," he said harshly. "I've told you before. I'm the only one who handles them."

"But you can't fight the natives off by yourself," the boy said emphatically.

"I'm not fighting anyone off," Gibson said. "And neither are you."

Billy danced a jig of frustration. "But you just can't leave them alone. They're like Injuns. I've read all about Injuns. You have to get in first or they'll ambush you."

Gibson's pale gray eyes were kindly, but the face, with its leather skin and deep-etched lines, showed nothing but the things that years of sun and wind and dust and work engrave. He was only thirty-six. He looked much older, but with that timeless virility that stays with such men until they can no longer sit a horse.

He was essentially a man of action, yet one who liked to base his actions on considered thought. If he had been otherwise it was improbable that he would now have been driving his own thousand head of cattle from the north of Australia eight hundred miles southward to the station property he had bought at Bulowie Springs.

The purchase money had come from twelve years of hard and dangerous work, shooting buffalo and crocodiles, washing gold, in the wild fringe of Arnhem Land. A reckless man didn't make that grade. He didn't even make old bones. So Gibson wondered now just what he should do about the boy that wouldn't land him someplace that might prove quicksand to his plans.

Billy Andrews was small for a nine-year-old, thin, with the wiry strength of most thin boys. He was a reader of books and a dreamer of dreams—a clever, intense boy, a likable boy. In the three weeks since he and his mother had joined the droving party, Gibson had seen the beanstalk growth of his independence, and had quietly approved it. But now his talk of fighting, his handling of the guns against strict orders, called for some cutting down to size. The gun and fight talk could even lead to trouble if unchecked.

Yet Gibson was unwilling to punish the boy in any way, because he sensed it would entail a new and delicate relationship he was chary of assuming. It was too close to a father's role. In the lone, hard-working years, he had conditioned his thinking to a single pattern of success, the establishment of a rich and flourishing cattle station. He hadn't made provision for a woman in that life. Certainly not for a widow and her son.

"Billy," he said quietly. "Listen to me, and listen good. This is important. I'm not playing games. I've got to get those cattle to Bulowie Springs. It's a big job with only myself and five native stockmen. I can't afford any trouble, Billy. D'you understand?"

"I'm only trying to help," the boy said earnestly. "The stockmen won't be any good against raiders. So it's just you and me."

"Billy," Gibson said flatly, "those natives aren't raiders. They're a score or so of half-starved *myalls*—poor, miserable, naked black men. They're hanging around to pick up our leavings after each camp. Something to help out their diet of snakes and lizards and grasshoppers and grubs." He punched the boy lightly on the shoulder. "You know that, Billy. You're only playing think games."

The boy's face clouded, and it seemed to Gibson that even his upsticking straw hair drooped a little. He ran a small hand down his clothes, along the thighs of his ragged long pants.

"Well, they could be dangerous, couldn't they?" he said with quiet mutiny. "I read once about people in a place called France, and they killed the king and dukes and everyone because they couldn't get enough to eat."

"That was different," Gibson said. "There were other things in France, like politics, injustice." And then he stopped, because he was on uncertain ground. European history was a long way back in his memory. "Billy," he said, "you run down and help Charlie Big Toe with the horses. I want to talk with your mother."

He watched the boy trudge off toward the lines where Charlie Big Toe moved among the horses, his broad black face shining with good humor above the lurid gaiety of his shirt. Charlie was a good head stockman, squat, bow-legged, powerful, and with the gentlest hands on a horse that Gibson had ever seen. Gibson wondered, as he watched the boy, if Charlie Big Toe seemed to him a dangerous spy, a fifth columnist planted in the wagon train, ready to blow smoke signals to the lurking killers.

He laughed quietly to himself, then shrugged and heaved himself away from the wagon. He walked around it, pacing stiffly on his high-heeled riding boots, toward an outcrop of rocks where Margaret Andrews was kneading dough. She was kneeling on the hard, brown, sun-baked ground, pounding the beginnings of their evening meal in a big tin dish.

She was blond, in that Nordic fashion of deep blue eyes, swept-back hair and graceful strength. Her cheek bones were high, her brow wide, the line of her face swept softly down to a firm chin. Her mouth was firm, too, but not close-lipped. It was firm for the same reason that the eyes were steady. There had been much to face in the past few years, and little to laugh about.

And she had needed all her courage when Gibson had found her three weeks before, sitting with Billy in the shade of their broken-down old truck, and one small canteen of water between them and the circling carrion birds. She had taken a job as housekeeper on a north-west cattle station, and had thought to reach it by her own unaided efforts. She was city folk. She had sought the job because she hoped that the harsh outback country might purge the boy's memory, and her own, of the three despairing years during which his father had died. Not in nobility, but in a squalor of the soul and spirit, ravened by disease. She hadn't told Gibson about it in an ordered sequence; it had come to him in bits and pieces, some from her and others from the boy.

Now she was going back to Bulowie Springs, and thence—well, that was her affair. Gibson had agreed to take her to Bulowie and on to the nearest town, the wood-and-iron shanty sprawl of Hergott Crossing. There was a pub with heat-twisted wooden walls, a corrugated-iron roof and an earthen barroom floor. There was a general store, and a leaky boat for when the wet descended and turned its nameless creek into a two-week river. There were three houses. Nothing else. But the mailman drove through once a month, and Margaret and Billy Andrews could get a ride with him to wherever they wanted to go.

"Margaret," Gibson said bluntly. "I want you to slap Billy down. He's been handling my guns. He wants to shoot up some *myalls* out there behind us."

She looked up gravely, but there was a gleam of something that might have been amusement deep in her eyes. "What d'you suggest I should do?"

"Teach him a lesson someway," Gibson said tersely. "He's getting out of hand."

"I'm afraid you're right," she said. "I'll have to think of something."

Then she stood up, smoothing her dark tan skirt with the small, unconscious gestures of a woman with her clothes, tidying the white shirt that needed ironing and yet, to Gibson, was a miracle of crispness.

"You know," she said, "nothing I could do would be nearly as effective as the slightest thing from you. He idolizes you. If you were to take away his riding horse for a few days, say ——"

Gibson looked past her and fixed his attention on the distant hills that now glowed softly purple in the failing light. Only their tips were red. And though he tried thus to isolate himself, he felt the warm blood pumping slowly in his head, its pink betrayal spreading swiftly under his face's armored tan.

"I've talked to him," he said flatly. "I've told him to leave the guns alone. That's as far as I can go." He looked at her, and the smile was still back there in the clear depths of her eyes. It bothered him. "Discipline, training, is your affair," he said harshly. "He's your son. I don't want to interfere."

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"I know," she said quietly. "I understand."

She moved away then, toward the cooking fire that was breeding rich red coals in a scrape beside the rocks. Gibson whirled and marched away, feeling awkward and somehow ashamed, for he had caught the inner meaning of her words. She knew. She understood.

That night he slept badly. For the first time in years the ground was hard beneath his body, and once, when he opened his eyes in half sleep, the bright, high stars seemed glaring at him. He couldn't understand. Everything had gone the way he wanted. Margaret Andrews had read the riot act to Billy. Billy was a chastened little boy, and he was not entangled in the affairs of the mother and her son. But now, with the moon sliding down the far side of the sky, his sleep was plagued with uneasiness. Margaret Andrews' face, gravely smiling, was advancing and retreating in his mind like a desert mirage—and then a small, nagging voice began bleating "coward."

Something in the voice really irritated him. He swung a big, right-handed punch at it, and a sudden agony jerked him wide awake. He had hit the ground. He sat up, hugging the fist beneath his left armpit, cursing with a quiet intensity. Then he stiffened, turned to face a strange noise coming from the direction of the herd, realizing almost instinctively it was this that had been nagging through his sleep.

He could see the herd as a black mass on the plain, etched against the moonlight, formless and without detail. There was no undue noise from the animals, but he could sense an undercurrent of uneasiness running through them. He could no longer hear the noise that had awakened him, but that was unimportant. The important thing was to get out there and play psychiatrist, soothe that uneasiness in the beasts before it grew into hysteria. A stampede, even on this flat ground, would cause loss of hard-won and carefully husbanded condition, injuries and delay. Possibly losses.

He got up swiftly, dragged on his clothes and went quickly to the horse lines. Charlie Big Toe was there before him, in the act of riding out. Gibson slapped a bridle on Dugong, his favorite mount, a wiry bay gelding that did everything but speak. Then he slipped on to his bare back. There was no time for saddling.

"What's wrong with 'em, Charlie?" he asked tersely.

"Dunno," Charlie Big Toe grunted. "Mebbe dat fella *myalls*."

"Yeah?" Gibson's face went hard. Billy's warning flashed across his mind. It was possible that the *myalls* had become desperate with hunger, were sniffing around for fresh meat. His right hand checked the pistol at his hip. "You grab the herdsmen, Charlie. Be ready to start the cattle turning if they run."

They rode at a brisk trot toward the herd, now six to seven hundred yards away from the camp. Halfway there, Gibson could feel the tension, like the static tautness that fills the air before a thunderstorm. The animals were moving and, on the far side, some had started bellowing. He wondered, savagely, what the night herdsmen were doing. He was about to say as much to Charlie Big Toe when a rider came tearing down on them, yelling in a high, strident voice—yelling the one word, "*Myalls!*"

Then everything cut loose. A wild screeching split the air, the cattle started bawling in cacophony. There was an upsurge, a sudden boiling over in the center of the herd, and then they were spilling over everywhere. In seconds the entire herd was stampeding.

Gibson wheeled Dugong and started for them. Charlie Big Toe dodged around him and took the inside. In his side vision, Gibson saw the herdsman swing around and follow. Then he was racing alongside the bobbing horns, riding with slack reins, leaving the running to Dugong while he watched Charlie Big Toe, up ahead, waiting for him to start the turning movement that would eventually bring the herd to a milling halt.

So he didn't see the big boulder that Dugong hit. All he knew was the jarring, smashing, winding shock of impact. Then he was sprawling on the ground, with the stampede streaming past, the thunder of it filling his ears and the insensate power of it trembling up through his body from the ground. He dragged himself around to the lee side of the boulder for protection, grinding his teeth against a searing pain in his right leg. Then he passed out.

He came back to consciousness in the wagon, yet the wagon of another world. His leg ached abominably, but his head was softly pillowed, and when he opened his eyes he looked up into Margaret Andrews' face. It was indistinct, shadowed on one side, lighted on the other by the glow of a lantern placed somewhere near his feet. There was anxiety and compassion in her expression, a softness that thrilled him, and deep within him a new warmth moved to meet it. Then he checked, forced himself back to the old world of practicality.

"How's Dugong?"

"Ashamed," she said, "but all right."

"The herd?"

"Ask Charlie. He's here. He carried you in."

Gibson lifted his head and Charlie Big Toe was squatting by the lantern, throwing a monstrous backdrop of shadow on the canvas roof.

"Cattle orright boss," Charlie Big Toe said. "Dem fella *myall* spear one cow, cut 'im up and run away. They proper bad."

"Blast them!" Gibson said.

"I told you we should've jumped them," Billy said. "I told you if they got hungry enough ——"

"Be quiet," Margaret Andrews ordered sharply.

Gibson swung his eyes. The boy was sitting next to him on a flour sack, hugging his knees. A feverish excitement glittered in his eyes, making his face seem even thinner.

"Gee," he whispered. "A real stampede."

Matt Gibson groaned. "How's my leg?"

"Broken," Margaret Andrews said quietly. "I've set it and splinted it with some tree branches. But you won't be walking for some time." Then she added, "Riding either, or I miss my guess."

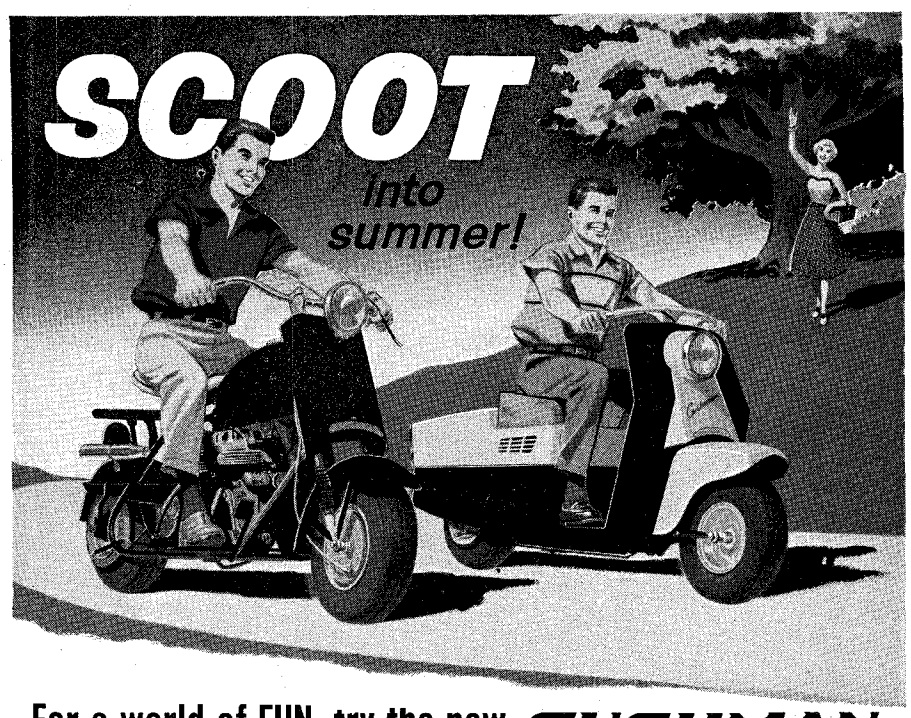
"You miss your guess," Gibson grunted.

He levered himself to his elbows, setting his jaw against the pain. His face was a dirty gray from whiteness trying to force up through the tan. "I have to get out and teach those *myalls* a lesson. Chase them around, spray some shots close enough to scare the life out of 'em. If I don't, they'll get cock-a-hoop, and then anything could happen." He grinned mirthlessly. "I have to get out there soon or it'll be too late."

"Let me go," Margaret Andrews said. "If it's that important ——"

"Thanks," Gibson said. He looked at her for a long moment, seeing in her blue eyes a flickering of fear that was not showing on her face. It emphasized for him the courage, and the worth, of her offer. "Thanks, but no," he said. "It's my job." He turned to Charlie Big Toe. "Charlie, take

(*Continued on Page 99*)



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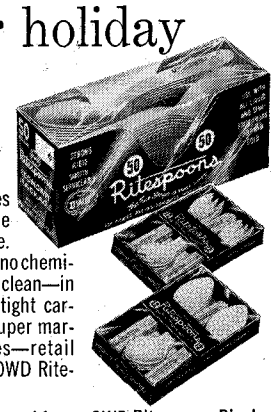

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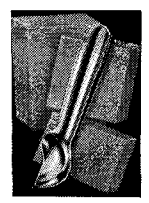

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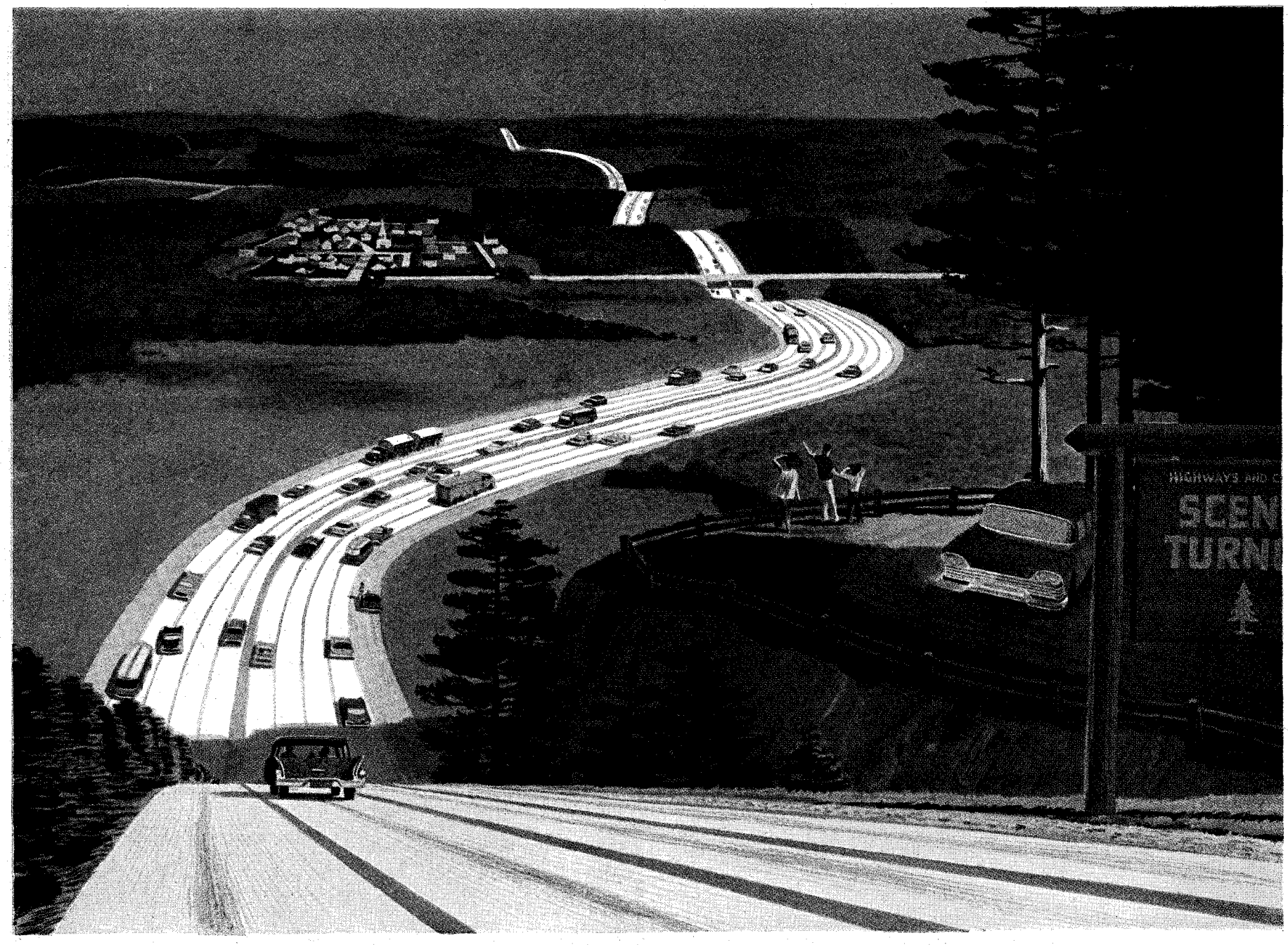

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(*Continued from Page 97*) the rifle and shoot a steer. Bring me enough hide for this leg first thing in the morning."

Charlie's teeth sparked in the lantern light. "Orright, boss." He got out the old Lee Enfield and dropped to the ground. His face appeared for an instant at the opening. "I shoot 'im now, quick time."

Then he was gone, so quickly there was an after-image, as though he had punched a profile of himself into the night. Gibson looked quizzically at Margaret Andrews, and at Billy, staring at him with pinpoint eyes.

"The idea," he said, "in case you're puzzled, is to strap the green hide around the leg, then sit in the sun. An old bushman's trick. It dries out like a plaster cast. You can't walk much, but you can ride."

"How long?" Margaret Andrews asked.

Gibson frowned. "Maybe late tomorrow. Maybe the next day. It depends on the sun, the condition of the hide."

"I thought they needed to be taught their lesson soon," she said. "Two days isn't soon."

"You're right," Gibson said, his face a wedge of grimness. "But it's the best I can manage. If I went out and couldn't go on with it—fainted or something like that—it would be worse than not going out at all. They'd see weakness instead of strength, and strength is the only thing they respect."

"Then let me go," she said quickly. "Charlie Big Toe could go with me. We could leave at dawn. I can shoot—well enough to scare them, anyway."

Gibson put a hand on her arm, thanked her with a pressure of his fingers. "No," he said. "It's still my job. Charlie's a top stockman, but no fighter. You're too inexperienced. Hit one of 'em and we'd have the entire territory police force on our backs. Herd 'em too close, and you'd probably get a spear in your ribs." He paused. "If anyone has to end up that way, it should be me."

Then they heard the flat report of the Lee Enfield as Charlie Big Toe killed the steer. They settled down to sleep the few hours left of darkness, Gibson in the wagon and the others in their blankets on the ground, sheltered from the wind by scooped-out hollows and banks of spinifex.

There was no need of sentries, because Gibson knew the *myalls*, gorged with fresh meat, would be lying dead to the world between their sleeping fires, stirring only to replenish them from the piles of sticks each man kept beside him. They would probably have shifted camp a piece up the gully where they'd holed up in the afternoon, but they would have taken no other precautions against a counter-attack. When a *myall* got his hands on fresh meat he ate until he was full as a honey ant, and then he slept.

But Gibson didn't sleep at first. His splinted leg ached savagely, and there was too much on his mind. He cursed the leg bitterly, not for its pain, but for its impediment. The time to strike the *myalls* was in the predawn, while they were still drowsy, and heavy with distended bellies. Hit them then and scatter them before they had time to boast among themselves, before they got the meat hunger again, before they began to think the white man was too scared to defend his cattle.

Then he made himself stop thinking about such things, because thinking them had no profit. Instead, he switched his thoughts to Margaret Andrews' offer to go out in his place, to run his risks; frightened of them, but still prepared to go. It gave him a singing feeling, something to wonder at, for he had always worked alone. There was a deal of comfort in having someone else caring too. And eventually, when he found sleep, Margaret Andrews was there smiling at him—and Billy was there smiling, too, and saying "I told you so."

He snapped awake to the flat, whipcrack sound of shots. One—two—three of them; then a fourth, spaced out raggedly, the way they'd be by someone using a bolt-action rifle without much skill. They were coming up from the gully where the *myalls* had their camp, about half a mile away. He cursed violently. That fool Charlie Big Toe had taken the Lee Enfield and was trying to win a one-man war. He swung his legs around and dragged himself to the wagon opening.

The broken leg hurt clamorously inside its cumbrous splints, but he ignored it. His jaw, his face and eyes, his whole body was taut with urgency. He tried to pierce the grayness of the dawn, but could see nothing except the lumpiness of spinifex and the hillock outline of a hobbled camel snuffling over something on the ground. Then he heard another shot. He had to get a horse.

"Billy!" he roared. "Billy!"

Then Charlie Big Toe came running. His eyes were big with fright. His mouth was open, but slack; the white teeth no longer gleamed.

Gibson stared. "Charlie, what's the matter?" He stopped, and suddenly a cold fear stabbed him. "Charlie, who's out there?"

"Boss, I doan do nuthin'!" Charlie gasped.

Gibson grabbed him by the shirt and dragged him in against the wagon side. "Billy?" His voice cut like a knife.

"Yair." Charlie Big Toe nodded jerkily, his eyes afraid. "He tole me you wanted gun and Dugong, boss. I give 'im. I doan do nuthin'."

Gibson's big hand tightened on the shirt, screwed it as fear and anger tore at his insides. Anger at Charlie for giving the boy the gun; fear of what might happen to the boy out there in the half light where death—pincushion death from a dozen spears—could come without his even seeing the naked men who threw them. Then shots cracked out again and Gibson forced discipline upon himself. He shoved Charlie Big Toe away.

"Get me a horse! Quick time!"

He crawled back into the wagon, buckled on his pistol and filled his pockets with ammunition. He took the automatic shotgun and stuffed spare shells inside his shirt. Each movement twisted his broken leg, but he accepted the pain with a grim savagery, almost welcoming it as punishment for his shortcomings. He blamed himself, his own avoidance of responsibility, for Billy's present danger.

He went out from the camp at a gallop as Margaret Andrews came running up. He didn't stop. Charlie could tell her what there was to tell. Then the horse, a tall roan, was weaving through the spinifex, and he needed all his riding skill to keep his full weight off the injured leg. He sat lopsided in the saddle, making his good left leg take most of the pressure, but even so, the right was screaming with the agony of grating bones. The pain surged right up through his body, tearing at him, shredding his lean flesh, but it could not touch his mind. The fear that gripped it rejected pain, like an anesthetic that deadened yet left all the senses dreadfully alert.

Then he heard another shot, not far away—ahead and to the right. He swerved the roan and drew his pistol; he began firing into the air to announce his coming both to Billy and to any spearmen who might be skulking around. The dawn had come, but there was nothing to be seen. Then the roan was slithering down into the gully, and Gibson saw Dugong and the boy scrambling up the far side.

He raced across the broken floor, past the line of *myall* sleeping fires, and up after the boy. He pumped the shotgun as he regained the plain, sprayed shot at random into the surrounding spinifex to flush out any ambush. Then he reined up alongside Billy and tore the rifle from his hands.

"Get back to camp!" he yelled.

Billy turned a dead-white face and grinned—a caricature of a grin, a twist of stiffened lips. He pointed out across the plain. "Look!" he shrilled. "They're running!"

Gibson looked, and far out on the plain, between them and the waking hills, black dots of men were bobbing and weaving in panic flight. Even at that distance he could discern their fear. They ran heedlessly, bunching together, then scattering, like black ants stirred into panic with a stick. He watched them with narrowed eyes until they dwindled out of sight. He sat motionless for a moment longer, piecing his thoughts together.

The *myalls* had gone for good; they would not come back, and that was satisfaction. The job he couldn't do had been done for him. The job Margaret Andrews had volunteered to perform—and now, Billy, her son. Then suddenly he was trembling inwardly with the letdown of his fear for Billy Andrews. He wanted to whirl on the boy, to rage at him, to turn him bottom up and paddle him with the flat of his hand.

But he knew that would be wrong. Worse, in fact, than his hitherto enforced disinterest. He slung the shotgun over his back, thumbed on the safety catch of the rifle and handed it to the boy, taking his time, battening his inner tumult down.

"Did you hit any of them?"

Billy shook his head. "No. I aimed high. You said just to frighten them."

"Did any try to fight?"

"One man was going to throw a spear," Billy said, and suddenly his blue eyes dilated. "But Dugong charged at him and he ran away. He had a big black beard."

Gibson looked steadily at the boy, seeing the white scaredness in his face and in the same blue eyes that his mother wore so bravely, admiring the spirit that was keeping it from breaking out. This, he knew, had always known, was a lot of boy. A boy worth working for, worth looking after.

"Billy," he said sternly, "I told you never to touch my guns. I told you to leave the *myalls* alone. Your mother told you too."

"Aw, gee!" Billy said. His face screwed up, twisting the freckles out of shape. "You said it was best to hit them straight away—an' you were hurt. I only wanted to help."

Gibson felt like a louse. He wanted to hug him and say, "You did a man's job." Instead, he said, "Billy, you're going to have to learn some discipline; to do what you're told until you're old enough to run your own affairs."

"Yes, sir," Billy said.

"You'll ride in the wagon for the next two weeks and do all the camp chores," Gibson said coldly. "After that, if you've learned your lesson, maybe you'll get a horse again. Maybe. It depends on you."

He saw the lips tremble and the tears start. Then Billy's face wavered, grew big and retreated, then loomed big again. Gibson grabbed leather with both hands, and he could feel the sweat pouring from his body. He was cold. And then the pain surged through him, not just in the broken leg, but all over.

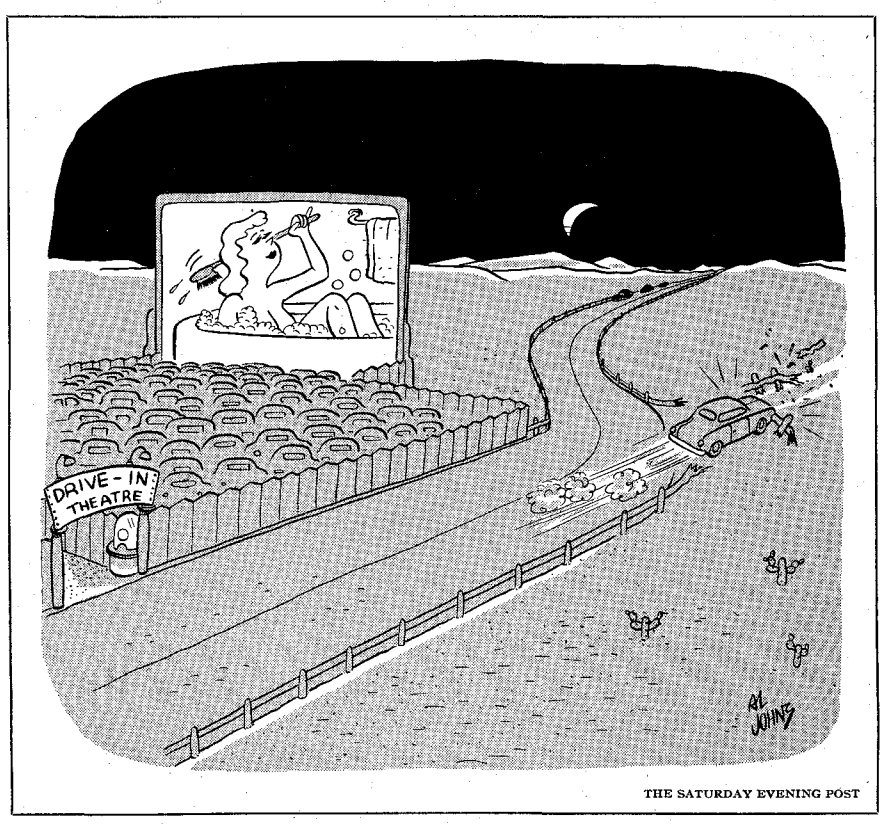
"C'mon, Billy," he mumbled. "Let's get back to camp."

They turned, and he felt the boy's small arm go around him. And for all its smallness it gave him strength. They rode down into the gully where the *myalls*' sleeping fires still smoldered, but Gibson didn't see them because the day and the land were blotted out. He moved inside a black mist of pain, feeling the comfort of the boy beside him, forcing himself to keep going. Then he was conscious of movement, noises, of stronger arms around him.

"Boss," Charlie Big Toe said hoarsely. "You orright, boss?"

"Yeah," Gibson muttered. "I'm all right." He forced his eyes open with a vast effort, and Margaret Andrews was beside him. Her face was white and drawn, and beautiful. "Billy's all right too," he whispered. "I've taken away his horse."

"Don't talk." She leaned across and kissed him on the lips. "You don't need to tell me anything." She smiled. "You never have." THE END



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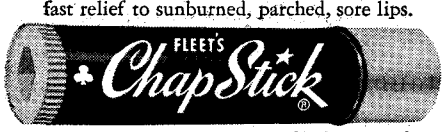

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The Post Reports on Health Insurance

(Continued from Page 30)

"There's no need for it," a New York insurance executive said.

"It would be certain to fail," said a Connecticut expert.

"Maybe it might work," admitted the representative of a New Jersey company, "but the industry won't be ready to try it for at least ten years."

Finally, the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, of Boston, agreed to an experiment. Working with a committee of the Elfun Society, it prepared an experimental policy patterned somewhat after automobile collision insurance. There was a so-called deductible, obliging the policyholder to pay the first $300 of the bills for any illness. There was also a co-insurance feature, requiring him to pay 25 per cent of the rest of the bill. The ceiling for any one illness was set at $1500. Introduced early in 1949, this was apparently the first catastrophic or major-medical health-insurance policy ever sold.

The experiment succeeded beyond the wildest expectations. The new idea spread from the Elfun Society into General Electric and then into other industries. Other insurance companies adopted the idea, setting the deductible portion anywhere from $100 to $500, and raising the ceiling for any one illness to $5000, $7500 and even $15,000. By 1952, approximately 700,000 people were covered, 2,000,000 by 1954, 9,000,000 by 1956 and 13,000,000 by the end of 1957.

Most of the major-medical policies paid in the form of cash, rather than services, allowed free choice of doctor and hospital, and involved no fee schedule to control the doctor's charge. At the outset, these provisions won an enthusiastic reception, especially from medical groups. Dr. David Allman, president of the American Medical Association, said last year, "No physician can consider this type of insurance a threat to medical practice."

Organized labor was not so optimistic. "Major medical," warned one union leader, "can merely mean more money in circulation to pay higher doctor bills, with the patient no better off."

Regardless of this and similar objections, the creation of major-medical, or catastrophic, health insurance was widely and highly admired, and insurance companies won considerable praise for their enterprise. To insurance executives such a warm reaction was exhilarating and also somewhat unusual. Until recently, health-insurance companies were widely depicted as remote, cold-hearted corporations interested in collecting premiums, adamantly refusing to pay justifiable claims, and seeking to amass great profits for their stockholders.

Actually, few major insurance companies are set up as profit-making concerns. Most are nonprofit or mutual corporations; if they make any money, these funds are returned each year to their policyholders in the form of cash, reduced premiums or paid-up insurance.

On the other hand, as some insurance men themselves admit, there have been grounds for hard feelings. In the past, companies have put out individual policies which they could cancel at will if their experience proved unfavorable—a maneuver which one expert describes as "perhaps good economics, but remarkably poor public relations." More recently, some companies or their more zealous agents have indulged in outright misrepresentation as to what their policies did and did not cover. Last year, the Better Business Bureau of Boston, felt obliged to warn customers that "there is no magic which can furnish broad insurance coverage and sweeping protection at unbelievable bargain rates . . . one can't buy steak for the price of turnips."

Many conservative insurance leaders still view with dismay the efforts to sell health insurance—especially the more expensive individual policies—on an emotionally supercharged level. Some salesmen admittedly utilize such high-pressure tactics. In one how-to-do-it article published last year in the insurance magazine, Accident and Sickness Review, a Chicago agent warned his fellow salesmen against the prospect who "desires to study the plans we have offered and perhaps wants to look into other plans." Encountering such a client, he said, the salesman should counterattack with approaches like these: "Do you know the exact provisions of your auto insurance or, for that matter, any of your insurance policies? . . . Would you drive your car without insurance? Does your body or your income deserve less? . . . You trusted someone to insure your car, life, and so on. If you don't have coverage, it's better to have some protection than none."

In contrast, Joseph F. Follmann, Jr., of the Health Insurance Association of America, has suggested, "In the long run, we believe the interests of the prospect—and thus of the company—will be served best by a chance to size up all proposed plans, carefully and unemotionally, and to select the program which most closely fits his needs and his pocketbook."

To meet such requirements, insurance companies—along with Blue Cross and Blue Shield—have experimented with such ideas as noncancelable or guaranteed renewable policies, policies which provide at least some coverage for mental disease, Paid-Up-At-65 policies, economical group coverage for farmers, and the new nationwide Medicare health-insurance program for military dependents. Among these new experimental ideas was catastrophic, or major medical, coverage, which was greeted upon its introduction with considerable enthusiasm.

Within a very few years, it became apparent that major-medical insurance was by no means foolproof. The deductible and co-insurance features made it difficult for patients to abuse their policies, but not impossible. Even in the absence of fee schedules, and with ceilings as high as $10,000 or more for a single illness, the vast majority of doctors exercised restraint and discretion, but some did not. Unfortunately, an increasing number of physicians in some areas began to render extraordinarily high bills for their services. Only a few months ago, one company in California regretfully announced that it was forced to go back to the restrictive fee-schedule system to keep doctors' bills in line.

Furthermore, there were growing signs of collusion between physician and patient. In such a conspiracy, investigators discovered, the procedure was usually something like this: Joe Doakes, with a stone in his kidney and a touch of larceny in his heart, would find that a kidney operation—including charges for the surgeon, the hospital, nurses and miscellaneous items—would cost him $800. Under the terms of his policy, he would have to put out in cash the deductible amount of $200, and then 20 per cent of the remaining $600, or $120.

"Look, doc," he would say to the surgeon, "I already paid my premiums on the policy. Now I have to pay $320 more. Can't we do something about it?"

"Well, maybe I can help," the doctor would reply. "I'll charge the insurance

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company an extra $640—we'll call it complications, or something—and we'll split it down the middle. After all, the insurance people can afford it. They've got lots of money."

According to many critics, especially in labor and management circles, major-medical insurance and similar programs introduced later by Blue Cross and Blue Shield were good as far as they went, but they didn't go far enough. Insurance should protect not merely against the big losses but also against the small and moderate losses. It should also cover preventive medicine, routine physical check-ups and the treatment of a disease in its early stages, before it became a major illness. It should be tied not to the costs of a single illness, but to the costs of all illness in a family during a year.

Here was a demand for comprehensive or all-inclusive health insurance, and at first it filled traditional insurance men with horror. "In this connection," a Los Angeles insurance man told reporters, "comprehensive is a dirty word."

... ...

Mustn't!

By Ethel Jacobson

Mustn't run across the road.
Mustn't touch the candle.
Mustn't grab the pussycat
By her handy handle.
Mustn't write upon the wall.
Mustn't waste my crusts.
Mustn't, mustn't, mustn't, mustn't!
Aren't there any *musts?*

... ...

To most insurance men, and to many if not most physicians, the whole idea of comprehensive or essentially complete coverage was wrong in principle, economically unsound, medically unethical and probably Communistic. Health insurance, they insisted, was not supposed to help people budget or prepay the great bulk of their medical bills, but to take care of the rare, whopping bill. They said that comprehensive coverage would be wide open to abuse, with patients calling their doctors for every minor sniffle and ache. They said it would mean a deluge of small claims which would be too expensive to handle, and which most people would prefer to pay by themselves.

"The individual," it was declared by a professor of insurance at the University of Michigan, "would probably save by bearing these piddling losses out of pocket."

Not all health experts, however, agreed with these broad assertions. In New York, George Bugbee, of the fact-gathering Health Information Foundation, presented nationwide studies showing that the "piddling losses" of many American families frequently add up to catastrophic totals over a year.

"Many people believe that health insurance really should prepay the great bulk of their medical bills," he said. "They know it's not always the big, unexpected illness that breaks the budget."

He seriously questioned the statements of insurance men that handling small claims would be too costly, and he denied that comprehensive coverage would be necessarily an invitation to abuse and overuse. "Very few persons rush to a doctor just for the fun of it, even when they don't have to pay," he said.

Interestingly, there was evidence available from such highly successful group-practice organizations as the Palo Alto Medical Clinic, in California, and the Health Insurance Plan, or H.I.P., in New York, to show that comprehensive health-insurance protection—with budgeting of nearly all medical costs—could be provided efficiently and honestly, without abuses. But this evidence was generally ignored in many medical associations, primarily because of claims that prepayment under group practice does not permit completely free choice of physician, and is therefore unethical. In a momentous decision last year, however, the A.M.A. ruled that such group practice in itself cannot be considered improper or unethical.

There was similar evidence from such Canadian groups as Windsor Medical Services, sponsored by medical societies themselves. These groups, which did allow free choice of doctor, also reported essentially no abuses under comprehensive coverage. But this evidence, too, was discounted.

By early in 1955 the demand for much broader protection against medical costs and the apparent refusal of the insurance industry or the Blues to provide it, had resulted in a noisy and dangerous impasse. Spokesmen for many labor unions, trying to help their members meet the rising costs of illness, were angrily calling for governmental intervention. Both Republican and Democratic leaders were seriously considering Federal health-insurance legislation. As in the early battles over voluntary health insurance itself, medical societies were again split by warring factions.

Oddly, it was General Electric—the same group which had pioneered with catastrophic or major-medical insurance—which found a way out of the dilemma.

"We'd experimented with major medical for about five years," says E. Sidney Willis, of G.E.'s industrial-relations department. "It was good, but it wasn't good enough. We wanted to find something better."

What they created has become known as the General Electric Comprehensive Plan. Technically, it was not totally comprehensive. It did not cover everything in medicine. But, as even its critics admitted later, it was getting amazingly close.

The G.E. men sought to work out a plan which would protect against the small bills as well as the big bills. It was to cover practically every service in medicine, including home, office and hospital care. It was to cover drugs, nursing, blood transfusions, X-ray studies and laboratory tests. It was to provide complete freedom of choice—any hospital, any physician. It was to give the doctor complete freedom to treat the patient as he saw fit, with no restricting time limits or fee schedules.

"We didn't want a system that would pay a surgeon so much per stitch," explained Willis.

The new plan, when it was finally laid out, included both deductible and co-insurance provisions. Instead of the usual $200- to $500-deductible for each illness, however, there was a fifty-dollar deductible—twenty-five dollars if only hospitalization, surgery or diagnostic X-rays were involved—for all illnesses in any one year.

For hospital, surgical and X-ray expenses, once the deductible portion was met, the plan was to pay the next $225, and then 85 per cent of the balance. For other medical care, after the deductible was covered, the plan was to pay 75 per cent of the rest.

The ceiling was set at $7500 per person each year, with a lifetime limit of $15,000.

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If the patient recovered fully, however, he could be reinstated and have his full coverage restored.

There were a few important limitations. For example, the plan purposely did not cover expenses for routine check-ups, cosmetic surgery, dentistry, eyeglasses or hearing aids. There was a top limit of $150 for a normal delivery, but no limits for complications of childbirth. There was full coverage for mental disease if the patient had to be hospitalized, but only about half coverage if he was well enough to work while undergoing psychiatric care.

Significantly, there was no fee schedule for doctors. The plan allowed the doctor to charge any "reasonable, necessary and customary" fee. Of equal significance, the plan covered treatment at home or in a doctor's office as well as in the hospital. There was no temptation for a patient to seek needless hospitalization in order to get his bills paid.

When Willis took his rough plans to Metropolitan Life, which was already handling standard health insurance for G.E. employees, he found a few of the insurance men had already been thinking about the supposedly subversive idea of comprehensive insurance.

"But it could be dangerous," Richard Shinn, of Metropolitan, told him. "It'll take a lot of courage to eliminate fee schedules."

"Maybe," said Willis, "but I think we can convince the doctors it will really be to their advantage to play ball."

"O.K.," said Shinn. "Let's figure out what this will cost."

All during the early months of 1955, Willis and Shinn met almost daily to hammer out details and estimate probable costs. Willis also worked with representatives of Aetna Life, which was handling coverage of G.E. employees on the West Coast. When the cost figures were obtained, the premiums—assuming full co-operation by both patients and doctors—came out to about four dollars a month for each single employee, or about fourteen dollars a month for an employee and his dependents. General Electric agreed to pay a sizable share of the premiums and to pick up the bill for excesses in case there were abuses and the cost of the plan skyrocketed.

When news of the proposed program reached the rest of the insurance industry, it was greeted with predictions of doom.

"The premium is too low," one statistician declared. "We admire you for trying, but you'll lose your shirt."

"The premium is too high," warned another expert. "The unions won't go for it. They'll hold out for complete coverage or state medicine."

"You're vulnerable to every kind of chiseling," another critic said. "The doctors and the patients can cheat you blind."

In preliminary negotiations during the summer of 1955, labor leaders expressed interest in the plan—"I'd sure like to have that for my family," one of them said—but they admitted it might not appeal to the rank-and-file membership.

"All right," a G.E. spokesman proposed, "we'll take the plan to all our employees, including those you represent. Then you can take a vote, local by local, of your membership to see if they want the new plan."

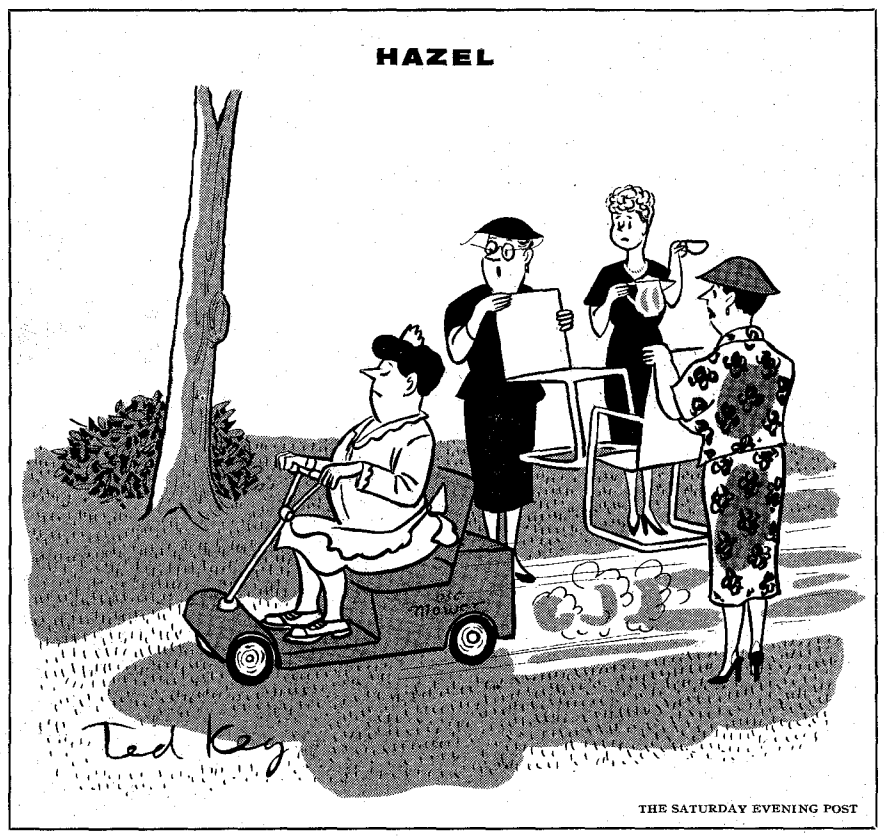
"That seems fair," a union negotiator agreed. "We won't support you, but we won't oppose you. We'll leave it up to the men."

The results of the vote were unbelievable. Almost 96 per cent of the G.E. workers immediately voted in favor of the new plan—the proportion later rose to more than 99 per cent—and by the end of last year, more than 750,000 employees and dependents were covered.

The employees soon learned how the new comprehensive program compared with the standard hospital-surgical insurance plan previously used at G.E. Typical was the case of a G.E. worker in Ohio whose two-year-old daughter was stricken by acute bronchitis, broncho-pneumonia and brain complications. The child eventually recovered, but the bills seemed staggering.

"Her bills ran to $1180," her father said. "The old plan would have paid only $300. It wouldn't have touched any of the $525 bill for medicines which she needed at home. But the new plan paid us $967."

In another case, an employee in New York suffered a severe heart attack which kept him in a hospital for eighty-four days. His total bill was $6291, including



$2027 for private nursing. Under the old standard plan, which did not cover private-duty nurses, he would have received $1128. The new plan paid $4783.

Another New York employee required prolonged treatment for a tumor of the spine, diabetes and neuritis. His bill, including seventy-five days in a hospital, private nursing care and a large expenditure for drugs and medicines used at home, ran to $9906 over a two-year period. Under the old plan, which covered neither private nursing nor medicines for home use, he would have been paid $1786. The new plan paid $7205.

Equally important were the less dramatic but more frequent cases of employees with a multitude of small medical bills. One G.E. worker in California, for example, ran up a total of $410 for the costs of sickness during a year.

"I didn't have a single serious illness," he said. "No surgery, no hospitals. Just the usual little things. But they sure added up!"

Under the new plan, he received $320. Under the old plan, he would have received nothing.

By the end of the first full year of operation, the G.E. comprehensive plan had paid out more than $20,000,000 in benefits. This was a remarkably large sum, but even more remarkable was the fact that it came out just about at the figure which the insurance statisticians had predicted.

"There had been relatively few abuses by anyone," said Willis. "We trusted people, and they generally responded to that trust."

At least partially responsible for that heart-warming record was the continuing use of every conceivable medium of information to explain every detail of the plan to the G.E. employees. "This is not just the company's plan," G.E. representatives told them. "It's your plan too. It involves your dollars and your health. If it's wrecked, we all lose."

Similarly, in most of the areas in which a G.E. factory or office was located, local G.E. representatives met personally with the local physicians, pharmacists and hospital administrators.

"All you people—doctors and hospital men and druggists—have a real stake in the success of our plan," a company executive told a typical meeting in Louisville, Kentucky. "You've said you don't like to work under a rigid fee schedule. Very well, we are not setting any fees. All we ask is that you keep your charges reasonable and normal, and for necessary services only. . . . Remember that it's not some anonymous insurance company that pays your bills. It is General Electric and its employees who pay. . . . Our plan is still new, still in the testing stage. We sincerely and humbly ask that you help us make it succeed."

After such a meeting in Erie, Pennsylvania, Dr. Elmer Hess, a past president of the A.M.A., spoke for many of his fellow doctors when he predicted that the medical profession was obliged to co-operate.

"There is no reason now to believe that the profession generally will do otherwise," he said. "If it does not co-operate, then the profession will lose—and will deserve to lose—its battle for the preservation of private medical practice."

Probably the highest tribute paid to the new General Electric comprehensive plan was the speed with which it was picked up by other employee groups and other insurance companies. Within little more than a year, similar programs were developed to cover 1790 groups, including 1,413,000 employees and dependents. By early this year, it was estimated that more than 100 insurance companies were writing a variety of comprehensive plans providing protection to more than 2,000,000 people. Even one insurance official, who earlier denounced comprehensive health insurance as "actuarial anarchy," recently listed it as one of the major insurance achievements of the decade.

Moreover, some labor leaders who once demanded state medicine as the only solution to the costs of medical care now admit that the new program may be meeting most of the needs.

"The development of this type of program," wrote Joe Swire, health-insurance expert of the International Union of Electrical Workers, "is the insurance companies' answer to the demand of American unions for national health insurance. It proves that the insurance industry is alert, aggressive and capable of coming up with some solid solutions to problems." The solutions are not yet complete, he added, but they are "more perfect approaches" than any others that had been available.

Blue Cross and Blue Shield, which also had spurned comprehensive coverage, are now moving into the field. Sparked especially by the pioneering efforts of Wisconsin Physicians Service, these groups are beginning to offer a service-type comprehensive policy with no restrictive fee schedule, no limitations on family income and free choice of physician.

"We told our doctors it's their responsibility to see that the plan works," says Charles Crownhart, of the State Medical Society of Wisconsin. "We're going on the hunch that most people will be honest, if you tell them what's involved. So far, we've been proved absolutely right."

A few months ago, another significant program was launched when Blue Shield and Blue Cross in Connecticut joined with the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company to write an integrated policy providing comprehensive protection.

Although it seemed clear that comprehensive insurance would not necessarily be the best or the final answer to the financial problems of medical care, this form of protection has been hailed by some authorities as the most exciting development in the field since the start of Blue Cross nearly thirty years ago. Insurance experts approved it, since it still was a form of insurance. Many labor spokesmen—though certainly not all—approved it, since it was coming closer to their goal of complete prepayment or budgeting for the whole medical bill. Nevertheless, there were obvious gaps and loopholes. There were still opportunities for the dishonest doctor and the chiseling patient. Although the new policies were relatively economical when sold to groups of workers, no one had yet figured how to make the protection available to individuals at a reasonable cost. No one had found how the new plans could solve the medical problems of the elderly. No one had found a completely acceptable method to provide prepayment for periodic health examinations and preventive medicine.

According to one of the nation's foremost authorities on medical economics, however, the solution to these and similar problems no longer seems impossible.

"All of us in the field—labor, management, medicine, the Blues and the insurance companies—are experimenting more intensively than ever before," says Dr. William Shepard, of Metropolitan. "The competition and the controversies are, in large measure, the signs of that research. So far, we have not met all the requirements for all the people, and maybe we never will meet them all. But we're getting close."

Editors' Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Silverman.

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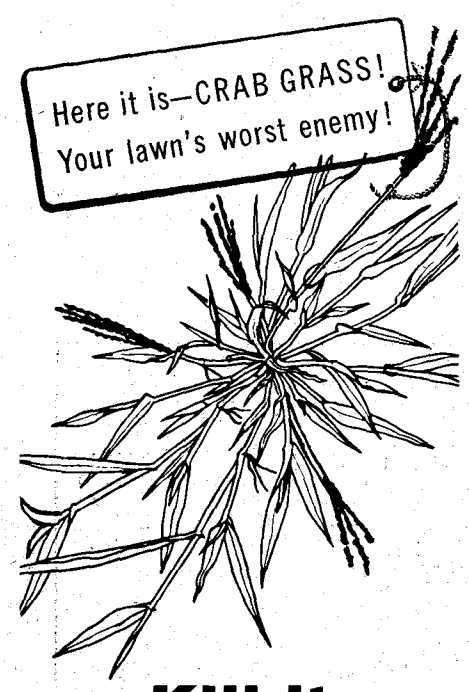

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Keeping Posted

The Guy in the Glass

In the May 11, 1957, Post an article by Hal Lebovitz about Cleveland's baseball pitcher Herb Score said that Score carries in his wallet a clipping of a reprinted poem by an anonymous author, called The Guy in the Glass. Later a note by Miss Sallydale Wimbrow in the Post's Letters column explained that the poem, first printed in the American Magazine in 1934, was by her father, the late Dale Wimbrow, founder of the Indian River News of Sebastian, Fla., which is now published and edited by Mrs. Wimbrow. Her daughter, who writes the News' editorials, quoted the poem's opening stanza in her letter: "When you get what you want in your struggle for pelf and the world makes you king for a day, go to the mirror and look at yourself and see what that guy has to say." For years the poem has had constant, mostly anonymous reprint circulation, but that Post letter brought a torrent of requests for copies from the U.S. and abroad. So Miss Wimbrow had wallet-sized cards printed—with a by-line. She has now distributed thousands of them, including allotments to service clubs, church congregations, conventions, etc., and to this day the requests are still coming! "It is so heart warming to Mother and me," she says. "We only wish that Daddy were here to enjoy it too."

Mrs. and Miss Wimbrow.

Tales of the Authors

Photographer Avery leads a band.

The Findlay family circle: Penelope, Kathleen, Seaton, David.

Lawrence Welk, subject of a Pete Martin "visit" on page 36, inserted some extra-special variety into his program recently. During one of the TV star's shows, Welk suddenly handed his baton to Post photographer Sid Avery and invited him to conduct the orchestra; so Avery handed his camera to Welk and invited him to take a picture. Welk's photography proved to be a bit out of focus, and as a matter of fact, so did Avery's band leading.

David Findlay, pictured with his family in their Ottawa home, had a series of accidents a while ago. First he picked up a bag of garbage in the kitchen and the bottom fell out; next he stepped on a sharp object while walking in a dark room; then he strained his back with a snow shovel; and finally an uninsured man backed his truck into Findlay's car. Happy ending: a story on page 28 about accidents.

Edward Lindall, of Brighton, South Australia, and page 31, came home one evening and found himself wondering "if I was in the right house, or if my wife had suddenly gone around the bend." The kitchen walls were covered with clippings of advertisements for furniture, refrigerators, dresses, hats and other items that make women happy, and Mrs. Lindall was sitting there in her worst and oldest clothes, smiling ominously. Then the husband saw a U.S. air-mail letter pinned among the ads and had a feeling that he had fallen into a trap. "The payment for my Post story was fine, wonderful, but I now estimate that the story has cost me $2000 more than the check. Are American wives different?" No comment.

Post in a Capsule

When the Guarantee Mutual Life Co. of Omaha dedicated its new office building recently, letters from selected Americans predicting what life would be like in the year 2001 were sealed in a capsule, to be opened that year on the company's 100th anniversary. In addition to the letters, Post editor Ben Hibbs, at the invitation of R. E. Kiplinger, G.M.L.'s president, was pleased to have the capsule contain a current copy of the Post, autographed by himself. In 2001 the copy will be returned—not to him, he suspects, but in any event to whoever then is editing the Post.

NEXT WEEK'S POST

"I Live on Wheelchair Island"

The inspiring story of how patients in an unusual hospital learn to face "hopeless" handicaps.

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